THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Vol. 194, No. 39. Published Weekly at Philadelphia. Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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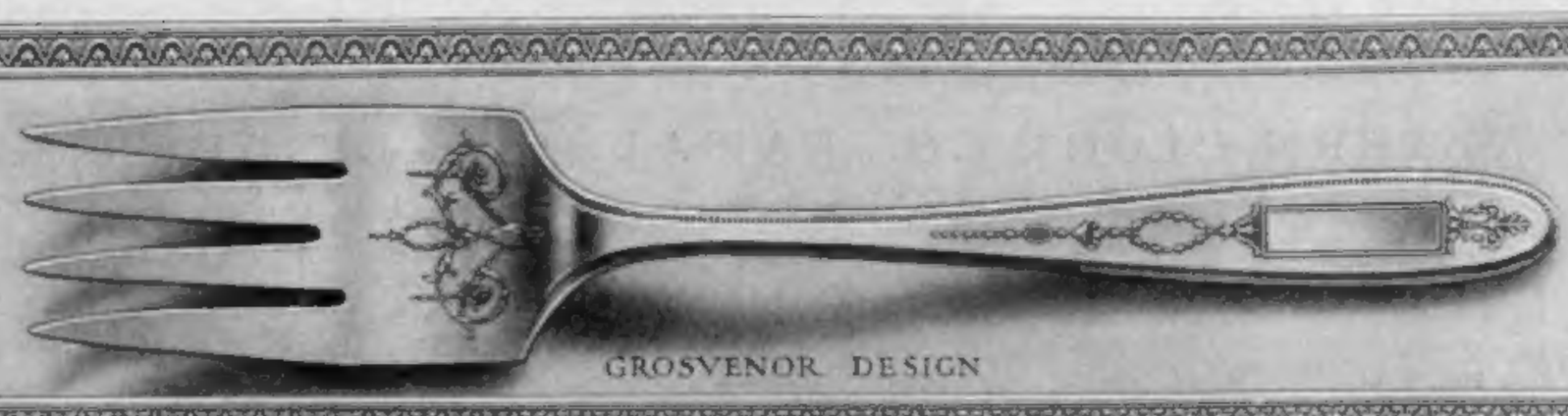

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President
C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 0, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879
Additional Entry as Second-Class Matter at Columbus, Ohio, at Decatur, Illinois, at Chicago, Illinois, and at Indianapolis, Ind.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 194 — 5c. THE COPY 10c. In Canada — PHILADELPHIA, PA., MARCH 25, 1922 — $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription — Number 39

Why Not Scrap Them Both?

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

IF YOU are interested in the whereabouts of the Republican Party as a political entity you will find it in the political morgue. If, as may happen, you are similarly concerned over the Democratic Party you will find that in the same morgue. The two are rigidly disposed on adjoining slabs. They are dead as smelts, as doornails, as herring, as Herod, as Nebuchadnezzar, as Neoptolemus. They are very dead. It is true enough that you will find something that claims to represent Republicanism operating at Washington and elsewhere, and something that claims to represent Democracy. They are ghosts, wraiths, without original form and substance, without original character, original charter or original conviction. There are no genuine issues between them, no authentic differences of policy or performance. There is nothing between them save the desire of the Republicans, who are in power, to stay in power, and the desire of the Democrats, who are out of power, to get back in power. The Republicans are opportunists.

The Democrats are obstructionists. If positions were shifted the designations would shift also. Neither side has anything that approaches constructive leadership. Neither side has anything more than self-seeking membership.

Mere Labels

THE party term Republican isn't definitive any more. It isn't even descriptive. No more so is the party term Democrat. They are labels on empty bottles, signs on untenanted houses, cloaks that cover but do not conceal the skeletons beneath them. No man who is in this Government as a Republican can give a valid, vital, present-day reason for calling himself a Republican. All can and will give historical, sentimental, sectional, hereditary reasons, but not one of them can prove to a young chap just coming twenty-one why it is to his benefit and to the benefit of his country to join the Republican Party in premises that have application to existing civic, economic or governmental conditions. Nor can any Democrat, either in or out of the Government. The only reason there is for being either a Republican or a Democrat in this year 1922 is the reason of past performances. That isn't much of a reason, but it is the best there is.

As recently as twenty-five years ago it meant something to be a Republican. It meant that those who wore that label were protectionists, and stood for the single gold standard, for example. It meant to be a Democrat that you held to the policy of tariff for revenue only, and that you were either for free silver or for gold. Take these two outstanding issues of a quarter of a century ago and try to apply them now as reasons for Democracy or Republicanism. They are purely historical. The tariff is no longer an issue. It is a process, and an academic one at that. As the present groups of politicians follow each other into power they tinker with the tariff more as a rite than anything else, and get about the same results, because of the certain fixed and necessary positions as a revenue producer the tariff now occupies in our political economy. Let any politician or number of them try to make a live and burning issue of the tariff as it was in 1888, and in 1892, and in 1896, and see what would happen. The public would yawn their heads off, and pay no more attention to the effort than they would to a new recital of the Crime of '73. And the gold standard is so irrevocably established that all the fuss over it in 1896 and 1900 seems fantastic now.

No Issues

EARNEST partisans may say that the issue that is most concretely set forth by an acceptance or a rejection of the League of Nations plan is a real point at issue between the two phantasms of parties that now exist, but that is not susceptible of proof. They will and do claim that the election of 1920 was contested on that point. Now there is some justice to the claim that the election of 1920 was contested professionally on that issue—professionally but not popularly. The campaign managers insisted that the participation of the United States, or the nonparticipation, in foreign affairs was at stake; a transcendent and tremendous issue, they said. The partisan press trumpeted that, and the partisan orators clamored it. They got out tons of literature on the subject, and spent a great deal more money than they had, or have yet, to make

the people believe that this was the high and holy, or the low and debased, motive for going to the polls and casting a fearless ballot for one or the other of the candidates.

A vote for Harding, they said, meant a continuation of our historic, Washingtonian, revered policy of no entangling foreign alliances; and a vote for Cox meant that America is to take her rightful place in the affairs of the universe. That sounded well, but the facts are that not one-tenth of the people who voted for Harding voted for him with any clear idea in mind of what participation or nonparticipation means or entails, and with small concern either way; and most of the people who voted for Cox voted for him because they were constitutionally and congenitally unable to cast any but Democratic ballots. There are many such.

However, let us assume that this was the issue, that Harding got his seven million plurality because that many people in excess of the Cox supporters felt that the United States is sufficient unto herself, and that it is our destiny to go on in splendid isolation, apart from the embroilments of Europe and detached from the affairs of the rest of the world, and so voted. If that is so, a plurality of seven million would seem to be a reasonably clear, ringing and definite instruction to Mr. Harding and his party, an edict to keep out and keep off. Yet, before he had been in office for six months we find President Harding not only participating in foreign affairs but taking the initiative in so doing. We further find, at the beginning of this participation, and we had heard from high authority previously, that notwithstanding the immense aversion of the people of the United States to the League of Nations as such, and as shown in the 1920 election, there might be virtue in an association of nations, according to American plans and specifications, with the United States cordially associating.

There was Harding talk or suggestion of this, and Republican talk of it during the interval between the calling of the Washington conference and the convening of it. The Washington conference is over now, and we find that so far from anything even remotely resembling an association of nations coming out of it, a rival of the League, or a substitute for it, the best opinion is that the work of the Washington conference will, in great measure, strengthen the League of Nations. In any event, it will neither weaken nor supplant that body.

Remnants of Two Great Parties

ADMITTING that the idea of an association of nations did not get to be a purpose of the Washington conference, whatever the advance talk may have been, the fact that the finished work of the conference has this undeniable relation to the League of Nations, and that the conference was the handiwork of President Harding as a Republican, and of Secretary Hughes as a Republican, then one of two things is certain: Either President Harding and his party played false to the people who put them in power on the platform of no entangling alliances, or the people did not put them in power for any such reason or on any such understanding.

The latter statement is the fact of it. The Republican Party came back to power in the election of 1920 because of a bitter nonpartisan, nation-wide protest against existing taxation; and the Republican Party will go out of power for the same reason. There was a certain alignment of political units against the Democrats, such as the German vote and similar influences, but the rock-bottom, basic, actual reason for the overwhelming election of Harding was taxes. The Republicans didn't elect Harding. The people elected Harding, a Republican. There was nothing party or partisan about it save the party label Harding wore. It was taxes—no more and no less.

The professional Republicans began to shout, on November 3, 1920, and have been shouting ever since that the election was a great Republican victory, but by no process of political logic or analysis can they make that claim more than a shout. It is mere noise. That election cannot be classed as a political event. It was an economic reaction. Further, the seven million plurality of Harding proves the statement made at the beginning of this article, that the Republican Party is dead as a great political force in this country. It has ceased to be an institution and is now merely an instrument. It did not have the vitality to elect a President of its own numbers, and became merely a medium for the registration of what was uppermost in the minds of the people—a protest against taxation. It was diluted beyond recognition in 1920, but the work of condensation is under way.

Similarly, the event of 1920 proved the Democratic Party to be a minority, and a moribund minority at that. All there is to a political party is the adherence of a number of the people to that party's profession of principles, and a political party ceases to be a party and becomes merely a peg when it cannot retain its membership at a vital time. Nominal Democrats by tens of thousands voted for Harding. No party ties were strong enough to hold them. Without doubt unless there is a new party alignment and if our major political operations continue under these moldy labels nominal Republicans by tens of thousands will vote against Harding in 1924.

This is bound to happen in our present political situation. Instead of two great parties, each standing definitely and firmly for certain sets of political and governmental principles, we have two relics of great parties that stood thus firmly and definitely in past times, but are now mere political instruments, mere pegs on which the people hang whatever protest they have to make, flocking from one to the other as elections come, and voting under whichever symbol means ejectment for those in power, not with any thought or consideration of what governmental, political or administrative policy that symbol designates in a party way, but simply with the idea of turning one set of officeholders out and turning another set of officeholders in in the hope that things may get better, and with the conviction that they couldn't be worse.

On the one side are the shredded remnants of the Republican Party and on the other the desolated débris of the Democratic Party, and neither has a legitimate, present-day, vital, concrete claim on the suffrages of the people. They are of the past. Their claims are historical, not current. Moreover, sharply as they have differed in the past, both as to policies and performances, they differ now only in labels. The white label on the green bottle signifies Republicanism. The green label on the white bottle signifies Democracy. And there is nothing in one bottle that is not in the other, and not much in either.

There are no outstanding issues between them. With the Republican Party in power Republicanism means nothing but Republican opportunism in administration, and with the Democrats in power Democracy means Democratic opportunism. The majority proposes and the minority opposes, not because of any principle involved, but because the proposition having been made by one side is fought by the other. Both sides trim sails constantly to whatever popular breezes may be blowing, and both sides respond instantly and obsequiously to whatever organized demand may be made.

There you have the nubbin of it, both from the outside and the inside—organization. When the great political parties, which by the theory of our Government should be the paramount organizations existing under that Government, began to decline and lose authority and power and respect because of the inefficiencies of the politicians and their lack of appreciation of the meanings of events and the currents of popular thought, certain of the people, finding that no good could be obtained through action of these political parties, tried the expedient of action on them. Knowing that all politicians are cowards, that all politics is compromise and conciliation, and that all government in a party-governed country has for its first aim and end retention of power by the majority—knowing these things and that political power is obtained and retained solely by votes, these certain people hit upon the plan of influencing government as they desired it to be influenced, by making demands on those in authority and backing those demands by threats of the use of their organized voting power against those in authority unless their demands were granted.

The individual comes first in party politics, the party second, and the people a bad third. When we had courageous individuals in politics we had a semblance of party courage, but the courage of the individual did not stand up under this organized pressure, which, sporadic and casual at first, became calculated and scientific; and right there you have one of the principal causes of the decay in our party systems, and right now you have one of the principal results of it in the existing and anomalous political situation in which this country is to-day.

The liability is a double one. It rests upon the politicians who have capitulated to the demands of organized pressure, and on the organizers of that pressure who have taken the special-interest view of national affairs and not the general-interest view. It runs back to callous self-interest both ways, and it leaves a large proportion of the people of the United States disastrously disposed between shrewd, selfish and sinister organocracy on one side and a cowardly and nonrepresentative governmental democracy on the other.

The character and processes of a nation must be judged by the government of that nation, because the fundamental of nationality is government. The true government is representative of everything the nation has, and especially representative of its people; and from that standard government grades off to that which is representative of merely a few of its people, or of the special interests within its borders. True government is directed and sustained by the free play of public opinion, and is responsible to that opinion. This Government—ours—a party government, so-called—is not sustained nor is it directed by the free play of public opinion. It is managed, directed, legislated for and conducted in response to specifically organized and controlled and coerced opinion, enforced by organizations that make their own narrow appeal, and compel their special demands.

The Agricultural Bloc

NOT so long ago Senator William S. Kenyon, of Iowa, since transformed into a Federal judge by President Harding for whatever reasons may be, said: "The United States is overorganized, and at the expense of public opinion. The safety of this country lies in a consensus of judgment among intelligent people. We are drifting towards a condition in which it is impossible to get this consensus when every industry and every avocation is closely and effectively organized."

Always conservative, the senator said "drifting" rather than "have drifted," but deeming it unwise or inexpedient to try to stem the tide, to retard the drift, the senator thereupon stepped three paces to the front, perhaps to prove he knew what he was talking about, and organized the Agricultural Bloc in the United States Senate, concerning which, if you should ask any person familar with its operations and objectives you would learn this: Among all our organizations for the purpose of obtaining specific legislative and political ends there exists no organization of any avocation or industry closer or more effective than this organization not only of the avocation and industry of agrarian politics but of the vocation thereof as well.

If you are seeking for an exact and explicit example of the effects of organization on government and hence on politics the Agricultural Bloc will furnish that example. It is a perfect pattern of a closely and effectively organized special interest operating on a legislative body, a flawless specimen of what the disintegration of the two great political parties has brought about. It is made up of Republicans and Democrats who, seeing and knowing the futility of party membership and party observances, the lack of party leadership, and the absence of party policy save a weak expediency by the majority and a noisy obstructionism by the minority, and unable to operate as desired inside party lines, joined together and operate outside and for special ends.

In its way it typifies what happened in the 1920 election: Born of protest, party ties did not bind, and extra-party steps were taken. It was

(Continued on Page 53)

MY WIFE'S MONEY

By Maximilian Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

"If You Don't Shut Your Face," Threatened Jim, "I'll Heave You Down the Stairs"

DARKNESS was falling; and as the hour of half past five drew near, the girl in the house across the street put a new needle in the machine and set the machine to going. She had been married only three months or so, of course; but with Myrtle Evans it was different. For three years now, nearly four, in fact, Myrtle had been married; and she stirred restlessly as she heard the familiar air—"Just a love nest, cozy and warm."

"I make it two no trumps," she said.

Across the table her partner, Mrs. Scuddy, the wife of the Wall Street man, gave her a sharp sudden look.

"Have you got them?" she demanded.

It's doubtful if Myrtle knew.

A half hour before, the postman had left a letter at the door; and after Myrtle had scanned its contents hurriedly her mind had seemed to wander somewhat in a haze. The letter, it appeared, was postmarked Spokane; but aside from that, and though Myrtle had said nothing about it to the others, its arrival at this juncture was in many ways like the long arm of coincidence. Jim, when he got home that evening on the 5:38, would be in for something like a jolt. Jim was Myrtle's husband.

A good deal goes with that, though never mind it now. As Mrs. Scuddy spoke, Myrtle awoke sufficiently to give her hand another glance. She had made it two no trumps, as she saw now, on a king, two queens, one of them unguarded, and a ten on top of three little ones. Evidently Mrs. Scuddy had cause for her caustic inquiry; and at Myrtle's left, Mrs. Nimmick, the lady there, sat up alertly.

"Double two no trumps!" she said.

Her air more disgusted, Mrs. Scuddy examined her hand. Then, as if to make the best of it, she said resignedly, "Three clubs."

"Double three clubs!" promptly exclaimed the player at her side, Mrs. Tobin by name. She could, in fact, hardly restrain her eagerness; and in the commotion that ensued Myrtle murmured, "I pass."

"Yes, I should think you would!" commented Mrs. Scuddy bitterly.

Having directed Mrs. Nimmick to play, she also ordered Myrtle to lay down her hand, upon which, as she saw Myrtle's cards, the Wall Street lady burst into more embittered comment. "Two no trumps? I'd like to know on what!" she ejaculated.

Myrtle made no reply. She had none to make, it appeared.

Bridge, evidently, was not Myrtle's forte. What seemed queer, though, was that, long having resolutely refused to play, all at once, a few weeks before, she had flung herself feverishly into the game. "Wants the money, probably," was Mrs. Scuddy's comment; but that, too, seemed curious, if not unlikely. Myrtle's house was as well kept up as any in the suburb, Meadowneck. She was also one of the best-dressed women in the place. Jim, her husband, was getting on, it was evident. He was the general manager of the Paugus Knitting Works, a city concern; but in spite of this prosperity, obviously, as Mrs. Scuddy put it, something was up.

Half past five—or, to be exact, 5:38—is always a moment of note in Meadowneck. The hour had struck now; and leaning back in her chair Myrtle was staring thoughtfully through the sitting-room window at the gathering dusk, when all at once there sounded a prolonged distant ululation—the whistle of a train. The train was the 5:38 suburban express blowing for the Meadowneck stop; and this signal ordinarily was echoed throughout the house—the town, too, for that matter—by an alert spontaneous stir, an awakening. At its sound, nightly, Myrtle either darted to the porch door, to wait there for Jim; or, having cranked up the car out back, she went dashing along the Post Road to the station, one foot on the gas. That was, in fact, like Myrtle. She was still young, impetuous. Now, however, as the whistle sounded, what happened was curious.

Through the sitting-room window it could be seen that other houses in the neighborhood had awakened to the accustomed signal. Lights sprang up in parlor and porch, while the Post Road suddenly grew noisy with the sound of flivvers and other vehicles scrambling by.

Across the road, too, that girl, the bride of a few months or so, had put still another needle in the machine and set it to grinding out its sappy, exasperating vesper hymn—"Just a love nest, cozy and warm."

Myrtle did not budge. Instead, as the whistle sounded, she stiffened rigidly. At the same instant her eyes flew swiftly to her waist. In it she had tucked the letter from Spokane.

Spokane. Myrtle never had been there. A school friend of hers, Lottie Jasper, had gone out to live at the place; but though she had asked Myrtle to visit, Myrtle hadn't. Trips she seldom if ever made. She was, in short, not so fortunate as some women she knew—wives with money of their own; and though Jim, of course, had plenty enough to pay for trips if she asked for it, Myrtle hadn't asked. She was still sitting there, her figure rigid and her eyes fixed on the letter in her waist, when all at once there was an abrupt disturbance at the card table.

Mrs. Scuddy was its source.

"Revoke!" exclaimed the Wall Street lady, her voice bugling triumphantly; and Myrtle awoke with a start.

"I? Do you mean me?" she gasped, bewildered. How could she revoke, in fact, when she was the dummy, not even playing the hand? Mrs. Scuddy and the two others, however, paid no attention to Myrtle.

With a determined forefinger Mrs. Scuddy had pinned to the table the last card played by Mrs. Nimmick, while with the other hand she reached over and flopped upwards the six tricks Mrs. Nimmick and her partner had taken. During this Mrs. Nimmick continued to protest she hadn't reneged. She wouldn't think of such a thing.

"Probably not," was Mrs. Scuddy's sarcastic response. As if to make this more conclusive she added: "Think, you know, if you ever did."

Three tricks was the penalty for revoking; and Mrs. Scuddy's satisfaction was complete.

"Game, rubber!" she announced briskly; and with an alert, active pencil she proceeded as briskly to tot up the score. Myrtle, more restless and uneasy than ever now, watched her fixedly.

She seemed deeply absorbed in Mrs. Scuddy's calculations. Once, as she watched, her hand went impulsively to the letter in her waist. As swiftly, though, she drew back her hand again. A minute or so later Mrs. Scuddy's practiced pencil struck the total.

"You owe seven seventy-five, Gertie," she announced.

It was Mrs. Nimmick she addressed, and Mrs. Nimmick gave a gasp, a squeak.

Ignoring it Mrs. Scuddy turned to Mrs. Tobin. "You owe four fifty-five, Mrs. T——" she said.

But Mrs. Tobin neither squeaked nor gasped. Her upper teeth she disclosed in an icy smile. "And you win, I suppose," she remarked; adding then, "as usual."

"Do you wish to insinuate something?" inquired Mrs. Scuddy stiffly.

Mrs. Tobin apparently did not. After an exchange of looks between the two ladies, which ended with Mrs. Tobin producing from her hand bag a pocketbook, and from the pocketbook a roll of bills, Mrs. Scuddy turned to Myrtle. Myrtle had pushed back her chair and risen; and, her eyes still evasive and uneasy, she was edging away.

"You owe me ten seventy-five, Mrs. E——," said Mrs. Scuddy.

Myrtle feverishly wet her lips.

"Ten seventy-five?" she echoed.

It was so; and her voice faltering Myrtle spoke again.

"I'll—I'll pay you Saturday, Mrs. Scuddy," she said.

There was a distinct pause. During it Mrs. Tobin and Mrs. Nimmick exchanged glances that betrayed surprise, startled wonder. Afterwards, as if with concerted understanding, the two began to sidle toward the hall. Mrs. Scuddy, however, did not budge.

"Saturday?" she inquired.

Her accent was slightly rising; and she also slightly raised her eyebrows.

Once more Myrtle feverishly wet her lips.

"Yes, the day after to-morrow, Mrs. Scuddy. Jim, you know—that is, my husband—you understand, don't you?" stammered Myrtle. "The house money—or that is to say, Saturday—Jim, I mean ——"

She didn't know what she meant. She was conscious only that she stood there, shamed and humiliated, with the color coming and going in her cheek.

"Saturday? Oh," said Mrs. Scuddy incredulously.

Of what happened after that, though, Myrtle had no clear conception. She knew only that Mrs. Tobin and Mrs. Nimmick left abruptly; and that when she'd returned from showing them to the door Mrs. Scuddy subsequently went also.

Up in her bedroom, a woman's refuge, she slammed the door and flung herself on the bed. She was white and passionate, raging. It was not at herself, the three women either, that she raged, however; it was at Jim Evans, her husband. That was the trouble in the household, the rift within the lute!

Bridge, those vulgar women, the money she'd tried to win and hadn't—all were due to Jim Evans. To him was due all his wife's shame and humiliation. It was the last time she meant to suffer that, however; and she was lying there, her face buried tragically in the pillows, when a horn honked in the street below, and with a sudden disturbing clatter a car drew up before the door. A moment later from the hall below she heard a voice shout up the stairs.

"Hey, Myrt!" it called.

Myrtle's face was set and stony as she rose from the bed and opening the door stalked on down the stairs. She might have no money of her own, true; but still she was no beggar subsisting on charity, on alms. She was Jim Evans' wife; and she meant to give him one more chance.

In her hand was the letter from Spokane.

Down the street at a door half a dozen houses away, another car, a flivver taxi from the station, also had drawn up. The house was the Scuddy residence; and from the taxi the Wall Street gentleman himself descended. A smallish portly person with a jovial face, Mr. Scuddy, sauntered up the door path, whistling lightly to himself a stave or two of a popular musical-comedy air. As he thrust open the front door Mr. Scuddy also raised his voice.

"Hey, skeezicks!" he vociferated.

Mrs. Scuddy disclosed herself.

She was in the dining room; and at the sound of her helpmeet's voice she emerged from the recesses of the sideboard, a large silver receptacle the shape of an oversized tumbler in one hand and in the other the halves of an orange. As Mr. Scuddy's eye fell on these it lit with an approving gleam.

"That's the stuff!" he ejaculated. "Shake us up a couple quick."

Mrs. Scuddy set the things on the table. At the same time she put forth her hand, its palm uppermost.

"Come across, Scuddy," she said, her tone firm.

Mr. Scuddy at once looked indignant.

"You've got it," he protested; "I coughed up yesterday."

"Yes, the house money," retorted Mrs. Scuddy, adding then: "Fork over my little ol' salary, Bill."

"Huh," grunted Mr. Scuddy morosely. Fishing into his trousers pocket he handed over to his wife a roll of bills. As Mrs. Scuddy received them a mumble escaped her. "You're about as bad as the rest, Scuddy—that fellow Evans, for a sample," she remarked. "You'd think you were peeling off your skin!"

A chuckle reminiscent in its note came from Mr. Scuddy.

Bridge, Evidently, Was Not Myrtle's Forte. Long Having Resolutely Refused to Play, All at Once She Had Flung Herself Feverishly Into the Game

"Speaking of Evans," he said, "I came up on the 5:38 with that boob; and I wouldn't wonder if I had him fanning. He's talking of taking a flyer in the Street."

II

WALL Street was what Mr. Scuddy meant, of course. Jim Evans had, in fact, long been tempted to take a flyer in the market. To-night he was more than ever tempted.

It had been a tough day at the office, the city headquarters of the Paugus Knitting Works; and to this the concern's young general manager was ready to testify as he rode home to Meadowneck on the 5:38. His face was morose, his jaw was set. There may be nothing in a name, to be sure; but it was Jim Evans' candid opinion that by any other name Zephas Tilford, the president of the Paugus company, would be just as much of a dodo, a has-been. "Mr. Tilford says impossible!" "Mr. Tilford says you can't!" "Mr. Tilford says it's never been done!" All day long he had been listening to that song; and though he was really fond of the old boy, the president, by nightfall Jim, with his progressive, wideawake notions, was ready to tear his hair. New blood, it's certain, was needed in the company. Jim Evans knew, too, without any undue conceit, where the blood was to come from. That was the trouble, though. The old boy, Zephas, was ready enough to step out; but for all his dodo ways he was still not what you might call doddering. He held a controlling block of the company's stock; and till he could sell out at a figure—his own—he didn't mean to budge. Forty thousand dollars was the price.

Forty thousand bucks! A fat chance Jim had to get his hands on it. Even with half the amount, twenty thousand, and the bank to help him swing the rest, it was about as fat a chance that he could lay hooks on the twenty. On the back of an envelope he began to figure feverishly. He had sixty-two hundred laid by—his savings from his salary; but though he had, the difference between the amount and the twenty thousand was too much of a stretch. As his figuring showed, it would take him years on what he saved nowadays to lay by the money. He would be a Methuselah, a dead one.

Seventy-five hundred a year was Jim's salary. He couldn't save any more out of it, though, than he was saving now; not if he was to cut handsprings. He had the house to keep up, his position to maintain; and besides, there was Myrtle. Of course she didn't spend much—not in pocket money, anyway; but the clothes she wore and the car he'd bought for her cost quite a lot. These were necessary, however. A man in his position had to keep his wife well dressed, it wouldn't do for people to think he wasn't getting on; and that was why, too, he'd had to buy her the car. Fortunately Myrtle was pretty sensible about money. True, for a long time she'd been dinning at him to give her a regular allowance, weekly pocket money; but lately she'd stopped asking for this.

He was always ready, of course, to give her a piece of change when she asked for it; but that was nothing. It was a pity Myrtle hadn't some money of her own. It would come in pretty handy now. If she'd had only a few thousands, with what he had himself he could have taken up old Zephas' stock. Tough luck! A tough deal on Jim! Myrtle's father, though, just before he died had gone broke. Wall Street, it seemed, had cleaned him out; only never mind that, either. Myrtle hadn't any money, nor was it likely she ever would have. There was no one to leave it to her. About the only relative she had living was a cousin of her father; and as Jim thought of him he grunted disgustedly. It was this cousin, the bonehead, who had inveigled Myrtle's father into playing stocks, and after the two had been cleaned out the cousin had disappeared, dissolved off the map. All they knew was that he'd gone somewheres out West—Spokane, he remembered. Not that Jim cared a rap, of course. There was nothing to a bird like that. Jim would have liked, though, to hand him a jolt or two, the way he'd helped sink the money that would have come to Myrtle.

Something had to be done, however; old man Tilford had begun to get Jim's goat. The Paugus works, if he could get his hooks on that stock and run the business on his own, would be a knockout, a mint. How could he do it? His face more morose and dejected, he was still dwelling on its hopelessness when a sudden gleam lit Jim's face. Up the aisle his glance had just fallen on a fellow passenger. The passenger, a portly, jovial-looking person, was attired in a smart if somewhat sonorous suit of gun-club checks. It was Jim's neighbor in Meadowneck, Mr. Scuddy, the Wall Street man.

Jim half rose from his seat. Then, as if on second thought, he sat down and hurriedly opened the evening newspaper he had with him. It was at the financial page he opened it; and after a quick glance at the long double column of figures, the day's doings in the market, in the same hurried, feverish way he again began to scribble on the back of the envelope he'd taken from his pocket.

Of late, it seems, Jim had been doing that frequently. Night after night, when he and Myrtle finished dinner, he'd gone to his library, and with the newspaper spread out before him, for hours he had figured, absorbed. What he got from it may seem perhaps enigmatical; but one night a week or so ago Myrtle had drifted into the library; and when she'd seen what he was at her look was queer.

"You're not dabbling in stocks, are you?"

"What're you talking about?" he demanded.

"I was just thinking," she replied, "that maybe that's what's been the trouble with you. Why you can't ever think of things, you know."

"Trouble?" What did she mean, anyhow? "What things?"

"Oh, nothing," answered Myrtle, "only before I dabbled in Wall Street I'd remember what happened to dad and Cousin Willy Titus."

Jim wasn't concerned in what had happened to Myrt's father and that dub, the cousin. A couple of rubes like them would be sure to get trimmed. It was different if you knew what you were up to. That was, in fact, what Jim night after night had been doing. Before he took the plunge he wanted to make sure of himself. In other words, without risking his money, he had been playing the market from the newspaper. By that means he had assured himself that when he played the market he could win. He was no simpleton who would plunge headlong into a thing.

He had won, too—that is, on paper. Night after night, on the fictitious deals he'd made there in the library Jim four times out of five had come out ahead. Still, he had not put it to the test; not yet, anyway. The six thousand was all the cash he had; and he dared not risk it; not yet, at any rate. If Myrtle, though, had only a little money of her own! Meadowneck was the first stop the 5:38 made; and the engine blowing for the station awoke him from his reverie. As he left the train his mind again took it up. Somehow he must get that twenty thousand.

On the way out of the train he was roused abruptly by a handslap on the shoulder and the sound of a voice booming a jovial greeting at him. Scuddy was its author.

"Hello, old top!" cried the Wall Street gentleman.

Jim had a swift inspiration. "Say, Scuddy," he said, "are you in your office round noon?"

"Sure!" responded Scuddy affably. "Come in any time. We'll go out for the eats together."

Jim evaded the Wall Street gentleman's urgent invitation to ride home with him. He wished to be alone. He wished to think. He was a little disgruntled to find, however, that Myrtle hadn't come for him in the car. What was the use of giving her a car if it wasn't used? A taxi would cost him half a dollar; but that was like a woman. All they thought about money was to spend it. They were like children. He was still sore about it as he got into the taxicab and he'd hardly forgotten it by the time he reached the house on the Post Road. Myrtle wasn't even out on the porch waiting for him, either.

"Hey, Myrt!" he called sulkily.

Myrtle, as she reached the foot of the stairs, stopped abruptly. "I want to speak to you, Jim," she said.

"All right," he replied laconically.

Evidently he hadn't noted the look in her eyes; the way, either, her face was set. Divesting himself of his hat and coat he hung them on a hook in the hall closet and Myrtle waited impressively till he had turned around to her.

"What's that you've got there?" he asked idly. "A letter?"

Myrtle ignored the question. She braced herself as for a conflict.

"The other night, Jim, I asked you for some money, for twenty-five dollars; and you wouldn't give it to me. Do you remember?"

He stared at her for a moment crossly.

"Great Scott, don't begin that again, Myrt! I told you, didn't I, that when you let me know what you wanted it for I'd give it to you."

Myrtle smiled weirdly.

"I know you did. I told you, too, I wouldn't—and I never will! It's humiliating enough to have to ask you for money; but to have to draw a map, to tell you how every cent of it's going to be spent—that's enough to make any woman revolt! You'd think that instead of being your wife, Jim Evans, I was a beggar subsisting on charity, alms!"

He gaped at her in dismay.

"What's that? What's that?" he stuttered, but Myrtle went on speaking.

"You're just like all the rest," she said, her voice steel—"all the other husbands. It's as that Mrs. Scuddy says—every time one of you hands a cent to his wife it's as if you were peeling off your skin."

"Say," he exploded wrathfully, "did that woman say that about me?"

"It's true, isn't it?" she inquired evenly. "You've never given me a dime as if I had any right to it. That isn't all, either! When I tried to make a little money for myself—money I didn't have to beg from you—what happened, I'd like to ask? I wanted the money to spend as I wished, not money with a string tied to it; and last month, when I made that dress, the one you'd said I could buy, and then spent the money I'd saved, you said I wasn't playing on the level. You said I had no more right to spend that money as I liked than if you'd given it to me. Yes," she added bitterly, "that's marriage with you men; some men, anyway. What's ours is yours, and what's yours is your own!"

He was looking at her, startled. "Now, now," he began pacifically, but Myrtle cut him short:

"I've got just one more thing to say to you, Jim. If I'd had money of my own you'd never have treated me like this—a child, a ninny."

"That's not so," he growled.

"Yes, it is," she retorted. "I can prove it to you too!"

Jim gave her a sudden penetrating look. "Say! What're you driving at, anyway?" he drawled.

"Are you going to give me that twenty-five dollars?" she asked.

"Yes—when you tell me for what you want it," he returned.

She didn't tell him.

"Are you going to give me a regular allowance, spending money?" she demanded.

"I am not," said Jim; and she smiled.

"Very well, then, Jim," said Myrtle quietly.

The letter in her hand she opened, the letter from Spokane.

Her face was quiet and composed. In her eyes, though, was a glint he hadn't seen before.

"I have a letter here," she said—"a letter from Lottie Jasper. You remember Lottie, don't you?"

He remembered her perfectly. "You mean that woman's-rights croak, don't you? The one who was always drooling about the vote?" Having thus relieved himself Jim all at once started suspiciously. "What's she butting in for now?" he demanded.

Myrtle smiled sweetly.

"She's written me about father's cousin, Willy Titus," she replied. Then she added as evenly: "Willy Titus is dead, Jim; dead in Spokane; and he's left me ten thousand dollars."

Her voice she had not raised. She said it as quietly as if she were announcing dinner or telling him what time it was. Had she shouted it at him from the housetops, though, the effect could not have been more electrical.

"Myrtle!" ejaculated Jim.

The next instant he had leaped at her and with both arms about her shoulders he was waltzing her around the hall.

"Ten thousand dollars! Ten thousand bucks!" he vociferated.

With the money, Myrtle's legacy, all his worries were over. He said so, too, as, hilarious and gay, he went on waltzing about with her. The ten thousand dollars, hers, would let him buy in old Zeph Tilford's stock.

"Myrt! Little girl!" cried Jim tenderly.

Myrtle shook herself free. Under the hall lamp she gave him another penetrating look.

"Oh, so you can buy in that stock, you say?" she remarked.

"You're right, I can!" jubilated Jim; and there was again a glint in Myrtle's eye as she turned away from him.

"Yes, that's what I thought you'd say," she said.

Then, as she went on into the sitting room she spoke again.

"Good Lord!" said Myrtle disgustedly.

III

IT WAS Mrs. Scuddy originally who had uttered that scathing, not to say scarifying remark—What's yours is theirs, and what's theirs is their own; and it was from her that Myrtle had had it. Expertly, in fact, the Wall Street lady that afternoon had divined the seat of Myrtle's discontent; and though Myrtle had not asked it Mrs. Scuddy had delivered gratis a few rounds of pithy advice. One bit of it was that if a woman, a wife, didn't look out for herself no one else would. She would, in fact, become a bondwoman, a slave. As Mrs. Scuddy put it, "You might as well be sold down the river." "Chattel," "slave," also were from Mrs. Scuddy's glossary.

This is just in passing, though. Money, it seems, is that healing unguent, the Balm of Gilead the prophets must have had in mind; and that evening at the Jim Evans', dinner was a gay, sparkling meal.

Ten thousand dollars!

It was a gay moment, at any rate, on the part of Jim. His face was boyishly flushed and eager; and though Myrtle for her part seemed strangely distrait, preoccupied, Jim's buoyancy was exuberant.

He was filled with plans. If, for instance, he put it up to the old boy, Zephas Tilford, Zeph in all probability would be willing to close at once. Then Jim, as he'd wanted, could go after the Paris trade. One of their competitors, the Skinahere Company, already had dipped into it; and they were selling for francs eighteen, centimes fifty, socks that cost them only about twenty-eight cents the pair to turn out. That wasn't all, either. With raw silk at its standing figure, Hakodate, Jim figured he could skin the Jerries, the Germans, at their own game down in the Argentine. All the Spiggoties had, in fact, taken to wearing sheer waves; and that was the row he'd had with old man Zephas. The Paugus company never had gone in for the foreign trade. They'd always stuck to the home market. Jim, he knew, though.

He must get a jump on, that was certain. He must see the old boy the first thing in the morning. If he didn't hurry, the big thing, that foreign market, might get away from them; and his face gleaming and the light in his eyes a little excited he was still rambling eagerly on when Myrtle spoke.

"You forget," remarked Myrtle, "I may not get that money for a year."

Jim came suddenly to earth.

"What's that?" he ejaculated, scowling frankly.

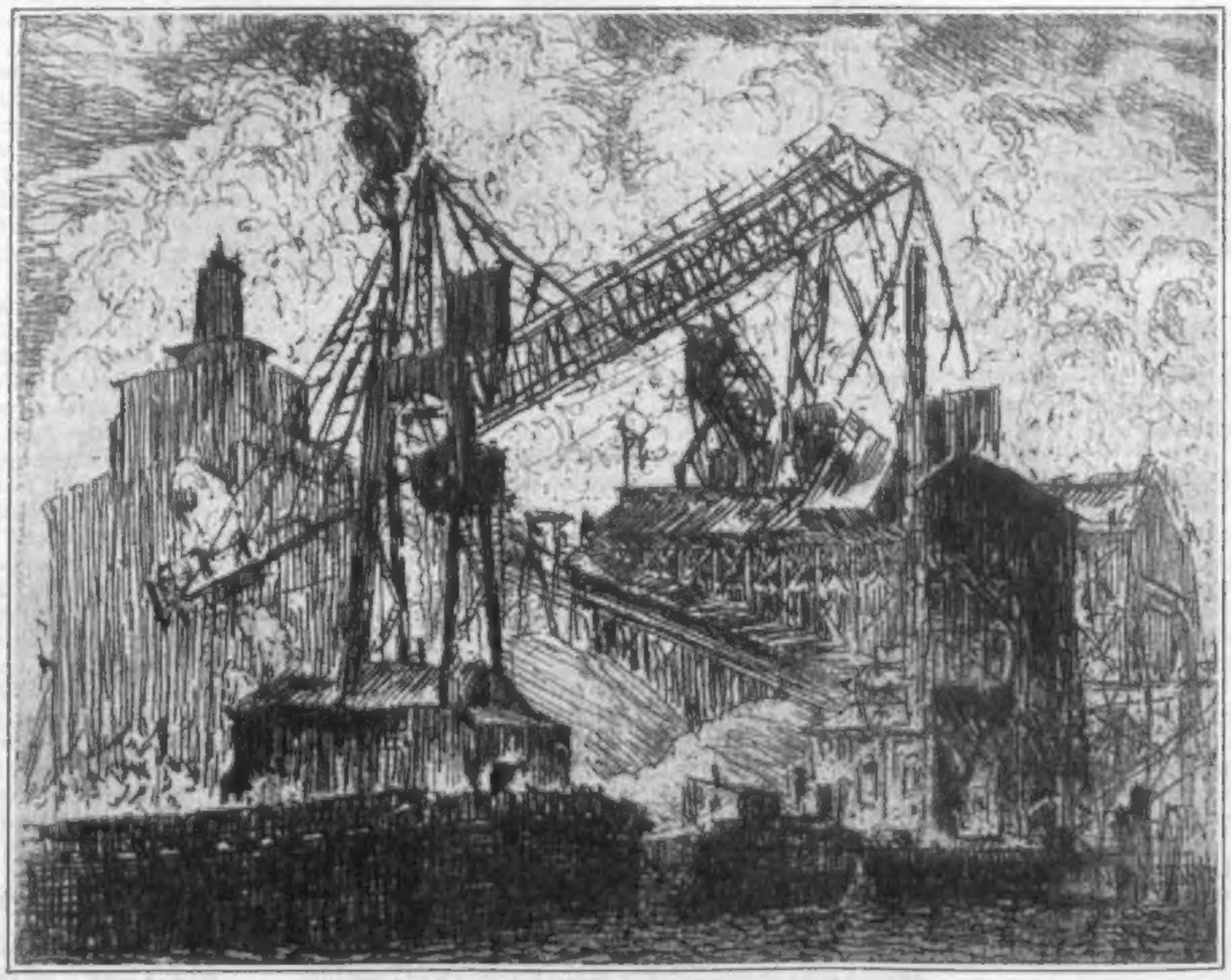
(Continued on Page 60)

Up in Her Bedroom, a Woman's Refuge, She Slammed the Door and Flung Herself on the Bed

SETTLED IN FULL

By George Kibbe Turner

DECORATIONS BY HERBERT PULLINGER



DRUNK, that's what we are—said the fat foreman. Drunk and disorderly—like all the rest of the world after this war; and sentenced regular to our sixty days out of work—by the millions! And now this next general strike comes marching on—and a double sentence, maybe, for a few more millions. And why not?

Why not? Didn't we all fill up on the wine of the wrath of God, as the saying goes—the hooch of war—boss and man alike? Till we stood holding the mountains in our right hand and the stars in our left! And nobody more than these boys at the heads of the unions; and nobody there more than the heads of this coal miners' union—the biggest of them all. War-labor millionaires, I call them—sprung up all at once out of the ground, you might say. No wonder they were drunk, on the wild hooch of prosperity—these labor bosses. It 'minds me, now I'm speaking, of one of them a fellow from down there in that coal region was telling me of just the other day.

"It'll show you," he says, "better'n the newspapers, how these things are pulled." And he went on telling me about him, and what came to him with the prosperity. And about that kind of funny bet he made; and what it done to him.

A nice clever fellow he was, it seems—a good talker and a great hand-shaker and popular with all the boys in the union—a regular prince when he had the money. And along in the war he finds himself president of one of these districts of the coal miners, where the real big power and handling of money begins.

They're organized, these coal miners—as maybe you know better'n I—by nation and states and districts and tridistricts and subdistricts and mines and locals—all up and down and crossways. They've got more organization to them than the soviet of Russia, or one of these charity organizations in the city. And it's sure money and regular they're taking in—getting it always right out of the pay envelope of the workmen—in this check-off system you hear them all the time fighting over. There's where the war-labor millionaires in the miners had it all over the other war-labor plutocrats, who have to collect their own money for themselves.

Man, oh man! Did you ever figure what money these big labor financiers had the handling of when things were running right and rosy in the war? In that big mine workers' thing, say, with five hundred thousand members—at just only a dollar a head! Rockefeller and Morgan and this here silent Henry Ford were pikers to them. Every morning they could rise up and say "Let there be five hundred thousand dollars"—and there was. What wonder they had their heads turned, and talked wild and feverish—and took on all the habits of sudden prosperity? You would yourself.

"We'll celebrate once," said this feller I'm telling you about—this John McClure, his name was—after the election, to the feller next under him—a red-headed boy named Steve Kirkpatrick. "We'll celebrate and then we'll start in to work on them."

For that was his little habit of prosperity; he was crooking the elbow too much, like some of the best fellers you'll meet in any politics—labor or any other. And there was no difficulty for him or anyone in getting what they wanted in those mining districts—either then or later.

"Sure. We'll start right off—and build your monument. Pull the big thing—that'll put you along up!" said the redhead. For already, at that time, more than one had his eye on John McClure as a coming lad in the big mine-union politics. "We've got to start right in on Easthampton."

I told you this coal-mining business was all organization inside the union—like a soviet. But that's only one-half the story. For the operators are just the same. And they have to be, both sides—set up and drilled for war. They have to be—if they're going to live—for the simple and well-known fact that there's more mines opened than there needs to be.

'Tis not a plain and simple and straight fight, like the soviet against the rest of mankind, or the worker against the cruel capitalist.

It's all hands fighting the other—striking out all different ways from the center. Miners against operators, and then operators against operators and miners against miners, and—not the least, by no means—operators and miners against other operators and miners—the backward East against the radical West—all playing for one thing, naturally, to keep their own mines, where they get their own living, at work—while the other fellers are taking the shutdowns.

So for good free-for-all warfare the coal-mining industry ranks high. When there's a lull in the general bombardment it just gives time for the members to step out and start killing off each other in their own private wars.

"We'll be starting in on Easthampton," said the redhead. And John McClure says "Yes" right away. For that was their private war—the victory that was going to make or break them; and they could pull off right then—now that their treasury was full to bursting with war money—like all the rest of the unions at that time.

So they went out of their new shiny office, with its grand new furniture, in the highest office building in the town; and went down over to the Dutchman's and sat down, celebrating their victory and planning their private war—that was to make them.

This private war that this McClure had inherited was a legacy handed down to him from his countless predecessors, like those to the heroes in the olden times—a perpetual fight across the border into another county—over the imaginary geographical line as the feller says, into this scab county—this Easthampton—that the operators that owned it kept and swore to keep nonunion with their hearts' blood.

'Twas a strong place and a bad one for the union—especially in the hard times, when it got all the coal contracts there was—because the wages of the scabs over there went up and down—but more down—outside the union scale. Which threw John McClure's district out of work in slack times. And many was the brave labor leader that had gone up against it and come beaten back—with his job gone or his reputation trailing after him. For it was worth money for the operators there to be left alone and nonunion.

"We'll pull them down to their knees this time!" said the redhead. "With the lack of miners and the war profits they're getting and the money we've got to back us now everywhere."

"It's now or never," said John McClure, sitting thinking—for he was a brainy, foxy boy those days before the booze got to him. "And let's hope it's now."

So they went in over the imaginary line to organize this Easthampton. They had to go easy first—for all the imaginary officers and all the imaginary money invested over that imaginary county line was set against them. They were making good headway, working down secret underneath, but the job wasn't done by no means when the fall of 1918 come, and the end of the blessed war and the blessed war profits, and the first break in the great blind money drunk that you and me and the rest of the hard-working industrious citizens of this glorious and blameless country had been out on. And it hit hard in just one place at first—the coal mining.

"We'll have to call it off for now, Steve," John McClure was saying to the redhead in the first of 1919, when they were sitting alone, talking man to man in their new shiny office.

"And when you do, you'll hear from Coakley and Broska," said the redhead—speaking of the two radicals on the executive board.

"Let 'em holler," said John McClure, who was feeling valiant, just like the rest of us do, with a couple of drinks in him. "Haven't we just trimmed the life out of them again—at the last election?"

"That's all right. That's not the only one," says the redhead. "The radicals never stop."

"Talking," says John McClure.

"All right. I was just telling you," says the redhead.

So they pulled off from organizing Easthampton in 1919—and let her slide back again. They didn't want to, much. For it meant considerable to John McClure if he got that once organized. It was his monument he was working on—like Kirkpatrick had said. His private war, to fight over into the enemy's territory—like a bold knight and hero of the old times. And when he was once there—and had smashed that hoary-headed stronghold of the enemy, then they would raise him up and make him duke some day. Or vice president, as they call it to-day in the miners' union. And maybe afterwards, the king. For they were all talking about him now for the vice presidency of the big union some day—and from there on it would be easy.

And that wasn't the worst of it for this feller, this John McClure, neither. For although there in the coal regions the blind drunk of money had come to a sudden end, and the new shiny phonograph that had come in with war wages was going out the front door again with the installment man—and the wife standing watching, wringing her hands in her apron—along outside the coal mines the world went on still staggering and roaring down the road to disaster. It looked bad and suspicious to those coal-mine boys, and made the radicals stronger and stronger. For the radicals, of course, could give fifty-seven reasons why it was just Wall Street—that diabolical crawling centipede, that had all its million tendrils, as the feller said, deep in the coal mines of this fair land—that was just picking out the miners and going after them special. And on the face of it they seemed to have some argument at that time.

So that year John McClure and the redhead stood with their backs against the wall, defending themselves—like all the rest of the old-line mine workers' officers—by calling "On to Washington!" And all through the mines the local officers and the check-weighmen friendly to them were

telling all the Polaks and Serbians—making faces and using their hands so that they'd understand good: "The big boss! At Washington, John! He fix it. Right away!"

And they all thought so naturally, those days in the good old war. Whenever you wanted a shot of that war hooch you sent down to Washington, and they sent you back a case.

"And they'd better—do something—quick," says Coakley and the rest of the radicals, "or the workers will rise and wrest the mines from the barons and the Wall Street pirates and thieves and the eighteen thousand new millionaires made in Wall Street since the war—and run them themselves."

"Sure. Sure," says Broska, who played echo to him, and interpreter of his red-hot talk to the Slovaks and Hunkies and Serbians.

That was a hard year for John McClure, with many conferences and conventions and before-and-after conventions; and the habit of prosperity—the living at good hotels on expense accounts, and the eating of good food and especially the crooking of the elbow—got no less on him at the time.

It got no less in the fall of the year when the strike came and the Government stepped in and handed the coal miners that last big government raise of pay but one—that last bottle but one of the war hooch that was taken out of the cellar at Washington.

And the miners started down the road again singing free, just when the rest of the world was beginning to stagger and lie down by the side of it—like they did all along the line in 1920.

And then in that spring of 1920 this John McClure was making this bet I was telling about in the first place. It's a queer business, coal mining, as I was saying to you—with all its private wars, crossways and in and out—for the survival of the fittest, as the fellers says. But another thing I didn't tell you was that all at once—when you least expect it—you'll see the oldest enemies sitting in together—because the business runs that way, so that their interests come together.

And along in the spring of 1920, when there was some business showing up for the mines again, one of John McClure's old enemies, the vice president of one of the big Easthampton operating companies—and who was interested, too, in mines in John McClure's district—sent word to McClure, and they got together out of the district—over in New York in a hotel, where this McClure hadn't ought to have gone, and wouldn't probably, if he hadn't been drinking and too fond of lying by in luxury and grandeur for a week or so in a big, expensive hotel.

"We've fought you some time—up and down," the big operator says to him. "You up in 1918—and we up in 1919! Now why can't we get to some agreement in 1920?"

"What arrangement?" said John McClure, eying him. "Especially now, when things are starting coming our way again—when the coal business is not only coming back but coming back to stay."

"You think so, do you?" says this vice president, looking at him.

"I know so," says John McClure. For he thought he did at that time, feeling confident—and all the more so, like the rest of us, when the drink was in.

"All right," says the big feller, chewing his cigar. "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll bet you it won't!"

"Bet me? How?" says John McClure.

"I'll show you," he says. And then he went on and done so. "It's a new one, but it's good. You think this good business is going right on—for years. I don't. But I know -for special reasons -and you know too—that this whole district around here will be busy most of the year. Or at least I'm willing to take a gamble on it."

"What gamble?" says John McClure.

"We can't buy you," says the vice president. "And we can't beat you. But we can hold you to a standstill now—and you know it! So why don't we do this—both sides take a gamble on his judgment?"

"All right," says McClure. "What is it?"

"You think this good business is going right on in the district. We don't. But we want it like the devil while it's going. And you don't mind having it for your members—for the year, anyhow, do you? All right!

"All right!" he says, when John McClure nodded. "Now you want to organize our mines over in Easthampton—and you've done it, up to a point. And there you stop—if we keep fighting. But suppose we stop fighting you!"

"Stop fighting us!" says John McClure.

"For a year! Provided, in that time, you agree not to come out in the open and strike, or make us notice you. Just keep organizing—all you want to—and let us close our eyes to it."

"And you'll keep your hands off!" says John McClure.

"Right," said the operator. "Till a year from date. But then we go after you, by land and sea, for 'twill be hard times, we believe, then. While if you're right, and business keeps up strong, why ——"

"You're union for good!" said John McClure.

"Right. But we don't lose all, even then. For if it goes against us, we'll see you move up to Indianapolis, at headquarters—where we want you—out of our district."

"Never mind that," said John McClure—though of course he did, being human. "Never mind that. But I'll take your bet just the same. On one condition. What about your wages?"

"We'll pay just what we've been giving since the war came on. And that's equal to your own."

"I'll take you on," says John McClure.

So they sat there two days fixing it up between them. And John McClure came home, between his bet and his good time he always gave himself now at these hotels, feeling grand—too grand. For it looked like either way he was fixed for life.

So off they go against the foe, across the imaginary border. And John McClure organizing always, yet always holding back a strike or any claim for recognizing of the union. It looked fine at first, but then not so good. For though he saw he was getting a great reputation as a hero of labor, and was mentioned all the time for vice president some day—still he was more and more anxious. For he saw now all the time his bet was going against him at the end.

Business kept up for a while, but after that it dropped fast. And the mines in John McClure's district were letting down and the miners were coming together, all washed up and shiny, on the corners, and talking about Easthampton's taking all their work again—though really it wasn't so now, because of wages keeping equal through that year, except that maybe they could work their Easthampton men a little harder. And now McClure could hear the radicals sounding the hard-times warning all over the street.

"You heard what Coakley said the last meeting," says Kirkpatrick to McClure. "About starting demanding recognition of the union over in Easthampton now."

"A nice time now, wouldn't it be?" says John McClure. "They're glad enough to sit tight, and get union wages."

"They're getting onto that call you made over in New York," said Kirkpatrick, speaking of that bet that he was the only one beside McClure who knew about. "They're claiming you got some secret deal—about fussing around at forming a union in Easthampton, and then never declaring it—getting ready to let it die when the right time comes. And they're going to bring it out, they say, how they hooked you—over in New York—and just how they put it over on you."

"When I was drunk, I suppose," says John McClure. For he knew the reds were all the time talking that about him now—of having too much of that habit of prosperity.

"I suppose so," says Kirkpatrick.

(Continued on Page 110)

Samson and One Philistine

By Albert Payson Terhune

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

THIS story has a prologue. It began clear back before the Civil War. We can get rid of the prologue in a mere fistful of words; and then swing our narrative into its 1922 stride. Let's go. A shrewd young showman—one Phineas Taylor Barnum—elected to branch out from his museum business and inaugurate a traveling circus. Among his most-popular circus performers was Signorina Swatiola. Less brilliant successes in the troupe used to beg newspaper men along the route to print the unproved rumor that Signorina Swatiola had begun life in Dublin, not in Italy; and as Maggie McSwatt. But after one look into the Signorina's sweet, deep-blue, black-fringed eyes, the newspaper men refused blankly to have any hand in a cabal against her. She could have called herself a Zulu chieftainess, had she chosen; and they would have sworn it was true. She was that kind of girl.

Teunis Verplanck was a raffish youth of ancient and mellowly hallowed Knickerbocker family. When Phineas Taylor Barnum brought to Brooklyn his grand moral assortment of world-renowned celebrities—"the greatest aggregation ever gathered under one tent; all of them honored by personal approval from the crowned heads of Europe, and heartily endorsed by pulpit, press and public of two continents"—Teunis and a group of fellow rakehells took the Broadway stage from Seventeenth Street to Fulton, walked thence to Fulton Ferry, and after little more than two hours of easy travel found themselves at the circus.

Teunis Verplanck blinked boredly at the menagerie's marvels and at the main tent's attractions—until into the single ring tripped a slenderly beautiful and demure girl with big black-fringed blue eyes and the daintiest little face in the world. Then he sat up and scanned his strip of limp program. For the next fifteen minutes his eyes and his soul were fixed dazedly upon the exquisite Signorina Swatiola.

She swung eighty-five-pound weights as though they were knitting needles. She tossed sixteen-pound cannon balls high in air and caught them with careless ease. She picked up two heavy roustabouts by their belts and performed Indian-club evolutions with them. She did much more—and did it with a queer daintiness; and she wound up the act by draping across her shoulders an eleven-hundred-pound horse and carrying him lightly out of the ring with her.

All these things she did with no show of effort—this slim colleen or *contadina*, as the case may be. There was an adorable shyness and grace in her every look and motion. She was one of those rarities—a Hercules who shows to the uninitiated no outward sign of superhuman strength.

Teunis went around to the performers' tent and gave its doorman five dollars to admit him. He accosted Signorina Swatiola as, in meekly dull street clothes, she emerged from the dressing room. Being a modest girl she stepped past him, unheeding. He laid a tenderly detaining hand on her shapely arm. Then, through no volition of his own, he did a really creditable double back-fall, and a clown-roll in the sawdust.

He got up dizzily, dusted himself off, and went to seek the curly-headed Mr. Barnum. Ten minutes later he was presented to Signorina Swatiola in due and ancient form and was mumbling apologies for his inexcusable rudeness.

In precisely three weeks and two days thereafter Teunis Verplanck horrified everyone in his world by going to a Schenectady parsonage with Signorina Swatiola; and there, in the sight of God and man, becoming her lawful spouse.

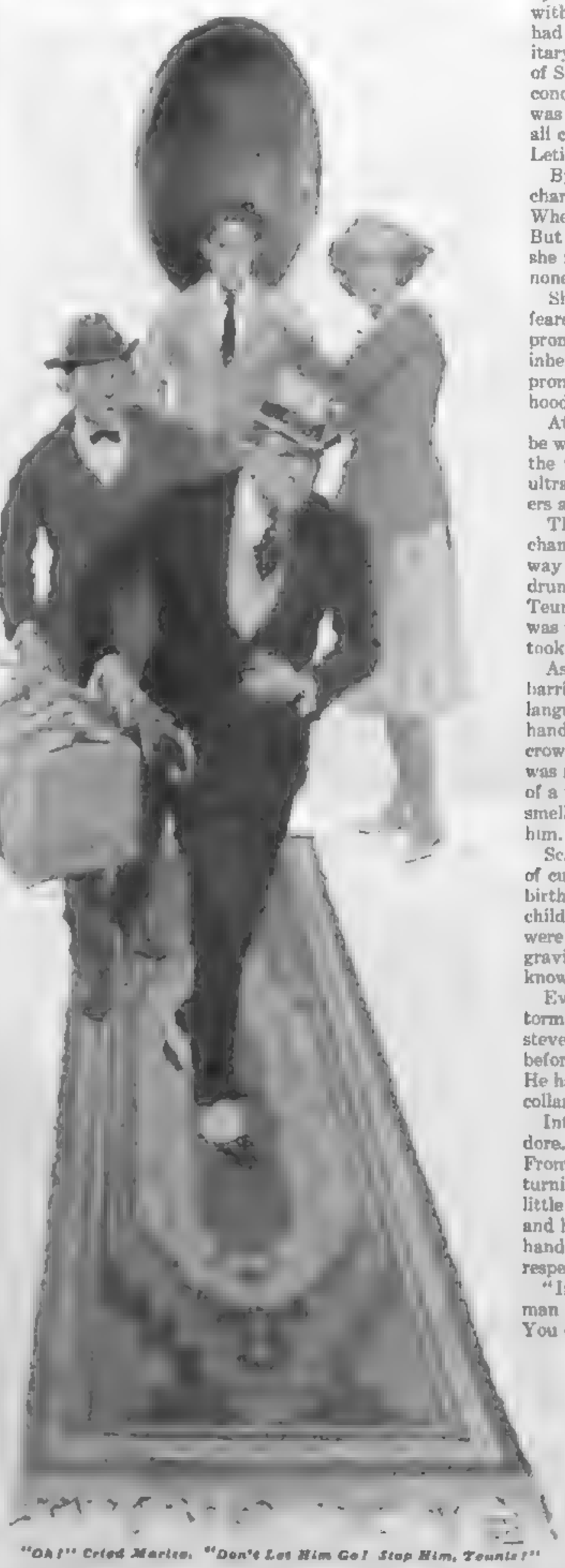
The Verplancks were stricken to the marrow. Teunis and his bride took a honeymoon trip to Europe, until the hideous social sensation should ebb.

Teunis Verplanck came home from Europe twelve months later, without his wife, and hugging close to his broken heart a whimpering wisp of babyhood—a child whose young mother had died that he might live.

The Verplancks took the motherless baby to their hearts. He was the sole scion left to carry on the grand old line. Because the family was rich and all-powerful the circus-girl story was allowed to die—so far as publicity went—and society prepared to receive Teunis back on the old terms.

But he did not infringe on the charity of his hallowed set. In six months he died in a cholera epidemic. He died, chiefly because he had grown to loathe the thought of living. And his baby son was left to inherit the great name and greater wealth.

The circus-girl legend had become a horror to the family. Dreading unspeakably any low hereditary tendency in the little boy they brought him up in cotton wool and in an aura of azure refinement. He absorbed the training; even as he had inherited the traditional narrow shoulders and thin neck of the Verplancks. In due time he married, well within his own class; fathered a son named Teunis; and a few years later followed his rabbit-faced wife drably to a blameless rest.



"Oh!" Cried Marian. "Don't Let Him Go! Stop Him, Teunis!"

Which brings us out of our prologue and to our story.

A man born in jail would scarcely sigh for the open. Teunis Verplanck III was born to cotton wool and to a super-Brahmanic culture. His adoptive mother and sole surviving relative, his terrible great-aunt, saw to that.

Very old and very cold and very great was Miss Letitia. She had been but an infant when her elder brother brought black shame upon the ancient 'scutcheon by eloping with a circus woman. And she had grown up with the horror of his deed. With her earliest words she had gleaned the stark need of preventing such low hereditary tastes from cropping out in successive generations of Signorina Swatiola's progeny. On Teunis III she had concentrated her efforts. As a result the luckless youth was ideally anæmic and correct in mind and heart; and, to all casual outward appearance, in physique as well. Miss Letitia looked upon her work and she saw it was good.

By the time he was eighteen she deemed her task of character molding was too solid to be lightly shaken. Wherefore she consented to Teunis' going to Harvard. But before he went she read him a wise little lecture; and she made him give her his word of honor to take part in none of the university's athletic activities.

She remembered the circus strong woman, and she feared lest the rough goodfellowship and sweat and promiscuity of athletic work might arouse any dormant inherited coarseness in her darling ward. Teunis gave the promise readily enough. His sheltered, tutor-guided boyhood had had nothing in it to make athletics seem alluring.

At Harvard his outer man gave no sign that it would be worth while to make him try for the crew or for any of the teams. He had plenty of money, he traveled in an ultra-exclusive crowd; he was bookish and reticent. Trainers and scouts passed him over.

Then, one afternoon, midway of Freshman year, Teunis chanced to be on Washington Street, in Boston, on his way to take a train out of town for the week-end. A half-drunk stevedore elbowed the prim youth. With icy disgust Teunis moved far to one side. His gesture of repulsion was worse than a kick. The stevedore, boozily truculent, took exception to it.

As Teunis started to walk on, the other was once more barring his way, hurling at him a volley of pyrotechnic language and gripping his immaculate collar with a dirty hand. A little crowd began to collect. Teunis hated crowds. He hated publicity. He hated everything that was not well-bred. Thus to his own surprise he was aware of a momentary gust of uncultured wrath toward this ill-smelling person who had laid violent soiled hands upon him.

Scarce realizing what he did the boy let slip the bridle of culture which had been trammeling his emotions from birth. Never had he struck a blow, even in play, for the children with whom Great-aunt Letitia had let him play were little Brahmins like himself; and at college he had gravitated by instinct and by heredity to a set which knows not the meaning of the low word "rough-house."

Even now, in this primal moment, he did not strike his tormentor. But he gave him an emphatic shove. The stevedore sailed backward in midair for perhaps ten feet before his feet or any other part of him touched ground. He had not even had time to release his hold from Teunis' collar. The collar accompanied him on his aërial flight.

Into the muck of Washington Street crashed the stevedore. From the crowd went up a murmur of pure amaze. From the crowd, too, darted a little man who had been turning in at a doorway when the encounter began. The little man's face was as bashed in as a Persian kitten's; and his ears were in contour like twin cabbage roses. The hand he laid on Teunis' sleeve was as strong as it was respectful.

"In here, sir!" he begged, drawing the bewildered Freshman along with him. "The cops will be up in a second. You don't want to go to court over this scrap."

Through Teunis' daze penetrated this new fear. Docilely, hypnotically he followed his little guide into the dark doorway and up a flight of stairs to a wide room with low ceiling and dust-grimed windows. There, closing the door behind them, Professor Milo Mulcahy turned and faced the scared youth.

The professor for two blissful years had held the lightweight championship of New England. Since his retirement he had made a living as boxing master and gymnasium keeper. His trained eye had noted the incredible strength behind Teunis' clumsily girlish push when the longshoreman had been sent on that brief aëronautic trip.

"Sit down, sir," said Mulcahy, almost with veneration. "I want to talk to you a minute."

Half an hour later Professor Milo Mulcahy had annexed a new and profitable pupil. Teunis himself scarce knew how it came about. Through his own loathing for vulgarity pulsed a strange response to the little man's pleas that his God-given strength be trained into active usefulness. Teunis recalled his pledge to Miss Letitia. But he had

promised only to avoid college athletics. Surely that did not include coming thrice a week to Boston for an hour with those fascinating chest weights and the heavyweight punching bag, and to learn an art as old as Greece. True, there was no use in raising an issue at home by mentioning the matter. But—that crazy newborn impulse, to use his strength and to improve it, was not to be resisted.

For three years Teunis Verplanck III pursued his sinfully clandestine course. When he left college and took up his proper place as a youthfully correct pillar of society at home he carried with him a letter from Mulcahy to an obscure but inspired boxing master in Jersey City. Thrice a week for the next two years Teunis crossed the Hudson furtively for an hour of gym-and-glove-and-mat work. This, continuously; except for his ten months in the Army.

Deep in his soul he hugged his guilty secret. Whenever he read or heard of some acquaintance who led a double life and who was unmasked, he shuddered. But for good luck, that might well be his own fate. Even as the scornful world found that So-and-So had for years been an embezzler or a drug fiend or a Lothario, so his own Brahmin world might find that the scrupulously correct Teunis Verplanck III was an addict to low physical-culture orgies, in company with cauliflower-eared thugs in Jersey City.

At first he used to shrink from the exposure's effect on Miss Letitia. It might well bring her gray—and detachable—hairs down in sorrow to the grave. Then after a time his was a divided fear. Bit by bit he began to dread the secret's effect upon another person, as well as on Miss Letitia. Then he began to dread it a million times more on this person's account than on his great-aunt's.

The other person was Marise Durham. Hers was one of the five families west of the British coast to whom Miss Letitia deigned to give one hundred per cent approval. She and Teunis had gone to dancing school together as children, and had seen more or less of each other at intervals later on, and had recently been seeing each other most of the time. This last through Teunis' emphatic choice and with Miss Letitia's benign approval.

Marise was so ethereal, so innately high bred! It seemed blasphemy to think of her and of cauliflower ears with the same brain. If she should guess ——

Now the mere knowledge that Teunis Verplanck III was fond of calisthenics, and had learned to box, would not by itself be likely to horrify Marise, whatever effect it might have on Miss Letitia. But yielding to insidious flattery and to the tenfold more potent ancestral urge for strength display, Teunis had gone miles deeper in athletics; in fact, his was the doublest of double lives. And at any time an accident might disclose it. Then, farewell to Marise and to the golden hopes he was letting himself build up!

Teunis yearned to shake off the secret fetters while there was time to escape undetected. But far back in his cosmos spoke the spirit of the fiery Irish girl who had given him her tastes along with her miraculous strength. And he temporized.

He reveled in the more-sinister phases of his double life. It gave outlet to all the normal rough-boyhood emotions which had been denied him. Also, it spelled adventure.

Teunis was a trifle comforted for his own vileness when post-war conditions brought boxing into the ken of folk who hitherto had looked on it as mere brute sport. He was still more consoled when boxing bouts for charity won not only the approval but the attendance of women—women who, five years earlier, would as soon have thought of spending an evening in a slaughterhouse as at the ringside.

At first Miss Letitia stood scornfully aloof from the innovation, although it appealed to Marise as a jolly novelty. But when a charity of which Miss Letitia was the head and front decreed to stage a program of three boxing bouts at the all-sacrosanct Country Club, at Beauville, the aged reactionary surrendered. She even consented to take a box for the evening—a one-thousand-dollar box, close to the ring. Marise and Teunis were among the five humbly honored guests she invited to share the box with her.

Personally Miss Letitia looked upon the whole project with well-bred abhorrence. She dreaded, too, its possible effects on Teunis. But by dint of many drives the public were beginning to shy at the very word "drive." They were beginning to grip shut their purse strings as emphatically as once they had torn them open. Yet they would still pay, and pay in big sums, to see an exciting boxing match. And this pet charity of Miss Letitia's was in crying need of more funds for its reconstruction work.

Moreover, even the very few people of whom she approved were lending aid and countenance to such brutal exhibitions. They were doing more. They were saying that boxing was a beautiful and thrilling sport, and far less damaging and bloodthirsty than football. Yes, there must of course be a tremendous difference between these society-blest bouts and the horrible prize fights of which she had heard. She steeled herself, though shrinkingly, to the new sensation.

She went further. She opened Broad Acres, her mausoleumlike big house at Beauville, for the event; bought two more ringside boxes; and invited a house party of fifteen to Broad Acres for the week-end. She did not believe in doing things by halves. Besides, Marise Durham and the latter's grayly impressive father were to be among her guests.

The committee toiled hard over the program for that all-important Saturday night. Two sets of lively six-round preliminaries were arranged for, a quartet of well-rehearsed pork-and-bean lightweights being engaged from Tom O'Roon's world-famous string. The evening's main event was scheduled to be an eight-round bout between the welterweight champion of the East—Gentleman Jack Torrance—and a spectacular if hopeless contender for the title, Terry O'Shaughnessy (born Mandelbaum).

Thus, as the initiate will understand, the main bout was to be lively and thrilling; and wholly inconclusive. The champion was in no peril of risking his title. The contender was to be hammered about in workmanlike fashion, and was to get good money and better advertising for the ordeal.

If there is one asset a pugilist craves more than a championship belt it is the mystic prefix of "Gentleman" before his name. The gaining of this sacred nickname is a thing of difficulty. Sullivan and Fitzsimmons and a score of other paladins went to their graves without acquiring it. When Jim Corbett left a bank clerkship and strolled into fistic life, wearing his clothes well and speaking good English and having more than a smattering of manners, the term "Gentleman Jim" was bestowed on him without the remotest effort on his part. But a hundred other fighters have spent fortunes on clothes and books and lessons in behavior, without winning it.

Gentleman Jack Torrance had gained the prefix almost as easily as had Corbett. A year in high school, after his grammar-school course, and then two more years as an elegant and reparteeful soda clerk, had given him much

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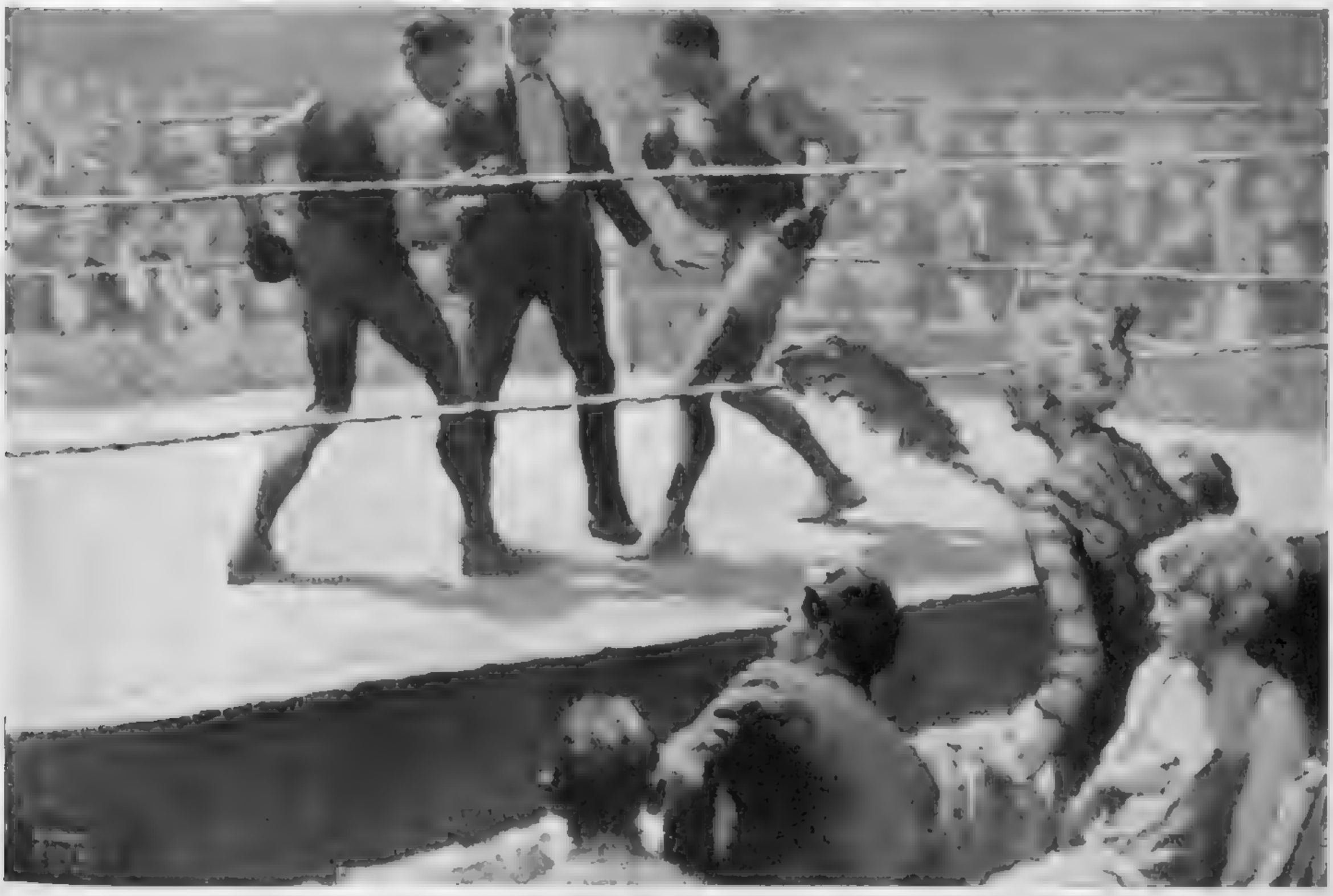

The Wink Was Personal and Intimate. It Drew a Hundred Pairs of Eyes to the Box. Marise Shrank Back. Miss Letitia Did Not

ROPE

By THOMAS BEER

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

Orion Said Hoarsely "This Rope Ain't Ever Been Wetted. It'll Float a While," and Began to Shove the Dory Down to the Water

THE wind so ferociously slapped this bay that the beach had an edge of white froth. Orion pulled his dory some yards farther up the packed sand toward the flickering, brittle beach grass and stared at the mouth of the petty harbor. There the outer sea was fighting the pour of water from within, and a constant whirling sent up spires of brilliant spray that floated in ten colors against the noon. He murmured "Fireworks made of water," and was pleased by the thought.

"What you laughin' at, O?" Henry asked, squatting on the sand at Orion's feet.

"Nothin'," Orion told his brother.

"Well," Henry said kindly, "you're crazy. Let's go home. Dinnertime."

Orion pulled him upright and they walked off up the beach to the one street of Ashnet. Henry tramped along with his hands in his pockets and his loose shirt puffed full of wind. Damp air had modeled his soft reddish hair into lumps, and the July sun made these glisten. It was as though his round head had a covering of frozen sirup.

Orion said, "Looks like somebody'd upset a pail of sirup onto your head, H."

"You're gettin' crazier and crazier," Henry reflected.

"I expect so," said Orion happily. "Well, what kind of clothes are you goin' to get when we're rich?"

Henry stopped and lifted one sole from the beach. He sighed and drove his heel with violence into Orion's hip. Orion swayed off from the blow and missed part of its force, but sat down heavily.

Henry told him, "Looky here! Because you sent this feller a lot of poems, it don't show anybody'll buy 'em. And I never heard of a rich poet anyways. If a person didn't know better they'd think you ought to be in an asylum. So get up. I'm hungry." His shirt slacked and fell limp about his slim waist. He looked at the sun and said, "Yoo-hoo! Wind's droppin'!"

"It had better," Orion yawned, getting up. "Hasn't been a boat out in two days. Well, you run up to the store and get some bacon. Get along."

Henry trotted off. His feet were brown on top and white soled. The paler skin flashed as he loped away, and Orion admired his speed. The older Bent was slow going. His long, mighty legs hadn't much swiftness in their profuse muscles. He could pull a dory out more deftly than any man in the village, but he couldn't run as young Henry ran. He walked soberly on, grinding his shoes down in the softer sand that made the street of the sorry little gathering, and came to his house.

The house was big, built of red brick and increased at the front with a platform. Orion's father had lavished four thousand dollars on this silly structure in 1860. It was meant to be a marine supply store. Before the Civil War, Ashnet had been a growing port. Bent had sold his drug shop in Boston and moved here to grow opulent with Ashnet. Orion walked down the great space of the empty salesroom and into the kitchen behind its decay.

He said pleasantly to the parrot "Wind's droppin', Waldo," and shoved a sugar lump through the bars of its cage. The parrot canted its green-and-red skull to one side and pecked at the sugar lazily. Orion kicked open the stove door and put a skillet to heat. The half-past-twelve train whistled, leaving the station. He hoped that Henry would wait to see whether a letter from Saybrook had come, and sat down to take off his wet shoes. He sat on a chair beside the table, used as a writing desk in his hours of anguished composition, and some paper rustled with the jar of his arrival in the chair. It was the rough draft of his letter, sent three days since. Orion picked it up and read it:

ASHNET, R. I., July 10, 1872.

SAMUEL L. CLEMENS, ESQUIRE.
Fenwick Hall, Saybrook, Conn.

My Dear Sir: Seeing in the daily papers that you are residing at Saybrook this summer, I take the liberty of asking you some advice with regard to the six poems inclosed in this letter. It is pretty necesary that I should have some money to educate my brother Henry, aged 16 years and five months, the school here being pretty bad. I am a fisherman by profession, but have made two voyages to Europe on sailing vessels. I am twenty-two years old and went to school in Boston some, which will show you how it happens that I am more literary than people around here. If you would be so obliging as to tell me where I could sell these poems at a good price I should be much obliged. I have read all of your works several times.

Yours very respectfully, ORION GIBBS BENT.

It faintly worried him that he had given Henry's age in figures and his own in letters, but he was sure that he had spelled "necessary" with two *s*'s in the final version, and he'd tested every word in the poems with his dictionary. The letter couldn't offend Mr. Clemens, and stamps had been inclosed for the return of the poems. Orion nodded his bleached head comfortably and shed his shoes.

He was reaching for the bag of potatoes when Henry came plunging in and gulped, "Hume says he won't sell us nothin' more on trust until you pay the bill!"

"Huh!" said Orion. "Hume knows as well as anybody that there ain't been any fish fetched in for a week! Where's he think I've got any money to pay his bill with? And it ain't but ten dollars and some, anyhow. Here, you peel some potatoes and I'll go up and see about this!"

Henry reported, "Hume said it wouldn't do any good to have you come and see him!"

"Well, I'm goin' to," Orion declared, and swung out of the kitchen, slamming the door.

Then he stopped. He stood still between the dusty long counters where lay in monstrous loops the unsold fathoms of fine rope left from his father's stock. Some ship's lanterns swayed delicately in the draft from the rafters. Against the empty shelves were piled bales of oars which sometimes men bought for their dories. The three tradesmen of the rotting port clung to pennies. Hume was a skinflint. It was no use going to Hume without something in hand. Orion grunted and stole behind a counter. Here in a cloth-lined case reposed three beautiful brass lanterns, worth forty dollars apiece when they were new. Orion plucked one out and rubbed its sheen on his woolen shirt. Hume often went to Providence, and some chandler there would pay well for the thing. He walked warily into the street and up its middle of gentle sand, lugging the heavy lamp in one hand. Ashnet was eating its noon meal indoors. He came to Hume's shop, close to the railroad shed, and entered haughtily, saying from the door-sill, "Here! If your store's doin' so bad that you don't dare to trust me for a pound of bacon, you better take this here up to Providence and sell it!"

Hume looked up from a letter in his moist red fingers and said crossly, "One of them Vigilant lamps? You couldn't sell 'em gold-plated nowadays. I wouldn't give you five dollars for it, O."

"Why, go to glory!" Orion shouted. "Pa paid thirty dollars apiece for 'em in '64!"

A Splatter of Foth Was Spreading Along the Beach. He Saw the Brassy Spark of an Extended Telescope. People Were Staring to Sea

"This here's 1872, O," said the grocer. He turned to a tall man who stood examining some canned fruit on a counter and stated, "This here is Orion Bent that you were askin' about, mister."

The tall man turned from the gay tins and nodded to Orion, who didn't care to talk to strangers just then, but advanced on Hume and yelled, "You're a blamed liar! They had lamps just like this in the captain's cabin and all on the Rose J. Smith that I went to France on last year! It's worth the whole of your bull and a lot more! You just better take it or I'll take to orderin' all my groceries sent down from Providence by train."

"I'll give you twelve dollars for it," the grocer yawned. "That is, I'll mark your bill paid and credit you a dollar and a half on the books."

"Well," said Orion, soothed, "that's all right. Give me two pounds of bacon and a pound of dried apples."

He put the lamp on the counter and waited for his package placidly. The tall man strolled up and drawled gently, "Have I the honor of addressing Mr. Orion G. Bent?"

Orion presently closed his mouth, opened it again and said, "Yes, sir, I'm Orion Bent."

The stranger offered a pale, lean hand and stated in the same drawl, "My name is Abijah Sellers, sir. I'm a publisher by profession. I haven't a card with me."

"It don't matter," said Orion, shaking hands.

Mr. Sellers remarked, "I'm glad you don't stand on ceremony, sir. The fact is I was dining with my friend Clemens at Saybrook the other day and he read me your poems. I was profoundly interested, Mr. Bent. So was Mr. Clemens. Tears stood in his eyes as he read the one about Rope. Mrs. Clemens was reduced to sobs."

"Well," Orion said, "I'm sorry to hear that. It was in the papers that Mr. Twain's—Mr. Clemens' little boy died. I'd be mighty sorry to upset his wife like that "

Mr. Sellers stepped back and rested a hand on the counter. Then he said in a deeper drawl "Why, sonny, you needn't worry over that!" and stared at the floor for a moment, taking off his broad straw hat. He had heavy chestnut hair that waved into curls, and his thick eyebrows bristled above long lashes. Orion thought him rather sad-looking as he stared at the sandy planks and touched his drooping mustache with a finger: He went on; "Well, as I said, Sam was mighty interested in your poems, and so am I. In fact I've got 'em with me. I'm on my way to Boston to talk to Dr. Wendell Holmes about a cookbook. I thought I'd visit you in passing and talk business."

The Girl Floated Up the Sandy Lane and Smiled at Orion Nicely

Orion blushed while his feet chilled. There was a terrible grandeur in talking to a publisher who was going from dinner with Mark Twain at Saybrook to chat with Oliver Wendell Holmes in Boston. He gazed reverently at Mr. Sellers and mumbled "Well, that's nice." Mr. Sellers lit a majestic cigar and opened the shop's door. Orion stumbled with him into the street, grown queerly quiet now that the wind had died. The publisher looked at Ashnet composedly and puffed some smoke toward the sun. Orion faltered, "It's too bad there ain't—isn't a hotel, sir. We'll have to go talk in my house."

Mr. Sellers absently drawled, "Land! This isn't much different from a town on the Mississippi. White frame houses—lilacs in the yards. There'd be niggers out there. And you've got a brother named Henry?"

"Yes, sir. It's account of Henry that I'm so anxious to sell my poems. The school here ain't much good. I'd like to send Henry to Andover or some place. He's smart and an awful nice kind of boy. Pretty slow here for him."

"Sam Clemens had a brother named Henry —— Who's that girl?"

Orion glanced at the girl swaying out of the Widow Pitt's yard and said, "It's a girl from Elmira, New York. Boardin' with Mrs. Pitt to get over the typhoid fever."

Mr. Sellers murmured "Oh," and stooped to tie his shoe lace.

The girl floated up the sandy lane and smiled at Orion nicely. She said, "I'm so glad the wind's stopped blowing. It's spoiled your fishing all week, hasn't it?"

"Yes, it has," Orion admitted, much pleased with her smile and by her gown of dove-colored silk, prettily rippling in the sunshine. He added, "And thank you for lettin' Henry have that novel to read. I'll see he don't spoil it, Miss Roberts."

Miss Roberts smiled again and went on. The publisher rose from his long stoop, rather reddened, and observed, "I hate shoe laces. . . . As I was saying, Sam Clemens had a brother named Henry, a fine boy, and he's got a brother named Orion."

"That's awful interestin'," said Orion. "This Miss Roberts from Elmira knows Mr. Clemens some, account of his havin' lived there. Did you know him out West? It's true what's been in the papers that he was a pilot on a steamboat? You used to know him out there?"

"Sam and I used to drink out of the same whisky bottle," the publisher answered, rekindling his cigar as they came up Orion's steps.

Orion held the door open, musing, "You know, a person can't imagine Mr. Emerson or Mr. Longfellow or Doctor Holmes doin' anything like drinkin' whisky or kissin' a girl. Now, Mark Twain's kind of different. . . . This used to be a store, see? Isn't much left but all this rope that I can't sell. Pa bought a whole lot in '65, and nobody took it "

Mr. Sellers fanned himself with his hat and slowly stared at the gutted shop. He stroked his curving nose and drawled, "Did your dad leave you much besides his debts?"

"He didn't leave any debts, sir."

"You're luckier than some people I know. . . . Yes, that's a nice lot of rope, sonny."

Mr. Sellers paused. Then he asked: "Thought of advertising it in the Hangman's Gazette?"

"Didn't know there was a Hangman's Gazette."

"There probably ain't," the publisher sighed; "which just shows how good, respectable professions get neglected. . . . Is this Henry?"

Henry had bobbed out of the kitchen. Orion ordered "You come here, Henry, and talk to Mr. Sellers while I fix up somethin' to eat," and hurried off to the hot stove.

He now worried about food. The Widow Pitt had presented Henry with a pie yesterday, and half of it survived. But it wouldn't be a good meal. He fretted, cracking his thumbs, while the bacon fried. Henry and Mr. Sellers were laughing outside. How much would the friendly man offer him for the poems? They had taken a long time to make—six whole weeks. It would be hard to think of another batch if these were sold. Orion dished bacon and fried potatoes into the remaining Chinese plates and found a tablecloth. He flung up the windows, now that the wind was gone and a jolly smell of sweet fern blew from the downs behind the village. Half a dozen men were standing on the beach, and there was no longer a frothing band at the shore. Perhaps he might fish in the morning. The tiny round bay showed only a few white caps. July gales were short, after all.

"Now," said Mr. Sellers, finishing his share of the pie, "I want to talk about your poems, Orion. They're pretty remarkable. They remind me some of Mrs. Julia Moore. She isn't very well known in the East yet, like a lot of sterling Western authors. You've got the same kind of passionate fervor, though. Henry don't seem to like your work much."

"I think it's awful," Henry firmly declared.

"Anyone could see that Henry's a Bostonian," the publisher drawled, pulling the whisky bottle to his plate. He unwrapped Orion's six poems carefully from a brown paper folder and selected one after lighting a fresh cigar. "This puts me in mind of Longfellow some:

"It was the full-rigged bark Rose J. Smith
That sailed the summery sea.
She had forty-five men all told in her crew,
A whole ship's company ——

"Yes, that's pretty much like Longfellow. You don't like it, Henry?"

"No," said Henry coldly, trying to balance a knife on the great toe of his left foot.

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MANCHU BLOOD

By HUGH WILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. SOULEN

OLD Sang How wore ear muffs through the warm summer days in San Francisco because he was a Manchu, and no matter what his neighbors might do he stuck to the imperial edicts of the North Government.

The Grant Avenue district in San Francisco is a Cantonese colony. It is diluted by natives of Shanghai and the complex breeds of Japan and the Philippines, and in the local business battles the sprinkling of merchants from North China enjoy commercial conflicts worthy of their steel.

To make it harder for old Sang How, his grocery store was infested with devils for a good many years until, by a happy triumph of several benevolent forces working in unison, it was finally cleared of these malignant spirits. The clattering cable car which rattled down the street in front of Sang's grocery store had put to flight some of the lesser devils. A student of the trombone and a neighbor who achieved a diploma in dentistry after having taken forty-two lessons from a correspondence school created a series of groans and howls which terrified a great many of the Number Two devils. A side line of cackling chickens and quacking ducks, penned up in a system of open-faced poultry cases reaching high against the wall of Sang's grocery store, served to annoy the gods of poverty until these deities transferred their residence to the basket store across the street.

Thereafter about the only curse which Sang enjoyed was the Cantonese cashier whom he employed. The cashier was a Buddhist whose conscience was buried under five layers of fat. The pilferings of this Cantonese cashier were overlooked for a while, but when his personal dividend got to be a fifty-fifty affair Sang indulged in a mouthful of black words which beached the embezzler high and dry. In spite of the accepted ratio of five bad eggs to the dozen and minor currency running two counterfeit dimes to the quarter a crooked cashier was a curse second only to the income tax which the Yankee Government levied to pay the expenses of an unreasonable war.

After his Buddhist cashier had been discharged Sang retired to a little black smoking room behind the grocery store, and there in the fumes of a bubbling pill of opium he considered the wisdom of installing his young clerk at the cash register.

"It is not the course of wisdom," he concluded. "The young man has observed the technic of this Cantonese pig. I shall lay no snares for his feet."

And then a happy thought came to him.

"A woman in love cares nothing for money. I will get a young woman to run the cash register, and before she has learned to steal she will have fallen in love."

A week later old Sang installed young Gay behind the cash register. She was a seventeen-year-old Chinese girl, born in San Francisco, and together with being beautiful she knew perfectly well how to wear the mode of the day to display her charms best. With her arrival there began a régime of honesty which practically doubled the gate receipts, and the steady ringing of the cash register together with Gay's chattering tongue served to rid the grocery store of the last of the ancient crew of evil spirits.

A year after Gay had begun her work old Sang spent an hour going over his financial affairs. For forty years the single ambition of his life had been the accumulation of money, and now he discovered that he was worth a hundred thousand dollars. For a while thereafter he floated in the Lake of Happiness. Not for long, however, was he attended by the gods of tranquillity, for with the accomplishment of his first ambition, to his heart came a deeper longing than the one which had governed him through the long years of business adventures.

"There! That is Done." He Took Her in His Arms and Kissed Her Surrendered Lips

"I am sixty years old," he reflected, "and in another twenty years or so I must embark upon my solitary journey to the Seventh Heaven. I have money enough to pay for the first tickets, but unless I am aided by the devotions of four or five sons it is probable that I shall be sidetracked midway between the Wall of Death and the White Tower of Eternal Delight."

He realized that he was a little bit advanced in years and that the business of starting a family might better have been incorporated with the earlier periods of his life, but nevertheless after the manner of his kind he did the best he could and looked about him for a wife.

A dozen times in the course of the month he was almost caught. "The wise turtle knows when to draw in its head," he reflected. "Of ten women, nine are deceitful and the other would be were she not dumb. A crooked tree will straighten itself, but a spiteful woman grows worse with the years."

Wise guessers in Chinatown, piecing together Sang's first indiscreet revelations of his new purpose, spread the news. Here was a rich man marching blindfolded like an elephant in the Country of Pitfalls. All his money could not buy the prayers of unborn sons, and knowing this the eligible feminine population of Chinatown attacked singly and in force. His shop became thronged with women customers who up to that time had negotiated their domestic purchases through the medium of their servants. Presently came widows, and these lingered. Instead of purchasing a dozen eggs outright they would take six, returning half an hour later for the balance of the dozen. To the casual observer it seemed that the grocery store was suddenly the rendezvous of the gods of prosperity, but the delayed transactions involved so much overhead that the net results of Gay's symphony on the cash register advanced none whatsoever. In six eggs but two bad ones could be substituted, whereas in a dozen it was safe to include five. With thirty pairs of eyes turned to the scales even the most skillful salesman could not sell his hand.

On the third night of the Plum Moon, locked safely in the sanctuary of his inner room, Sang reviewed his progress.

"These women are like bamboo—graceful, everywhere useful, and hollow. Their promises are flowers in the mirror—bright moonlight on water. With marriage the miles of life's highway become twice as long, and sharp stones twice as thick. A married man stands with his feet in two boats and the distance down a hill with a wife is greater than the distance uphill alone. I am suddenly a frog in a well and heaven has become a circle of darkness."

In spite of his failure he realized that ancient custom was white jade, which might be broken but which could not be changed. And on the next day he renewed his search. Late in the forenoon he looked at the clock. "It is after the eleventh hour of day," he reflected.

He confirmed his observation by noting the dilation of the pupils of the eyes of his favorite cat.

"After eleven. There is no feast in the world which must not break up at last; no longing that can endure beyond the hour of accomplishment."

He devoted the next five minutes to selling a skinny old rooster to a lady of Chinatown who liked them fat. He ruffled the rooster's feathers with a handful of dust, and while the bird yet exhibited the false dimension of fatness the sale was accomplished. He busied himself for a while with a trade in dried mushrooms and then invaded a group of potential customers who had gathered about the pork table. He hobbled across the narrow store and sold four dried fish which smelled bad. With the accumulated cash which came from these several sales he walked to the back of the store, where Gay sat on her high stool behind the cash register. He gave her a handful of silver coins.

"Ring this up, one coin at a time," he said. "The music is sweet to my ears."

Thereafter for five minutes the song of the quacking ducks and the cackling hens and the chattering of human voices were punctuated by the sharp bell of the cash register. The accompaniment ended.

Sang again permitted himself to be engulfed in his thoughts. "It is after the eleventh hour of day," he repeated, "and for me the eleventh hour of life."

Then answering some unnamed impulse his gaze lifted to the face of the girl in the cashier's cage. For thirty seconds he looked at her intently and his eyes narrowed. "Two grains of sand can hide a mountain. A man who looks at the sun is blind to the beauty of moonlight. I have been blind. Here, in my house, is the woman who can end my search."

He realized that he had overlooked a bet, and suddenly the folly of all his devious searchings for a wife came to him. Inwardly he ridiculed himself and his lips tightened in the semblance of a thin smile.

"Fortune is my guest, Good Luck my uninvited friend. I have known the Seven Decades of Felicity. I have been a fool. I have kept my hands in my sleeves long enough. It is the eleventh hour, the hour for action."

He reached for his hat, which hung on a peg beside a sheaf of swinging dried ducks. He called to his assistant: "I am going away for twenty minutes, Ling. Should anyone come in desiring fish sell them the big carp; it has been here four days."

Again he looked intently at Gay. "If Ling sells the carp," he called to the girl, "keep the money until I return. I like to hear the music of your cash machine."

He walked out of the store and made his way around the corner to a jewelry shop on Grant Avenue. Inside the shop he glanced at the several workmen engaged with their charcoal melting blocks and clinking anvils. He spoke

quietly to the blinking old proprietor, who sat at his desk figuring the week's losses.

"Fat to your bones," he said in greeting. "A restful grave and a fringe of sons praying beside it. Just now if you will unwind the silk from the little black box that you showed me eleven years ago I will look again at the treasure therein."

The proprietor of the shop fished around in a quart of melon seeds which half filled a large green vase that sat on a shelf under two gilded tablets bearing his family names, and his hand came forth clutching a package the size of a cigarette case. He removed the yellow silk covering from about a flat box of polished teakwood. He opened this and a thin case of bright gold was revealed. He lifted the lid of this case and upon a lining of yellow velvet Sang How saw a flat ring of clear green jade.

"The emperor's ring!"

The reverence in the old jeweler's whisper was shared by the prospective purchaser. "Ai!" he breathed. "I know. The endless circle of perfect jade that marked his marriage with his Number One wife—stolen from her finger while she slept, by one of her women who loved a gentleman in the American Army."

"And lost by him on the night that he was found ten miles from the place where he bade farewell to life."

"I want it for the woman who is to be the empress of my heart," Sang How declared. "What is the price?"

"The price is as fixed as the beauty of the ring. I named it eleven years ago."

"The profits of ten years!" Sang How protested.

"The beauty of ten thousand years."

"Enough! Give me the ring and come with me."

The gold box was closed safely in its teak cover and Sang How placed it carefully in the inside pocket of his quilted coat. Together the two old men walked down Grant Avenue and turned the corner.

In his shop Sang How led the way through a door behind the cage wherein sat Gay. Passing her he smiled.

"Have you your music ready for me?" he asked.

"Forty cents in nickels for the carp," she answered, "and an encore of three dimes which Ling received for a squab."

"Encore? I do not understand."

"It is a word, Uncle Sang, meaning the continuation of past delight."

Deep in the shadows of the passageway leading from the store the jeweler ventured a compliment: "Small use you have for a continuation of past delights—with the White Dove of Happiness already in your cage."

Sang made a quick attempt to conceal his interest in the girl. "Did you hear her title for me? She called me uncle."

"Belief is difficult. Strange phrases come easily to the lips of these women of the West."

Sang was silent until he came to a heavy barred door. "The eyes of the blind need no ointment."

Properly rebuked the jeweler restrained further expressions of his admiration for Gay.

A moment later following his guide he entered a small room from which there was no exit save the one that lay behind him. No windows cut the darkened walls, and except for a low stand on which sat an opium lamp, a pipe, and a half-empty tin of good black gum, and beside it a low divan, the room was unfurnished.

In the dim light which trailed down the passageway Sang How lighted a match and touched it to the tip of a single gas jet which extended from the wall beside the door. He shut the door and faced his companion.

"By the blood tie of our ancient friendship I bind you to silence."

His fingers sought the center of a grease-stained area near one end of a brick in the wall. An instant later, without appreciable noise, this brick and three of its neighbors moved outward, revealing a wide metal tray packed tightly with stacks of twenty-dollar gold pieces. Sang counted out the purchase price of the jade ring and handed the clinking coins to the jeweler. He shoved the brick-fronted tray back into its recess.

"That is done!"

"May happiness and good luck attend the wearer of the ring."

"I do not believe much in these American notions. Many engagement rings are symbols of an unhappy tie, but I will follow the custom. A wise fisherman baits his hook with the carp's favorite beetle."

"Even as a woman's whims are her lover's laws."

The pair left the room and a moment later Sang How had bowed his visitor out of the street door of the store.

At six o'clock that evening, after the last customer had left the shop and while young Ling was practicing virtue by accumulating scraps of meat and chicken feet for the daily contribution to the local beggar colony, old Sang addressed Gay. His words were in English and a tenderness foreign to his normal tone served to mask the selfish earnestness of his plea. Gay listened at first with casual interest and her replies were tinged with annoyance. In her words was a studied attempt to avoid offending Sang by any mention of his advanced years.

To her protests he was deaf. As a last defense she voiced a cold statement of fact.

"I am too young, Uncle Sang," she objected; "and first of all I must tell you that for nearly a year I have been engaged to marry Ling. He is ——"

Sang masked a sudden rage and his words came evenly. "Ling!" he interrupted. "I will tell you who he is. He is a product of Chinese blood and American customs. He is a failure in business and will never be more than a hired clerk who sells stale fish to cackling old women."

"He is more than that, Uncle Sang. He has tenderness and sweetness and education, and he will be a great musician."

"He is a college-bred tinkler on a child-size guitar—and makes a living selling fish."

"A master of the violin," Gay corrected. "A composer whose work is known to all the American musicians in San Francisco. Selling fish is an honest business, Uncle Sang. The foundations of your success were as humble as his."

The old man started on a new attack.

"Gold is heavier than words," he reflected. And then, aloud: "Do you know what my success has been?" he asked.

Without waiting for a reply he ordered the girl to follow him, and retraced his way to the windowless room at the end of the narrow passageway. He opened the door of the opium room and lighted the gas jet which extended from the wall beside the door casing. It was Gay's first view of Sang's room of refuge. She looked about her and saw the opium lamp on its little stand and beside it a half-empty tin of black gum and the pipe. Sang stepped to the blank brick wall, and an instant later before the girl's eyes was displayed the tray of gold coins.

"In this tray there is five thousand dollars in gold. There are three larger trays in the safe deposit of the Anglo Bank, all of them filled with gold. I own this building and the building across the street and another one on Grant Avenue. Even your American business men would call me rich if they knew what I possess."

A sudden fever of desire led the old man far beyond the boundaries of discretion: "All this is yours, Gay, if you will marry me"

The girl's eyes narrowed and she was silent for a moment, during which she reviewed some of the things that wealth could mean. Then, very slowly, she spoke her acceptance

"I will marry you," she said.

By the time old Sang had withdrawn the box containing the jade ring from his inner pocket he had already begun to regret his impetuous words, and when the ring was in his fingers the battle of twin ambitions was again raging in his breast.

He lifted the ring from its yellow bed.

"This was the ring of a Manchu emperor."

Gay held out her hand. Sang placed the ring on her finger. "The ring was given to a great empress," he said. "Now it is the visible symbol of the new empire over which you shall presently reign."

"Flowery words," Gay reflected. "I shall have a devil of a time explaining to Ling that what I have done is for him."

When the pair regained the front of the store Ling still remained.

"I waited to remind you that the Lily Bell concert is at eight o'clock," he said to Gay. "I will call for you."

The girl hesitated but a moment. "I will be ready at half past seven," she replied.

She looked back at old Sang, and a sudden compression of her lips spoke her desire for temporary

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When She Had Taken Her Daughters Home She Made Haste to Spread the News

HASTE MAKES WASTE

By J. R. SPRAGUE

A YEAR or so ago a friend of mine lost his job. Being a high-salaried man the local newspaper had it that he had severed his connection with the company to enter other business. This, however, glossed the real facts. My friend lost his job, and he had no idea what other business he was going to enter.

It was one of those incidents which are likely to occur anywhere. My friend had been in the employ of the big manufacturing corporation in his home town for more than twenty years, and at the time of his downfall was at the head of an important department. He owned quite a sizable amount of the concern's stock and looked on himself as a permanent factor in the business.

Two years ago, however, one of the big stockholders sold out his interests and his successors decided on a change of policy. A new general manager was engaged who brought with him a corps of assistants whom he had trained in his former connection, and these men were put in most of the responsible positions. My friend's business life became a difficult one. He still drew his old salary and retained his title as department head, but that was about all. In real authority he came to occupy about the same status as a first-class office boy.

Under such circumstances there was nothing for my friend to do but send in his resignation, which was cordially accepted. The humiliating situation was covered up by a farewell dinner given in his honor, at which speeches were made extolling his long and faithful service with the company and he was presented with a somewhat useless loving cup. There was a little hitch when he asked the directors to take his stock off his hands, but this was finally arranged. He was then in position to face the future with assets of a home fully paid for, and a little more than thirty thousand dollars in cash.

Cutting Into Capital

MY FRIEND had no idea of retiring from active business life. In the first place, he did not have enough money to put out at interest and live on the income. He had a family consisting of a wife and two children whom he had taken pride in maintaining in a rather affluent manner, and he liked to live well himself. For the rest, he was just past forty years old, active and ambitious; he had had a world of good business experience which would serve him well in any future undertaking. He felt that his future was secure.

For the first few weeks after leaving his old firm my friend enjoyed life tremendously. In all his life he had never had a real vacation. It was summer, the children were out of school, and the whole family bundled into the old car for a long cross-country trip. Never had he enjoyed himself so much before. There was no need to hurry; it did not matter whether they made fifty or two hundred miles a day; there was always some comfortable little hotel along the route where they could put up for the night, and plenty of interesting characters about to get into conversation with. With the exception of a thousand dollars or so he had wisely put his money into Liberty Bonds as a temporary investment, and these were resting securely in a safety box in his home bank, earning every day a small but sure income. As he told me afterward, there was nothing on his mind but his hat. He felt that he was the most care-free person in the world for the time being; when he got ready to buckle down to work again he knew he could produce.

When the family got back from the automobile trip my friend began to think about what he might turn his hand to. The city in which he lives has only a little over a hundred thousand population and he had a speaking acquaintance with most of the leading business men. He had a number of offers to go to work on a salary, but he turned them all down; he had made up his mind to invest in some business which he could control, rather than again take the chance of working for a corporation where a change of policy might crowd him out.

At first it was rather pleasant to have friends stop him on the street and inquire about his future plans. When he would tell them he was in no hurry to connect up with anything until he was sure it was just the right thing they would wish him well and congratulate him on being in so independent a position. But after two or three weeks of this he began to feel a little apologetic. His friends expected him to get into some kind of business and it was awkward to keep on explaining why he had not done it. It was hard, also, to feel that there was no spot in the business district where he could hang up his hat and be at home. For twenty years he had gone downtown every morning with definite work to do. Now he could only walk around the streets or drop into the offices of friends who were polite but always busy.

This, however, was not the worst of it. The interest on his bonds tucked away in the safety-deposit box did not pay his living expenses. He and his wife talked matters over and made every effort to cut down expenses until the time should come when he would again be earning money, but try as they might, they had to dip into their capital every month to the extent of about a hundred dollars. It was, he told me, this hundred-dollar-a-month drain that finally got on his nerves and made him decide on a foolish move.

From the time it had been known around town that he had severed his connection with the old corporation and had money to invest, there had been no lack of opportunities to get into business. Two or three merchants whose affairs were on the down grade offered him partnerships, assuring him that his thirty thousand dollars would be just enough capital to change defeat into victory. A motion-picture promoter, anxious to establish himself in the community, told him he could name his own salary as business manager of the enterprise if he would only advance the money to build a studio. Likewise he could have bought into an oil-well-promotion company and drawn a large salary as sales manager so long as the public was willing to invest.

Hurried to a Decision

THESE offers naturally did not interest him, but after a while something did turn up which seemed more promising. It was a small manufacturing plant located in the town which the owner wanted to sell, and offered it, lock, stock and barrel, at what he claimed was a sacrifice figure—twenty thousand dollars.

The proposition looked good enough to be investigated and my friend went into the matter with some care. The plant employed twenty-five people; it was not making much money, but the owner explained that by stating that he had not given it the close personal attention it needed. With an active man putting his whole punch into it, he said, the proposition would be a regular gold mine.

My friend promised to think it over. He had one or two other propositions in view which promised to develop

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The Owner Wanted to Sell the Plant and Offered it, Lock, Stock and Barrel, at What He Claimed Was a Sacrifice Figure

MERTON OF THE MOVIES

By Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

XIII

Genius Comes Into Its Own

MERTON GILL, enacting the part of a popular screen idol, as in the play of yesterday, sat at breakfast in his apartments on Stage Number Five. Outwardly he was cool, wary, unperturbed as he peeled the shell from a hard-boiled egg and sprinkled salt upon it, for the breakfast consisted of hard-boiled eggs and potato salad brought on in a wooden dish.

He had been slightly disturbed by the items of this meal; it was not so elegant a breakfast as Hubert Throckmorton's, but he had been told by Baird that they must be a little different.

He had been slightly disturbed, too, at discovering that the faithful valet who brought on the simple repast was the cross-eyed man. Still, the fellow had behaved respectfully as a valet should. He had been quietly obsequious of manner, revealing only a profound admiration for his master and a constant solicitude for his comfort. Probably he, like Baird, was trying to do something distinctive and worth while.

Having finished the last egg—glad they had given him no more than three—the popular screen idol, at the prompting of Baird back by the cameras, arose, withdrew a metal cigarette case, purchased that very morning with this scene in view, and selected a cigarette. He stood negligently, as Parmalee had stood, tapped the end of the cigarette on the side of the case, as Parmalee had done, lighted a match on the sole of his boot and idly smoked in the Parmalee manner.

Three times the day before he had studied Parmalee in this bit of business. Now he idly crossed to the center table upon which reposed a large photograph album. He turned the pages of this, pausing to admire the pictures there revealed. Baird had not only given him general instructions for this scene but now prompted him in low, encouraging tones.

"Turn over slowly; you like 'em all. Now lift the album up and hold it for a better light on that one. It's one of the best; it pleases you a lot. Look even more pleased—smile! That's good! Put down the album; turn a page again, slowly; turn twice more, that's it; pick it up again. This one is fine ——"

Baird took him through the album, had him close it when all the leaves were turned and stand a moment with one hand resting on it. The album had been empty. It had been deemed best not to inform the actor that later close-ups of the pages would reveal that he had been refreshed by studying photographs of himself—copies, in fact, of the stills of Clifford Armytage at that moment resting on Baird's desk.

The Pair Separated, the Young Lover Facing Him, Proud, Erect, Defiant, the Girl Drooping and Confused

As he stood now, a hand affectionately upon the album, a trace of the fatuously admiring smile still lingering on his expressive face, a knock sounded upon the door.

"Come in," he called.

The valet entered with the morning mail. This consisted entirely of letters. There were hundreds of them, and the valet had heaped them in a large clothes basket which he held respectfully in front of him.

The actor motioned him, with an authentic Parmalee gesture, to place them by the table. The valet obeyed, though spilling many letters from the top of the overflowing basket. These, while his master seated himself, he briskly swept up with a broom.

The chagrined amusement of Harold Parmalee, the half-savage, half-humorous tolerance for this perhaps excusable weakness of woman, was here accurately manifested. The actor yawned slightly, lighted another cigarette with flawless Parmalee technic, withdrew a handkerchief from his sleeve cuff, lightly touched his forehead with it and began to open the letters. He glanced at each one in a quick, bored manner and cast it aside.

When a dozen or so had been thus treated he was aroused by another knock at the door. It opened to reveal the valet with another basket overflowing with letters. Upon this the actor arose, spread his arms wide in a gesture of helplessness. He held this briefly, then drooped in humorous despair.

He lighted another cigarette, eyed the letters with that whimsical lift of the brows so characteristic of Parmalee and lazily blew smoke toward them. Then, regarding the smoke, he idly waved a hand through it.

"Poor silly little girls!"

But there was a charming tolerance in his manner. One felt his generous recognition that the girls were not wholly without provocation.

This appeared to close the simple episode. The scenes, to be sure, had not been shot without delays and rehearsals, and a good two hours of the morning had elapsed before the actor was released from the glare of light and the need to remember that he was Harold Parmalee. His peeling of an egg, for example, had not at first been dainty enough to please the director, and the scene with the album had required many rehearsals to secure the needed variety of expressions; but Baird had been helpful in his promptings, and always kind.

"Now this one you've turned over—it's someone you love better than anybody. It might be your dear old mother that you haven't seen for years. It makes you kind of solemn as you show how fond you were of her. You're affected deeply by her face. That's it, fine! Now the next one; you like it just as much, but it pleases you more. It's someone else you're fond of, but you're not so solemn.

"Now turn over another, but very slow—slow—but don't let go of it. Stop a minute and turn back as if you had to have another peek at the last one—see what I mean?

"Take plenty of time. This is a great treat for you. It makes you feel kind of religious. Now you're getting it—that's the boy! All right!"

The scene where he showed humorous dismay at the quantity of his mail had needed but one rehearsal. He had here been Harold Parmalee without effort. Also he had not been asked to do again the Parmalee trick of lighting a cigarette, or of withdrawing the handkerchief from its cuff twice to touch his forehead in moments

of amused perplexity. Baird had merely uttered a low "Fine!" at beholding these bits.

He drew a long breath when released from the set. Seemingly he had met the test. Baird had said that morning, "Now we'll just run a little kind of test to find out a few things about you," and had followed with a general description of the scenes. It was to be of no great importance except as a minor detail of the picture.

Perhaps this had been why the wealthy actor breakfasted in a rather plainly furnished room on hard-boiled eggs and potato salad. Perhaps this had been why the costume given him had been not too well fitting, not too nice in detail. Perhaps this was why they had allowed the cross-eyed man to appear as his valet. He was quite sure this man would not do as a valet in a high-class picture. Anyway, however unimportant the scene, he felt that he had acquitted himself with credit.

The Montague girl, who had made him up that morning, with close attention to his eyebrows, had watched him from back of the cameras, and she seized both his hands when he left the set.

"You're going to land!" she warmly assured him. "I can tell a trouper when I see one."

She was in costume. She was apparently doing the part of a society girl, though slightly overdressed, he thought.

"We're working on another set for this same picture," she explained; "but I simply had to catch you acting. You'll be over with us to-morrow. But you're through for the day. Beat it and have a good time."

"Couldn't I come over and watch you?"

"No; Baird doesn't like to have his actors watching things they ain't in; he told me specially that you weren't to be around except when you're working. You see, he's using you in kind of a special part in this multiple-reeler, and he's afraid you might get confused if you watched the other parts. I guess he'll start you to-morrow. You're to be in a good, wholesome heart play. You'll have a great chance in it."

"Well, I'll go see if I can find another Parmalee picture for this afternoon. Say, you don't think I was too much like him in that scene, do you?. You know it's one thing if I look like him—I can't help that—but I shouldn't try to imitate him too closely, should I? I got to think about my own individuality, haven't I?"

"Sure, sure you have! But you were fine! Your imitation wasn't a bit too close. You can think about your own individuality this afternoon when you're watching him."

Late that afternoon, in the projection room, Baird and the Montague girl watched the rush of that morning's episode.

"The squirrel's done it," declared the girl after the opening scene. She said it in a whisper. It seemed to her that Merton Gill on the screen might overhear her comment. Even Baird was low-toned.

"Looks so," he agreed.

"If that ain't Parmalee, then I'll eat all the hard-boiled eggs on the lot!"

Baird rubbed his hands.

"It's Parmalee plus," he corrected.

"Oh, mother, mother!" murmured the girl while the screen revealed the actor studying his photographs.

"He handled all right in that spot," observed Baird.

"He'll handle right—don't worry. Ain't I told you he's a natural-born trouper?"

The mail was abandoned in humorous despair; the cigarette lighted in a flawless Parmalee manner, the smoke idly brushed aside.

"Poor silly little girls," the actor was seen to say.

The girl gripped Baird's arm until he winced.

"There, old pippin! There's your million, picked right up on the lot!"

"Maybe," assented the cooler Baird.

"And say," asked the girl, "did you notice all morning how he didn't even bat an eye when you spoke to him, if the camera was turning? Not like a beginner that'll nearly always look up and get out of the picture."

"What I bet," observed Baird—"I bet he'd 'a' done that album stuff even better than he did if I'd actually put his own pictures in, the way I'm going to for the close-ups. I was afraid he'd see it was kidding if I did, or if I told him what pictures they were going to be. But I'm darned now if I don't think he'd have stood for it. I don't believe you'll ever be able to peeve that boy by telling him he's good."

The girl glanced up defensively. "Now don't get the idea he's conceited, because he ain't. Not one bit."

"How do you know he ain't?"

She considered this, then explained brightly.

"Because I wouldn't like him if he was. No, no! Now you listen here!" as Baird had grinned. "This boy believes in himself, that's all. That's different from conceit. You can believe a whole lot in yourself and still be as modest as a new-hatched chicken. That's what he reminds me of," she concluded warmly.

The following morning Baird halted him outside the set on which he would work that day. Again he had been made up by the Montague girl, with especial attention to the eyebrows so that they might show the Parmalee lift.

"I just want to give you the general dope of the piece before you go on," said Baird in the shelter of high canvas backing. "You're the only son of a widowed mother, and both you and she are toiling to pay off the mortgage on the little home. You're the cashier of this business establishment, and in love with the proprietor's daughter, only she's a society girl and kind of looks down on you at first. Then there's her brother, the proprietor's only son. He's the clerk in this place. He doesn't want to work, but his father has made him learn the business, see? He's kind of a no-good; dissipated, wears flashy clothes and plays the races and shoots craps and drinks. You try to reform him because he's idolized by his sister that you're in love with.

"But you can't do a thing with him. He gets in with a rough crowd, and finally he steals a lot of money out of the safe, and just when they are about to discover that he's the thief, you see it would break his sister's heart, so you take the crime on your own shoulders. After that, just before you're going to be arrested, you make a get-away—because, after all, you're not guilty—and you go out West to start all over again."

"Out there in the big open spaces?" suggested Merton, who had listened attentively.

"Exactly," assented Baird with one of those nervous spasms that would now and again twitch his lips and chin. "Out there in the big open spaces where men are men—that's the idea. And you build up a little gray home in the West for yourself and your poor old mother who never lost faith in you. There'll be a lot of good Western stuff in this—Buck Benson stuff, you know, that you can do so well—and the girl will get out there some way and tell you that her brother finally confessed his crime, and everything'll be jake—see what I mean?"

"Yes, sir; it sounds fine, Mr. Baird. And I certainly will give the best that is in me to this part."

He had an impulse to tell the manager, too, how gratified he was that one who had been content with the revolting humor of the Buckeye comedies should at last have been won over to the better form of photodrama. But Baird was leading him on to the set; there was no time for this congratulatory episode.

Indeed, the impulse was swept from his mind in the novelty of the set now exposed, and in the thought that his personality was to dominate it. The scene of the little drama's unfolding was a delicatessen shop. Counters and shelves were arrayed with cooked foods, salads, cheeses, the latter under glass or wire protectors. At the back was a cashier's desk, an open safe beside it. He took his place there at Baird's direction and began to write in a ledger.

"Now your old mother's coming to mop up the place," called Baird. "Come on, mother! You look up and see her, rush over to her. She puts down her bucket and mop and takes you in her arms. She's weeping; you try to comfort her; you want her to give up mopping, and tell her you can make enough to support two; but she won't listen, because there's the mortgage on the little flat to be paid off. So you go back to the desk, stopping to give her a sad look as she gets down on the floor. Now try it."

A very old, bent, feeble woman with a pail of water and cloths tottered on. Her dress was ragged, her white hair hung about her sad old face in disorderly strands. She set down her bucket and raised her torn apron to her eyes. "Look up and see her," called Baird. "A glad light comes into your eyes. Rush forward—say 'Mother' distinctly, so it'll show. Now the clinch. You're crying on his shoulder, mother, and he's looking down at you first, then off, about at me. He's near crying himself. Now he's telling you to give up mopping places, and you're telling him every little helps.

"All right, break! Get to mopping, mother, but keep on crying. He stops for a long look at you. He seems to be saying that some day he will take you out of such work. Now he's back at his desk. All right! But we'll do it once more. And a little more pathos, Merton, when you take the old lady in your arms. You can broaden it a little. You don't actually break down, but you nearly do."

The scene was rehearsed again, to Baird's satisfaction, and the cameras now ground. Merton Gill gave the best that was in him. His glad look at first beholding the old lady, the yearning of his eyes when his arms opened to infold her, the tenderness of his embrace as he murmured soothing words, the lingering touch of his hand as he left her, the manly determination of the last look in which he showed a fresh resolve to release her from this toil—all were eloquent of the deepest filial devotion.

Back at his desk, he was genuinely pitying the old lady. Very lately, it was evident, she had been compelled to play in a cabaret scene, for she smelled strongly of cigarettes, and he could not suppose that she, her eyes brimming with anguished mother love, could have relished these. He was glad when it presently developed that his own was not to be a smoking part.

"Now the dissipated brother's coming on," explained Baird. "He'll breeze in, hang up his hat, offer you a cigarette, which you refuse, and show you some money that he won on the third race yesterday. You follow him a little way from the desk, telling him he shouldn't smoke cigarettes, and that money he gets by gambling will never do him any good. He laughs at you, but you don't mind. On your way back to the desk you stop by your mother; she gets up and embraces you again. Take your time about it—she's your mother, remember!"

The brother entered. He was, indeed, dissipated appearing, loudly dressed, already smoking a cigarette as he swaggered the length of the shop to offer Merton one. Merton refused in a kindly but firm manner. The flashy brother now pulled a roll of bills from his pocket and pointed to his winning horse in a racing extra. The line in large type was there for the close-up—"Pianola Romps Home in Third Race."

Followed the scene in which Merton sought to show this youth that cigarettes and gambling would harm him. The youth remained obdurate. He seized a duster and with ribald action began to dust off the rows of cooked food on the counters. Again the son stopped to embrace his mother, who again wept as she infolded him. The scene was shot.

Step by step, under the patient coaching of Baird, the simple drama unfolded. It was hot beneath the lights; delays were frequent and the rehearsals tedious; yet Merton Gill continued to give the best that was in him. As the day wore on the dissipated son went from bad to worse. He would leave the shop to place money on a horse race, and he would seek to induce the customers he waited on to play at dice with him. A few of them consented, and one, a colored man who had come to purchase pigs' feet, won at this game all the bills which the youth had shown to Merton on entering.

There were moments during this scene when Merton wondered if Baird were not relapsing into Buckeye-comedy depths, but he saw the inevitable trend of the drama and the justification of this bit of gambling. For the son, now penniless, became desperate. He appealed to Merton for a loan, urging it on the ground that he had a sure-thing thirty-to-one shot at Latonia. At least these were the words of Baird as he directed Merton to deny the request and again to try to save the youth from his inevitable downfall. Whereupon the youth had sneered at Merton and left the place in deep anger.

There followed the scene with the boy's sister, only daughter of the rich delicatessen merchant, who, Merton was pleased to discover, would be played by the Montague girl. She entered in a splendid evening gown, almost too splendid, Merton thought, for street wear in daylight, though it was partly concealed by a rich opera cloak. The brother being out, Merton came forward to wait upon her.

"It's like this," Baird explained: "She's just a simple New York society girl, kind of shallow and heartless, because she has never been aroused or anything, see? You're the first one that's really touched her heart, but she hesitates because her father expects her to marry a count, and she's come to get the food for a swell banquet they're giving for him. She says where's her brother, and if anything happened to him it would break her heart. Then she orders what she wants and you do it up for her, looking at her all the time as if you thought she was the one girl in the world.

"She kind of falls for you a little bit. Still, she's afraid of what her father would say. Then you get bolder, see? You come from behind the counter and begin to make love, talking as you come out—so-and-so, so-and-so, so-and-so—'Miss Hoffmeyer, I have loved you since the day I first set eyes on you'—so-and-so, so-and-so, so-and-so—'I have nothing to offer but the love of an honest man'—she's falling for it, see? So you get up close and grab her—cave-man stuff. Do a good hard clinch—she's yours at last; she just naturally sags right down onto you. You've got her.

"Do a regular Parmalee. Take your time. You're going to kiss her and kiss her right. But just as you get down to it the father busts in and says, 'What's the meaning of this?' So you fly apart and the father says you're discharged, because his daughter is the affianced wife of this Count Aspirin, see? Then he goes back to the safe and finds all the money has been taken, because the son has sneaked in and grabbed the bundle and hid it in the ice box on his way out, taking only a few bills to get down on a horse. So father says, 'Call the police'—but that's enough for now. Go ahead and do that love scene for me."

Slowly the scene was brought to Baird's liking. Slowly, because Merton Gill at first proved to be diffident at the crisis. For three rehearsals the muscular arm of Miss Montague had most of the clinching to do. He believed he was being rough and masterful, but Baird wished a greater show of violence. They had also to time this scene with the surreptitious entrance of the brother, his theft of the money, which he stuffed into a paper sack to place in the ice box, and his exit.

The leading man having at last proved that he could be Harold Parmalee even in this crisis, the scene was extended to the entrance of the indignant father. He was one of those self-made men of wealth, Merton thought—a short,

stout gentleman with fiery whiskers, not at all fashionably dressed. He broke upon the embrace with a threatening stick. The pair separated, the young lover facing him, proud, erect, defiant, the girl drooping and confused.

The father discharged Merton Gill with great brutality, then went to the safe at the back of the room, returning to shout the news that he had been robbed by the man who would have robbed him of his daughter. It looked black for Merton. Puzzled at first, he now saw that the idolized brother of the girl must have taken the money. He seemed about to declare this when his nobler nature compelled him to a silence that must be taken for guilt.

The erring brother returned, accompanied by several customers.

"Bring a detective to arrest this man," ordered the father.

One of the customers stepped out to return with a detective. Again Merton was slightly disquieted at perceiving that the detective was the cross-eyed man. This person bustled about the place, tapping the cooked meats and the cheeses and at last placed his hand upon the shoulder of the supposed thief.

Merton, at Baird's direction, drew back and threatened him with a blow. The detective cringed and said, "I will go out and call a policeman."

The others now turned their backs upon the guilty man. Even the girl drew away after one long, agonized look at the lover to whose embrace she had so lately submitted. He raised his arms to her in mute appeal as she moved away, then dropped them at his side.

"Give her all you got in a look," directed Baird. "You're saying, 'I go to a felon's cell, but I do it all for you.'"

Merton Gill obeyed. The action progressed. In this wait for the policeman the old mother crept forward. She explained to Merton that the money was in the ice box, where the real thief had placed it; and since he had taken the crime of another upon his shoulders, he should also take the evidence, lest the unfortunate young man be later convicted by that; she also urged him to fly by the rear door while there was yet time. He did these things, pausing for a last embrace of the weeping old lady even as the hand of the arriving policeman was upon the door.

"All for to-day except some close-ups," announced Baird when this scene had been shot.

There was a breaking up of the group, a relaxation of that dramatic tension which the heart values of the piece had imposed. Only once, while Merton was doing some of his best acting, had there been a kind of wheezy tittering from certain other members of the cast and the group about the cameras. Baird had quickly suppressed this.

"If there's any kidding in this piece it's all in my part," he announced in cold, clear tones.

There had been no further signs of levity. Merton was pleased by this manner of Baird's. It showed that he was finely in earnest in his effort for the worthwhile things.

Baird now congratulated him, seconded by the Montague girl. He had, they told him, been all that could be expected.

"I wasn't sure of myself," he told them, "in one scene, and I wanted to ask you about it, Mr. Baird. It's where I take that money from the ice box and go out with it. I couldn't make myself feel right. Wouldn't it look to other people as if I was actually stealing it myself? Why couldn't I put it back in the safe?"

Baird listened respectfully, considering.

"I think not," he announced at length. "You'd hardly have time for that, and you have a better plan. It'll be brought out in the subtitles of course. You are going to leave it at the residence of Mr. Hoffmeyer, where it will be safe. You see, if you put it back where it was his son might steal it again. We thought that out very carefully."

"I see," said Merton. "I wish I had been told that. I feel that I could have done that bit a lot better. I felt kind of guilty."

"You did it perfectly," Baird assured him.

"Kid, you're a wonder!" declared the Montague girl. "I'm that tickled with you I could give you a good hug"; and with that curious approach to hysteria she had shown the day before while looking at his stills she for a moment frantically clasped him to her. He was somewhat embarrassed by this excess, but pardoned it in the reflection that he had, indeed, given the best that was in him.

"Bring all your Western stuff to the dressing room tomorrow," said Baird.

Western stuff—the real thing at last! He was slightly amazed later to observe the old mother outside the set. She was not only smoking a cigarette with every sign of relish but she was singing as she did a little dance step. Still she had been under a strain all day—weeping, too, almost continuously. He remembered this, and did not judge her harshly as she smoked, danced and lightly sang:

Her mother's name was Cleo,
Her father's name was Pat;
They called her Cleopatra,
And let her go at that.

XIV

Out There Where Men are Men

FROM the dressing room the following morning, arrayed in the Buck Benson outfit, unworn since that eventful day on the Gashwiler lot, Merton accompanied Baird to a new set where he would work that day. Baird was profuse in his admiration of the cowboy embellishments—the maroon chaps, the new boots, the hat, the checked shirt and gay neckerchief.

"I'm mighty glad to see you so sincere in your work," he assured Merton. "A lot of these hams I hire get to kidding on the set and spoil the atmosphere, but don't let it bother you. One earnest leading man, if he'll just stay earnest, will carry the piece. Remember that—you got a serious part."

"I'll certainly remember," Merton assured him.

"Here we are! This is where we begin the Western stuff," said Baird.

Merton recognized the place. It was the High-Gear Dance Hall where the Montague girl had worked. The name over the door was now The Come All Ye, and there was a hitching rack in front to which were tethered half a dozen saddled horses.

Inside, the scene was set as he remembered it. Tables for drinking were about the floor, and there was a roulette wheel at one side. A red-shirted bartender, his hair plastered low over his brow, leaned negligently on the bar. Scattered around the room were dance-hall girls in short skirts and a number of cowboys.

"First I'll wise you up a little bit," said Baird. "You've come out here to work on a ranch in the great open spaces, and these cowboys all love you and come to town with you every time, and they'll stand by you when the detective

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He Eyed the Letters With That Whimsical Lift of the Brows So Characteristic of Parmalee and Lazily Blew Smoke Toward Them. Then He Idly Waved a Hand Through It. "Poor Silly Little Girls!"

Research as a Business Asset

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

IT IS only natural for most people to assume that the locations of the world's great industries are determined by the locations of raw materials; but investigation shows that many manufacturing businesses which depend upon discoveries and inventions are situated at points that are more closely related to the birthplace or home of some gifted individual than to any natural advantages possessed by the location for the particular industry concerned. It is for such a reason that Lancashire has been the home of the spinning industry and Jena the important center of the optical industry. The history of manufacture shows that once an industry is established at a certain point it usually remains there as long as the brains of the business keep up with the advances of the science or art employed. The real center of an industry generally shifts to a new location when some other genius in the same line pushes ahead and creates new knowledge concerning the practices of the industry which has not before been available.

Of all the world's important workers, the ones least appreciated or understood are those composing the small group of investigators who have dedicated their lives to study and experiment in that mysterious field that lies beyond the boundaries of the known. So-called industrial and commercial research is a line of work which, although old as the ages, never received any consistent financial support from business men until recent years. Even to-day scientific research is only in its infancy, and the professional technical investigator is hardly yet recognized as an essential factor in the progress of industry.

Research is a line of work that deserves the close attention of the young man or woman bent on choosing a profession. It is also a form of effort that holds forth promise for the business man. The field of science is broader than ever. The relation between the known and the unknown has been likened to the surface of a sphere; the greater the sphere of knowledge becomes, the greater the surface of contact with the unknown.

Man's capacity for handling more intricate problems has steadily increased through the centuries. Brain size, in comparison with the size of the animal, has always been on the increase. The prodigious vertebrates of the Mesozoic period had exceedingly small brains in proportion to their bodies. One scientist tells us that the diameters of the brain cavities of the early man forms, after the chimpanzee—the Trinil, Piltdown and Neanderthal men—stand to man as at present in about the relation of the numbers twelve, thirteen, fourteen and fifteen. The minds of modern men have seldom been taxed to anywhere near their limits. The energy consumed by the human brain, when compared to the work done by other organs of the body, is so small that it cannot be measured as energy at all. Therefore, brain power should not be lacking for the important mental work that must be done.

From Theoretical to Practical

EARLY research includes the work of the Roman, Lucretius, on the constitution of matter. Then we have Hippocrates, who made wonderful discoveries concerning anatomy and the effects of certain drugs on the human body. More than two thousand years later came Galileo, who invented the astronomical telescope, discovered the moons of Jupiter and the properties of the pendulum. Afterward came Newton, who gave us the law of gravitation, and Berzelius, who, working in his kitchen laboratory, created a system of chemistry. Then there were Kepler, Herschel, Watt and Stephenson. But notwithstanding this galaxy of scientific stars, the fact remains that for each research genius the past ages produced the modern world yields a dozen equally brilliant thinkers.

It was due to patient experiments with gases that we are able to enjoy the benefits of anæsthesia. If Faraday had not had an inquisitive and patient mind he would not have carried through his studies concerning the effect of one current on another, and man would not have been given the general laws of induction that later made the invention of the telephone possible. We talk of the wonders of invention, but it is well to remember that back of the inventors are the research workers who must discover the principles on which the new inventions are founded. Industrial and commercial research is becoming more and more important every day in our business life, but this kind of investigation and experiment opens few new fields of human endeavor. The revolutionary discoveries have resulted in most instances from true research carried on for the love of science and not for dollars.

Langley not only worked without pay but was scoffed at by the wiseacres when he announced his observations on the rate at which little cardboard planes would fall to the ground if given a slant and a certain lateral speed. But it was the principles that Langley discovered which years later made possible the invention of the aëroplane. Valuable results industrially nearly always follow pure research. No immediate benefits were anticipated when the workers in a great American laboratory developed knowledge relating to electrostatic corona and to dielectric phenomena in the air. However, this research led to the redesigning of practically all high-voltage transmission apparatus, and has proved essentially valuable in many forms of industrial design.

The value of the research work of the present generation of men is beyond all calculation. It is an unparalleled story of romance, politics, business and war. The incandescent-lamp industry would probably have been lost to the United States if it had not been for the development of the tungsten filament by an American scientist. Great Britain once controlled the manufacture of photographic lenses, and lost her supremacy in that business through the scientific work of German opticians, led by Ernst Abbe. The British have regained a part of their original business by the intensive study of modern spectroscopes.

Few people realize to what an extent science and war figure in the washing of clothes and many ordinary procedures of everyday life. More than a century ago France was cut off by revolutionary wars from her supply of alkali and was obliged to offer prizes to chemists for inventing a process for making alkali. In this emergency Le Blanc perfected a method of using sulphuric acid for the decomposition of common salt. Through various stages of the process caustic soda, washing soda and other useful compounds were obtained. Le Blanc's discovery had even a greater influence on the paper industry, for the bleaching agents now used in paper manufacture are by-products of Le Blanc's process.

For hundreds of years the manufacture of dyes was a slow and laborious one. The Bible relates that Solomon sent to Hiram of Tyre for a "man cunning to work in purple and crimson and blue." Thus Tyrian purple was derived from a species of murex, a mollusk, and only a single drop could be obtained from each murex. Chemical research has changed all this, and the artificial dyes now obtained are not only superior in quality but are less expensive than the natural dyes prepared by the ancients.

Sometimes Fate appears to aid the earnest efforts of the patient research worker. So it was in the case of Goodyear in the vulcanization of rubber, and in the case of Daguerre in the perfecting of a process for developing photographic plates. In the latter instance, Daguerre, on being called away from his work, hastily thrust the photographic plate he was working on into a dark box. On returning he found the plate developed, and this started an investigation which caused him to attribute the phenomenon to the metallic mercury in the box.

From that day forward the art of photography developed literally by leaps and bounds.

Every incandescent lamp has a filament, and if you mount a metal plate on a wire in the lamp near the filament a current will leap the space between the filament and the plate when the filament glows. Edison first discovered this phenomenon in 1885, and it was called the Edison effect. For years this effect was not understood, and it was only with the coming of the X-ray tube and radium that the problem was solved. Now we know that the current that leaps across is a stream of electrons—exceedingly minute particles negatively charged with electricity. Following the discovery of a reason or cause for the Edison effect, scientists used the new knowledge to develop the pliotron, an improved type of X-ray tube, and the kenotron, which electrical engineers call a rectifier, because it has the property of changing an alternating into a direct current. As a result of pure research valuable inventions were thus perfected.

Up to 1894 all the world's scientists believed that the air was a mechanical mixture of moisture, nitrogen and oxygen, with traces of hydrogen and carbon dioxide. Lord Rayleigh, a great chemist and research student, found that the nitrogen obtained from the air was never so pure as that obtained from some compound like ammonia. A search for the impurity immediately commenced, and the result was the discovery of an entirely new gas called argon. Lord Rayleigh had no practical end in view, but his discovery has in nowise lost value on that account. This is what happened:

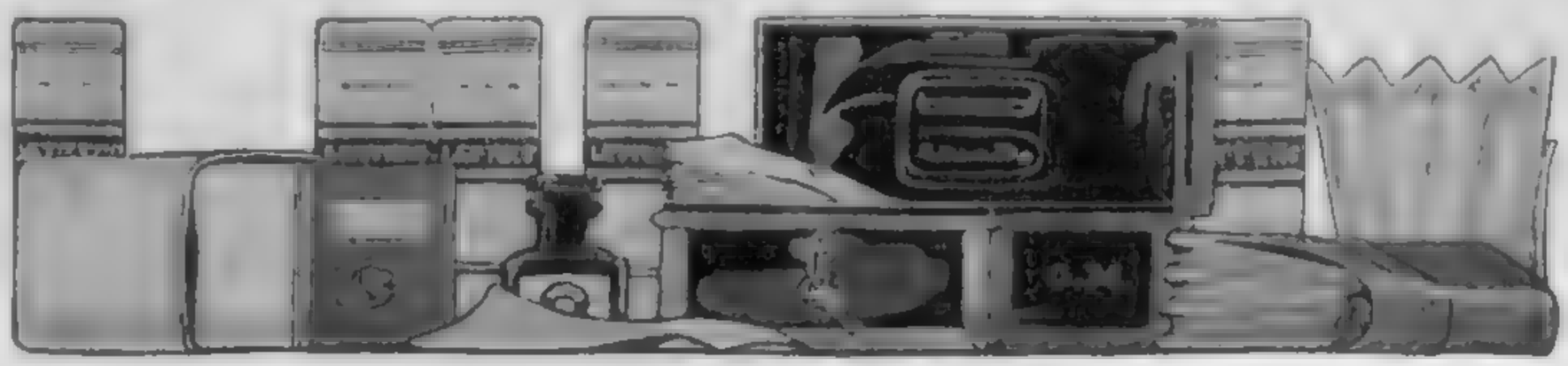
The practice in making electric bulbs involved the exhaustion of a large part of the air from the bulb. The big problem in connection with these so-called vacuum lamps was how to prevent the destruction of the filaments, which seemed to evaporate or boil away like so much water. Scientists knew that pressure will check boiling or evaporation. Would a gas under pressure prevent filaments from boiling away? If so, what gas? It was easy to conclude that a filament would burn in oxygen, while hydrogen would conduct the heat away. Nitrogen is a useful gas for such work, but it forms few stable compounds. This line of thought resulted in the discovery that argon was the very gas needed for the purpose, since it forms no compounds at all. This discovery is saving millions of dollars each year for the people of civilized nations. Argon was transformed from being one of the most worthless of gases to being one of the most useful.

Riddles of the Universe

WHEN X-ray outfits were invented and placed on the market most people believed that the field of this new marvel would be confined chiefly to medicine. The truth is that the X-ray is proving as useful in the field of pure scientific research as in the field of surgery. Only a few years ago a remarkable young Englishman, twenty-seven years of age, was killed in battle at Gallipoli. Notwithstanding his youth, he was the first man ever to understand the inside of an atom. Literally he turned the X-rays on matter and made his method disclose the skeleton of an atom. He proved that all atoms are built up of electrons and are made of the same kind of matter. Although almost unbelievable, Moseley actually computed the number of electrons per atom of all the metals from aluminum to gold.

As a result of Moseley's discovery science is better able to answer the questions: How does water freeze? What is lead? Why are lead, iron, gold and tungsten malleable? What the end of this line of research will be no one can foretell. It is never possible to know just when a purely theoretical idea is going to become a revolutionary principle. The whole profession of mechanical engineering is based on the laws of gravitation and motion, mostly discovered by one man. Herz' brilliant experiments demonstrating the existence of wireless waves at first were more of a theoretical novelty than a practical discovery. However, to-day wireless communication is based on this research. Think what the coal-tar industry means to civilization! And yet there would be no such industry were it not for a half dozen simple discoveries in organic chemistry. Likewise, we should have no electrochemical industry if it had not been for Sir Humphry Davy's purely scientific study of an electric current's effect on caustic potash and caustic soda.

When the scientists get along a little further with their X-ray studies they will probably be able to tell us why iron is magnetic. When the correct answer to this question is written the electrical industry will probably take such a great step forward that more real progress will be made in five years than can be made in a century of experimenting with existing electrical apparatus. As someone once said, "You can add wings and stories to an old house, but to build a new one you



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The Anthology of Another Town

By E. W. HOWE

Perry Heim

PERRY HEIM is our richest man, and when a fund is being collected he is expected to head the list with an amount so large that others will be liberal.

It is generally said Perry is stingy, although as a matter of fairness it must be admitted he always does his share in everything. The trouble seems to be, so much is expected of him. Still, the talk that he is stingy continues, and Perry frequently hears of it.

Lafe Young, who is always on the committee when a fund is being raised, lately called on Perry, and when he subscribed only half as much as was expected Lafe said to him: "Perry, you can't live always; some day you'll have to be buried, and pallbearers will be needed. Of course I'll act; I've known you a long time, and couldn't very well refuse; but if you keep up your present pace where will the other five come from?"

When Elder Hart Opened the Doors of the Church at the Recent Revival the First Man Up Was Bill Dubb, of Oklahoma

Curly Harrison

WE HAVE no citizen more patriotic than Curly Harrison. He was one of the first to enlist when Abraham Lincoln called for volunteers, although only seventeen years old; and when his enlistment of three years expired he promptly veteranized. He knew the trouble wasn't near over, and that the more experienced men old Abe had in the field the better it would be for the country. He took part in thirteen battles, starved in Libby Prison, and saw pretty much the whole show, including the grand review at Washington. He is sometimes called colonel, but confesses he was always a private. At one of the G. A. R. reunions out of town someone mistook the word "Curly" for "Colonel," but here at home he is known to everybody as Curly Harrison.

We frequently hear him recall incidents of the war.

"I remember this day, fifty-seven years ago, as though it were yesterday," he says. "I was on picket duty at three o'clock in the morning, and the heaviest rainstorm I ever witnessed was falling. Suddenly a body of horsemen appeared in the gloom. They didn't look right, and I blazed away at the bunch. That musket shot brought on the Battle of Shiloh," and so on.

When the young men were being collected for the last war Curly Harrison's stories didn't go so well, and we thought he was a little jealous. He found considerable fault with the luxury of the training camps, about young soldiers being carried in Pullman cars, and about their being fed at every station by committees composed of young girls.

"I am glad of it," he would say; "they deserve it all, and more. It isn't that I object to; I only recall that it was different in '61. I was kicked about a good deal as a soldier, and was never even in a passenger coach; I was carried in cattle cars or flat cars, or walked."

And then he tells about his homecoming. As a young man he lived in Indiana, in the country, and says that when he was mustered out he was given his discharge papers and told to go home and find a job as soon as possible. When he left the railroad station nearest his home there was no committee to welcome him. It was after dark, and he started to walk to the farm where he lived, seven miles away, over muddy roads. On the way he stopped at the home of old Jerry Holmes, a neighbor, to get a drink. There was no cup at the well and he stepped into the house to ask for one.

Old Jerry was sitting in the front room, and after looking at Curly awhile he said: "Well, well! If here ain't Curly Harrison back from the war! We all hoped you'd get killed."

Uncle George Haller

UNCLE GEORGE HALLER is rapidly going to pieces; probably as he sits in his quiet home he is easily able to imagine two stout young fellows digging his grave and thinking nothing about it.

When he comes downtown at rare intervals and the men say to him, "How are you, Uncle George?" the question seems to disturb him, and he replies, "I am quite well, thank you; but my wife is poorly. I am compelled to remain at home a good deal."

We all know Mrs. Haller is quite well, and patient and kind with Uncle George.

If the men say, "How well you are looking, Uncle George," he thinks they say it to cheer him up, as he knows he looks wretched.

The other day he returned from town, slowly and painfully, and when he reached his easy-chair, panting for breath, he said to his wife, "Mother, here lately I seem to be in everybody's way except yours."

Mrs. Haller told some of the neighbor women about it and burst into tears.

Mrs. Dave Newcomb

MRS. DAVE NEWCOMB had a habit of scaring her husband by putting her head in a pillow slip and inhaling chloroform, but managed to be found before results were disastrous.

She was naturally an unhappy woman, and when her husband displeased her there appeared on her face a look indicating that sometime he would find her dead with her head in a pillow slip. She had read somewhere of that plan of departing this life when it became too burdensome owing to the men, and somehow it appealed to her. Even when they were getting along fairly well Dave was always finding a bottle of chloroform somewhere about the house, indicating that she kept it handy in case he became careless in his conduct.

Dave was about the average husband, but his wife made him a good deal of trouble with her mania for chloroform. A dozen times he had found her asleep with her head in a pillow slip, a bottle of chloroform uncorked and near her nostrils; and then the Newcomb children ran screaming after the neighbor women, to help bring their mother back to life. This accomplished and the excitement quieted down, Dave would argue with her and plead and beg.

One afternoon Dave drove out to his farm in the country, saying he would be back in time for supper. Something kept him and he didn't return until near nine o'clock. The children had gone to a school entertainment, and when Dave went into the house he found his wife with her head in a pillow slip, and the usual bottle of chloroform.

If she expected her husband to rescue her as usual and behave better she was disappointed, for she was dead, and nothing could be done, although the doctors and the neighbors worked over her for hours.

Dave had a widowed sister who came to live with him and look after the children; and the better they got along the more Dave told his friends what a good woman his wife was; how terribly he missed her and how he would give anything in the world to have her back. Dave liked big talk and laid it on pretty thick.

"Poor Annabelle!" he would say. "How patient and thoughtful she always was with me! No one realizes what a perfect blank my life is now."

Some of the more impudent of the men used to encourage Dave to talk about his great loss, for they always observed that before he got through he would realize that he was getting along pretty well without the constant alarms about chloroform and pillow slips, and would say, "But she is better off!"

Florence Lentz

IN THIS town we observe that when we meet members of the Lentz or Wilkins family they brag incessantly about Florence, who was a Wilkins, and married Merritt Lentz.

And her neighbors do a good deal of the same thing. Florence Lentz is a particularly capable wife and mother; she is a good cook, housekeeper, seamstress and neighbor. And members of her own family admire her no more than do members of her husband's family. Her children are polite and neat, and stand well in their studies at school. She does her work without friction or acting like a slave, and is intelligent, good-looking and agreeable. Many say Merritt Lentz is a particularly good husband because he has a particularly good wife.

One day Florence was on a railroad train and found a poor woman in distress; the woman was returning from a hospital and the dressing had worked off a recent wound. Florence took her into the washroom and soon made her comfortable.

Florence Lentz is the kind of woman men mean when they say, "The ladies, God bless them."

We have been wondering why a woman like Florence Lentz is not exploited in the magazines instead of some of those who are.

Junior Dilley

AT THE Tom Dilley home a boy was born about a year ago, after a long procession of girls. The other day Myrtle Dilley, twelve years old, had him downtown in a baby buggy that must have cost as much as an old-fashioned carriage; and the robes and pillows on which he rode in state made up a notable exhibit in needlework.

A lot of men collected on the street to admire Junior, and Myrtle was very proud that her little brother attracted so much attention.

When the men gathered around, Myrtle fixed Junior's hair and special scenery, and as she stepped back to give the men a chance to admire him she lovingly said, "He is a very bad boy."

After Myrtle went on, to find other admirers, Paul Worth said to Henry Field, "Myrtle loves that baby devotedly, as does every member of her family. And Junior is certainly a fine baby. But did you notice that Myrtle said he was a very bad boy?"

"You poor fish," Henry replied, "don't you know girls and women always say that about boys and men they love? The first evidence that a woman loves a man is that she calls him bad."

There may be something in it. All the men in town envy Joe Todd, his wife is so devoted to him. Yet she is always saying to him when they are out in company, "J-o-e-e-p-h!" And then to those around them, "Isn't he awful!"

Harry Blower

WHEN you talk to most people you observe that they look bored and do not pay attention; they plainly show they are not interested in what you are saying. So in a little while, if you are at all polite, you respect their signs of distress and quit.

But Harry Blower is different. He says lots of people have told him he is the most interesting man they have ever heard talk; so when he talks to a man and the man looks around at the scenery, indicating he does not hear a word, Harry slaps him on the shoulder and says: "Here! Listen to me! I have heard you say there are certain things you do not understand. Well, I'm explaining them to you. Look me in the eye, like a man, and listen!"

She Is Always Saying to Him When They are Out in Company, "J-o-e-e-p-h!" And Then to Those Around Them, "Isn't He Awful!".

Mrs. Dave Grant

MRS. DAVE GRANT takes in sewing, but says her husband doesn't know it. Her efforts to keep it from him amuse everybody. She is always begging her customers to say nothing to their husbands of her efforts to help in paying the family expenses.

"I don't know what Dave would do," she says, "if he found it out; the Grants were always such aristocrats."

But the general opinion is that Dave knows it; surely he can't think the women who call at his house so regularly

(Continued on Page 28)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A.D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Five Cents the Copy From All Newsdealers. By Subscription: To the United States and Possessions, Cuba and Mexico, $2.00 the Year. Remit by U. S. Money Order, Express Money Order, Check or by Draft, payable in U. S. Funds.

To Canada: By Subscription $3.00 the Year. Single Copies, Ten Cents—Canadian or U. S. Funds.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Subscriptions, $4.00 the Year. Remittances to be by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. funds.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 25, 1922

The Old Barn Door

ONE of the many malodorous aftermaths of a period of artificial prosperity and inflation is the downfall of dishonest or merely weak and inexperienced stock-brokerage firms. Great sums of money are lost by so-called innocent investors. The newspapers are filled with exposures. District attorneys conduct vigorous inquiries after all the harm has been done. A few culprits eventually go to jail, and there is a deal of talk as to who is to blame. The public authorities should have been stricter in enforcing the law, the stock exchanges should have been more vigilant in weeding out their reckless and dishonest members, the commercial banks should not have taken the accounts of dubious brokers or given letters of recommendation so largely on the basis of bank balances and so little because of character and integrity, high-class investment bankers should have prosecuted a more vigorous campaign against the offenders, and newspapers should not have accepted their advertising.

Once more the barn door is found to have been locked only when it was too late. Perhaps ultimately all so-called brokers, including both the good and the bad, will be as strictly regulated and governed by law as banks are to-day. Perhaps only in this way can tens of thousands of crooks and weaklings be prevented from entering the stock-promotion and stock-peddling business in boom times, when all the equipment that is needed is a purchased or stolen list of prospects and a one-room office, and when the crop of suckers is at its height. Perhaps only in this way can the holders of Liberty Bonds be protected.

Or it may be that the better elements in the business community will clean up the unsavory mess themselves. There is no lack of sternness when business is poor in the financial district, but when money is flowing freely, tolerance of shady institutions and characters is all too prevailing, and unfortunately too old and permanent an evil to hope for much improvement. There is no way to prevent the recurrence of similar evils as long as people are ignorant or dishonest enough to expect something for nothing.

It is said that many people do not understand the difference between investing and speculating, and that losses arise chiefly from confusing the two. That may be true of ignorant foreigners who do not speak the language, but it is questionable whether the great mass of English-speaking persons who lose money in bucketshops, fly-by-night oil stocks and similar ventures are anything like as innocent as they are given credit for being, or that the moral difference between the wolves who devour the sheep and the victims themselves is as great as is commonly supposed.

It is only the most abysmally ignorant elements in the population which do not know the security of investments made in Postal Savings and Treasury Savings, in the savings banks, life-insurance companies, building-and-loan associations, in guaranteed mortgages and conservative bonds. It is not that people are unaware of the safety of these investments. The trouble is just the opposite. Safety goes with a low rate of interest, a fact which even ignorant people know. But they do not want a low rate of interest. They want a fortune without working for it. They seek a short cut to wealth, not a fair return and a secure depository for their savings.

It stretches the limits of credulity to believe that mere ignorance and lack of financial sophistication are the reasons why people will buy obscure stocks as the result of telephone conversations with unknown representatives of unknown brokers who urge them to purchase in a hurry.

If conservative investments and conservative brokers are wanted they can usually be found. But those who seek a thousand-to-one shot or the excitement of the game itself rather than a moderate interest upon a secure principal instinctively avoid conservative investments and conservative brokers. They are not sincere in their search for honest brokers, because such will not promise to enrich them. What is hoped for is that the broker or promoter who by all outward signs is a swindler, or at least a fool, may by some unforeseen miracle prove the source of untold wealth for all who come in contact with him.

The brokerage business is precisely like the banking business in that reputation, character, integrity, experience and ample capital are absolutely essential. This means that growth must be slow and steady. From the very nature of the case a brokerage concern which in the course of a year or even a very few years suddenly springs from a one-room office, no capital and no experience, into the possession of a huge branch or wire business with hundreds of clerks and telephones, must arouse suspicion on the part of sophisticated observers. In an honest brokerage business expenses are large and commissions exceedingly small. Sudden growth is rarely possible unless the clients are millionaires. If legitimate securities are honestly bought and sold at recognized commission rates for an average fairly well-to-do clientele the broker will prosper and expand no more rapidly than other business men, and then only if he is possessed of capital, technical skill and ample professional experience.

Any man who sincerely seeks to discover whether another person has prestige, standing and reputation in his trade can quickly enough do so. It takes a little more time and trouble to investigate than it does to go merely where the offices are big and the salesmen most smooth speaking, but the results are more satisfactory. The quack, either in medicine or in finance, is usually the easiest person to go to, because he makes the loudest noise and promises the most. But in one case as in the other the results are usually in inverse ratio to promises and vociferation.

Mr. Keynes Sees it Through

JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, has issued A Revision of the Treaty as a sequel to The Economic Consequences of the Peace. Unlike the usual sequel, which depicts what happened afterwards, this one predicts what is to occur.

Like the first book, the sequel contains as fine political writing as can be found in the language. The reader stands in doubt as to which more to admire, the analysis of German trade or the estimate of Lloyd George. One must not forget that the author represents more than an economist of highest standing; he is the exponent of the political school of which the Manchester Guardian is the best known spokesman. The book has an internal political import that a foreigner is in no position to evaluate.

Keynes concedes that his dire apprehensions for the social stability of Europe have not been fulfilled. The Continent is not headed for the rocks. The credit for maintaining the stability of the institutions he gives to the patience of the common people of Europe. The discovery of this fact is not original with the author.

Before proceeding to the proposals he has to offer, Keynes makes the apparently subconscious observation that "Some contemporary plans for the reconstruction of Europe err in being too paternal or too complicated; also, sometimes, in being too pessimistic." Later he states: "I seek by the proposals of this chapter, not to prescribe a solution, but to create a situation in which a solution is possible."

The solution that shall result in the restoration of the normal economic functions of Europe and the rest of the world ourselves included, we are grateful to be assured – consists in revision of the treaty and cancellation of Interallied debts. These accomplished, Keynes believes the countries of Europe can set their houses in order.

The revision of the treaty suggested deals largely with reparations. Keynes proposes that the sum to be exacted from Germany shall be reduced from one hundred and thirty-eight billion gold marks to thirty-six billion gold marks. This thirty-six billion marks is to be divided as follows: To France eighteen, to Great Britain eleven, to Belgium three, to Italy one, to the United States two, and to all others one. Keynes suggests further that Great Britain and the other beneficiaries except France and Belgium waive claims to the sums due them, on condition that Great Britain cancel her loans to her European allies. Germany would then owe France eighteen billion and Belgium three billion gold marks, and a further special one billion, to be used for Austria and Poland. The United States would waive our two billion loan to Belgium. These sums Germany would discharge over a period of thirty years by payment annually to France of one thousand and eighty million gold marks and to Belgium of one hundred and eighty million gold marks. Three hundred million gold marks should be placed at the disposal of Austria, in terms of credits over a period of five years. Seven hundred million gold marks should be assigned to Poland for the reorganization of her currency—"under conditions to be approved by the United States and Great Britain"! Military occupation of Germany would be terminated at once, largely because "That she"—France—"has anything to fear from Germany in the future that we can foresee, except what she may herself provoke, is a delusion." Nevertheless the "British Empire and the United States should guarantee to France and Belgium all reasonable assistance, short of warfare, in securing satisfaction for their reduced claims; while Germany should guarantee the complete demilitarization of her territory west of the Rhine."

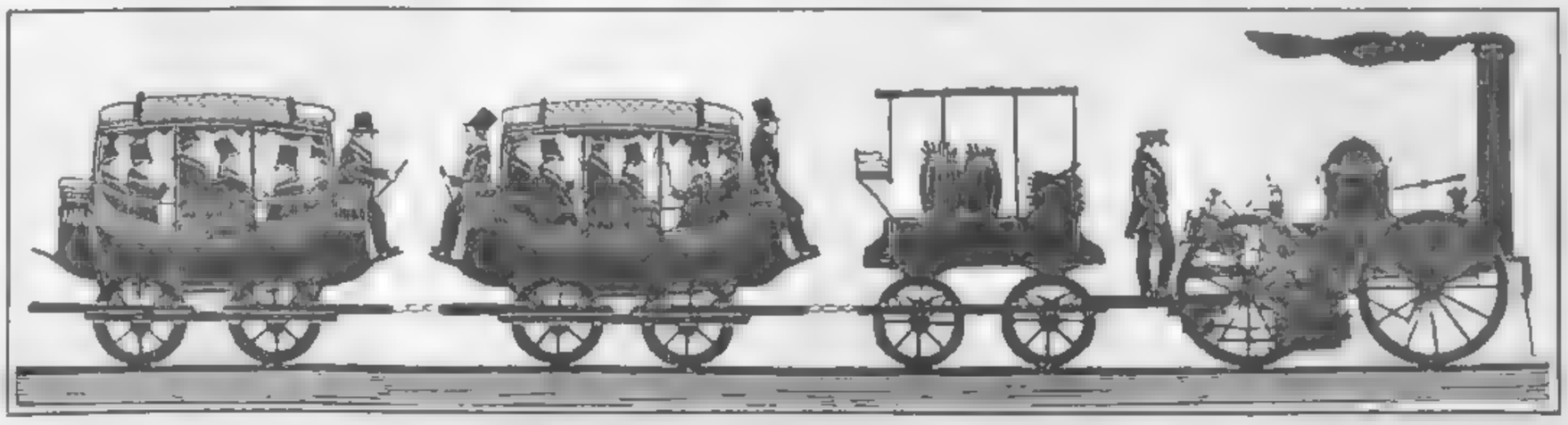
The proposal for cancellation of Interallied indebtedness, in brief, is that the United States and Great Britain should cancel all loans made to continental European countries. Keynes does not now suggest the cancellation of the debt of Great Britain to the United States. The mere proposition is that Great Britain and the United States cancel all loans to the several countries of the Continent, the debts of Great Britain to us to stand. By such rearrangement of reparation and cancellation Italy would gain, while France and Belgium would lose, on paper. In fact, Keynes is convinced that both would gain. Great Britain and the United States would lose heavily, on paper; but only on paper, Keynes is convinced.

Two points of particular moment remain to be noted. Keynes suggests that the American investor inclined to lend abroad will lend more wisely in the semideveloped extractive countries of the world than in Europe. Discussing the results of the payment of huge indemnities by Germany and of their debts by the ex-Allies, both with goods, he remarks that "the farmers of the United States would suffer more than the manufacturers." Apparently Keynes does not appreciate that before the war this country had almost ceased to be a food-exporting country.

Interesting throughout, the book is the attempt of the cloistered Englishman to put himself in the position of the average American of the streets. Stephen Leacock is writing on the carrying of American humor to England. We trust he may pay a visit to Cambridge.

A Case for the Steam Locomotive

By EDWARD HUNGERFORD



The First Steam Railroad Passenger Train in America

BEFORE me stands a photograph of the locomotive Antwerp of the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg Railroad, taken about 1868. To the average man of the present generation neither the Antwerp nor the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg Railroad means anything in particular, both passed out of existence so long ago. To me both mean much. The R. W. & O. was the chief railroad of the North Country, in which I was reared, and the Antwerp was once the pride of the R. W. & O. With its great red driving wheels—they were six feet in diameter it was the fleetest thing upon our railroad. Sixty miles an hour was as nothing to it. There is not in the great impersonal fleet of dull-black efficient locomotives that the Central folks send up to us to-day a single one that you could match for speed against the red-heeled Antwerp, but twenty-two tons all told, without its water and its wood. Mere size in a locomotive never has made speed.

Speedsters of the Past

SPEED is no new thing upon our railroads of the United States. As far back as 1849 the Governor Paine, which Matthias Baldwin, of Philadelphia, had built for the Central Vermont Railway, from a dead start did a mile in forty-three seconds. The Paine also had six-foot drivers. It was a mighty engine. It cost the Central Vermont $10,000, which was a lot of money in those days. Even the little Antwerp cost upwards of $7500.

The picture of it shows the engineer and the fireman lolling in the cab, which was painted a bright green within and had a wondrous color scheme of red and black and blue and gold without. Both the engineer—his name was Jefferson B. Wells, and he had a reputation in our North Country for speed and skill in engine driving—and the fireman are wearing white shirts. They always wore white shirts in the engine cabs in the days of the old wood burners. It was a gentleman's job—the successor of that of driving a stage coach and properly regarded as such.

The only really humiliating part of the job was that frequently the tender had to be refilled; the hunger even of a twenty-two-ton locomotive was like unto that of a ten-year-old boy. And when the engine had to be wooded up there was a fifteen-minute wait at a designated station, where there was sure to be an enormous woodshed, and a buzz saw, worked by a tireless horse, sent its steady wheeze against the stillness of the country air. There still live men who can recall when such an establishment held forth in Forty-second Street, New York City—upon the site of the present Hotel Belmont—for the locomotives of the Harlem and the New Haven railroads, across the way. And there a white horse manipulated the buzz saw.

In an article upon the electrification of the standard steam railroad in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST not long ago I called the steam locomotive a laggard, yet already I somewhat regret the harshness of that phrase. Of a truth, in all this enthusiasm about the possibilities of electricity in heavy rail transport, it is quite forgotten. Yet it does present a case for itself. It can make a real rebuttal. It may, indeed, be a laggard to-day, but to-morrow Did you ever know of a boy or girl who was a laggard in school and a brilliant success in after life? I have known several

Moreover, it is hardly conceivable, even now, that all the mileage of our railroads of the United States ever will be operated by electricity. Even the remarkable vision of McAdoo, who saw the thing in more friendliness than a great many railroad executives see it even to-day, only predicted its use upon one-fifth of the railroad mileage of the country. Our great inland sections, the plains and the prairies, the broad valleys of the Mississippi and the Missouri and most of their tributaries are comparatively limited in available water-power facilities, despite such great works as the Keokuk Dam and others of its sort, while the huge distances there militate against the establishment of central steam-power stations for the generation of electric current.

Top-Notch Efficiency

SO LET us temper our wildest flights of fancy with the practical thought that we probably shall have the steam locomotive with us for some time yet to come; probably for at least one or two hundred years to come. We shall have to put up with it. How shall we make it most effective for the future necessities of our American railroad structure? There are more than 67,000 of them upon our railroads to-day. They are a factor in the railroads' progress that cannot be ignored. They can ill afford to have them laggards no matter how brisk may be the inroads of the competitor, the electric locomotive.

The steam railroad of the United States apparently came to the pinnacle of its efficiency about twelve years ago. Since then there has been a let down, for reasons that do not need to be set forth here. For if the roads are as good to-day as they were in 1910, they certainly are no better. For eighty years our railroads of the United States

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The Locomotive Antwerp of the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg Railroad—a Wood Burner of 1868, the Color Scheme of Which Was Red, Blue, Black and Gold

THE SECRET PARTNER

"Mr. Sloane," She Began at Once, and Her Voice Sounded Old and Worn, "I am in Trouble, and I Have Come to You for Help"

By Elizabeth Frazer

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

X

WHEN Pinkney Sloane returned to New York he found the city sweltering in the intense heat of a late Indian summer. Dust eddies skirled along the street, flicking into his eyes refuse and scraps of paper. The air was heavy and humid, with gusts of wild wind alternating with flooding sheets of rain which rendered the atmosphere even more torrid and oppressive than before. To Pink, fresh from his love idyl and the crystalline, pure air of the hills, the jaded flat staleness, the frowzy disorder, not only of the heat-smitten city but of the people as well, brought a sense of irritation and disgust.

He made his way to the quiet side street where he lodged, mounted to his room, and standing beside his bed ran rapidly through his mail. Most of the letters were advertisements, with a scattering small bill or so. But one among them apprised him that Gilmore was dead. He had died unexpectedly, following an operation for appendicitis.

Pink dropped into a chair, badly shaken by this sudden blow. He loved Gilmore. There had been a deep bond between him and the older man. And now he would never see him again, never look into his lean, quizzical face or feel the cordial grip of his big bony hand. Gilmore had been the first man to believe in him, and to see the practical, mercantile value of what he was trying to do. Now he had gone—or had he just gone on?

For more than an hour Pink sat, chin sunk on his breast, his hat crowded down over his eyes, while he passed in review his relationship with this man. Finally he went out, determined to see Mrs. Gilmore if she were in town. But the big stone house on Park Avenue was already boarded up, and not even a caretaker responded to his repeated assaults on the electric bell. Then he walked over to the nearest Subway and took a downtown express to Gilmore's offices. But here he fared no better. Gilmore's partner, he was told, was in Europe looking into the shipping situation; and a stranger, whom Pink had never before seen, sat in Gilmore's private room, in Gilmore's swivel chair, and as he recounted almost indifferently Gilmore's death he fingered Gilmore's favorite paper weight. It was as if a wave had suddenly gone over his friend, obliterating all signs of him. Suddenly Pink could not endure it. He rose with a muttered excuse and got himself out of the place, his eyes blind with tears.

The death of his friend was fraught with consequences immediate and profound. For it was Gilmore who had advised him to negotiate a loan through Klaggett King; it was Gilmore who had warned him under no circumstances to surrender a majority of his shares, no matter what the pressure might be; and it was Gilmore whom he had relied upon to advise him in the final settlement of the terms. Now he was left without guidance to steer his way through the perilous seas of high finance alone.

Almost he was tempted to turn back, to follow Celia's advice, and to take the long, slow, laborious route to success. For two days he threshed out this problem all over again, and decided that Gilmore was right and Celia was wrong.

Having thus reassured himself, he put on his hat and went to call on Klaggett King. But Mr. King had not yet returned. And Mr. Pym, the secretary informed him, was in conference and could not be disturbed.

"Very well," said Pink, turning away. "Just tell him Mr. Sloane called."

The following day he had a lengthy note from Pym stating in his fine, clear, copper-plate hand a number of things. Mr. Pym deeply regretted that he had not been able to see Mr. Sloane. Mr. King was still absent on his yacht, and his health was the cause of considerable anxiety to his friends. He could, of course, be reached by wireless if Mr. Sloane deemed it absolutely necessary, but Mr. Pym would advise earnestly against such a course. As Mr. King was negotiating this loan for Mr. Sloane himself, and the entire business was in his hands, Mr. Pym could not very well move in the affair; but he could assure Mr. Sloane that to the best of his belief the matter was in very satisfactory shape, and Mr. Sloane need have no worry on that head.

Thus Mr. Pym. And Pink, after reading it, decided it was a fine letter as far as it went, but it did not go very far; and in addition, either Mr. Pym or Mr. King was a thundering liar. For Pink had not forgotten King's final words when he bade Sloane good-by.

He had said, holding Pink jovially by the arm: "Well, young man, you've brought it off. I thought Gilmore had overstated the commercial possibilities of this scheme, but these hard-headed old Yankees never miss a trick. I'm going away for a while on a vacation, but don't let that hinder you. We'll shove on full steam ahead in this business, beginning right from to-day. Lease that whole building for a factory and start the carpenters to work. Do you know where you can get trained men to make those pontoons?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, round up a couple of dozen—as many as the place will hold. When I get back we'll see about larger quarters. I'll deposit some money to-day to your credit for current expenses. Later, we'll sign the papers and arrange details."

"Why can't we sign right now—if everything's settled?" Pink bluntly inquired.

"Because it's not settled yet—that's why," laughed King. "You can't step out and buy the use of a hundred thousand dollars as simply as you'd step out to buy a pair of pants. There are conferences, discussions of interest, risks and guaranties—no end of technical stuff. But you leave that to me. That's my end of the game. Your end from now on is to make things hum. If you want anything go to Pym. He has this whole business in hand."

Fine words, but when Pink had come to cash in on them he found he had been short-changed. For although he had duly turned over the agreed amount of stock to cover the advance loan, King, inadvertently or otherwise, had omitted to place the promised credit at the bank. Pink could not believe that it was inadvertent; King was not an inadvertent kind of man. In addition, Pym, in his letter, had expressly stated that he had no power to act.

As a result of this negligence on King's part—or was it negligence?—Pink found himself in a hole, and the next step was to survey its depth and magnitude and discover if there were any red-light exits marked. But the more he looked the more he was forced to admit that as holes went it was as thoroughgoing a specimen as any he had ever been in.

In the first place, he had no ready cash. Up to the present he had not owed a dime in the world. For his current expenses, which were not large, he had sold off from time to time small blocks of stock, and thus had managed to maintain on deposit at the bank a small margin for emergencies. But only the day before he had been advised by a special bank messenger that his last check had been returned on account of insufficient funds. The insufficiency turned out to be a deficit of seven cents, and that deficit he had made good by pawning his fur overcoat—the gift of an opulent aviator friend—depositing the sum obtained and advising his creditor to put the check through once more. But as he admitted somberly to himself, that was shaving things down to the blood.

That was the first part of his trouble—no money. The second and even more disastrous part was that he did not know where to lay hands on any, for to sell off a block of stock now, at this stage of the proceedings, was to diminish the amount which he had sworn to as having on hand. It altered his status. Not much. But it was like that seven-cent deficit at the bank. It was enough to give King a handle against him, if a handle was what he was looking

Continued on Page 26

We'll limit our arms, build cities and farms,
And flourish in strength and vigor.
For our greatest wealth is our jolly good health—
It's the nation's best bet to grow bigger.

General Health commands—

Eat a plate of good, hot soup at least once every day! It will act as the healthiest kind of stimulant to your appetite, nourish you, make you take greater pleasure in all your food, strengthen your digestion and improve your general health.

Campbell's Tomato Soup

has a delightfully tonic, bracing effect on your appetite that you will notice from the very first taste of it. Plump, meaty, full-ripe tomatoes give all their lusciousness to this soup—just the tomato juices and fruity parts in a fine puree, made even richer by velvet creamery butter, the whitest of granulated sugar, tasty herbs and dainty spices.

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Delightful variety in Campbell's Soups

Asparagus	Mulligatawny
Bean	Mutton
Beef	Oxtail
Bouillon	Pea
Celery	Pepper Pot
Chicken	Printanier
Chicken Gumbo (Okra)	Tomato
Consomme	Tomato-Okra
Julienne	Vegetable
Mock Turtle	Vegetable-Beef

Vermicelli-Tomato

Your grocer can supply any of these soups

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 24)

for, which Pink shrewdly suspected to be the case. King collected handles as a blacksmith collects horseshoes, and probably for the same practical reason—he used them in his business.

Surveying his hole on all sides, Pink discovered he was not yet to the bottom of it, but rather perched perilously about halfway down on a slippery little shelf scarce big enough for his feet, and with a still deeper pit yawning blackly below. For heretofore his plant had been a small, one-horse affair, housed in a single floor of an old building on a West Side street near the ferries and close to the water front. But acting on King's suggestion, Pink had taken over the entire house, torn down partitions, converted it into a factory and hired a score of sailors who were even now cutting canvas and splicing ropes for his balloons. Not one of them but had invested some of his weekly pay in the new salvage company. The bare thought of discharging or disappointing these men made Pink clench his fists and determine to hang on. Accordingly he hung on. A week passed. Two weeks. A month. And still no sign from Klaggett King.

A swarm of petty little debts began to hum and sing about his ears like a swarm of mosquitoes. They stung him one after another in his most vulnerable spot—his pocketbook. To get rid of them he transmuted into coin of the realm every article in his possession capable of such transmutation—his evening clothes, his trunk, a pair of riding boots bought in Paris. He pared his expenses down to the bone and husbanded every penny with the cool, hard avarice of a miser. Himself he put on a stiff diet, walked instead of rode, and even eliminated his morning paper.

His largest item of expense was the rental of the building. After a scene with Di Palma, the owner, a suspicious, grasping little old Italian, who owned most of the property on the block, he had managed to stave off payment for another month. He had two other outstanding accounts of considerable size, one for canvas and one for hemp; but these firms, knowing his friendship with Gilmore, were content to wait.

At the end of a month of dragging inactivity he had written a note to Mr. Pym stating briefly his situation and asking him to wireless the substance of the letter to King. To this Pym replied briefly but courteously that he had complied with the request and would forward the answer when it came.

But the answer failed to materialize. Pink had knowledge that King was in constant communication with the office, for he had rung up Pym's secretary and by discreet inquiry ascertained that fact.

One morning he was sitting down in his office, listless and brooding, when the friendly secretary of Mr. Pym rang up without orders to inform him that Mr. King had arrived. Pink, with a stir of excitement at his pulse, thanked her with enthusiasm, resolutely brushed from his mind any lingering cobwebs of doubt, and then hung around within arm's reach of the telephone all day. But no summons came—and the mail brought him only bills. Passed ten dragging, interminable days with their weary processional of linked hours, while his taut nerves were strung to the breaking point, and still King made no sign. And Pink likewise made no sign.

He had already come to the end of his financial tether, and his men had not been paid for a week. Di Palma had taken to dogging his footsteps. He waylaid Pink in his office, threatened, snarled and all but wept as he demanded his rent.

Finally, when he had given up hope, a letter from King arrived, inquiring mildly if Sloane were dead, and if not would he favor their office with a call.

"I tried to get you by telephone," said King when Pink presented himself, "but your phone seems out of order."

"It is," assented Pink briefly. It had been discontinued three days before.

He sat back in his chair and waited for King to fire the first gun. In the meantime his busy eyes took note of the fact that the elder man had changed. His face was older, thinner, grayer. The skin about his temples seemed to have shrunk, as if from a wasting fever, and clung fast to the conforming bone; and all about him was a hard, wrung look of deadly purpose, as if he were paying out his last reserves. Pink sensed this, and in that moment he forgave Celia's father everything, and made the first friendly advance.

"I hope, sir, you've had a good summer."

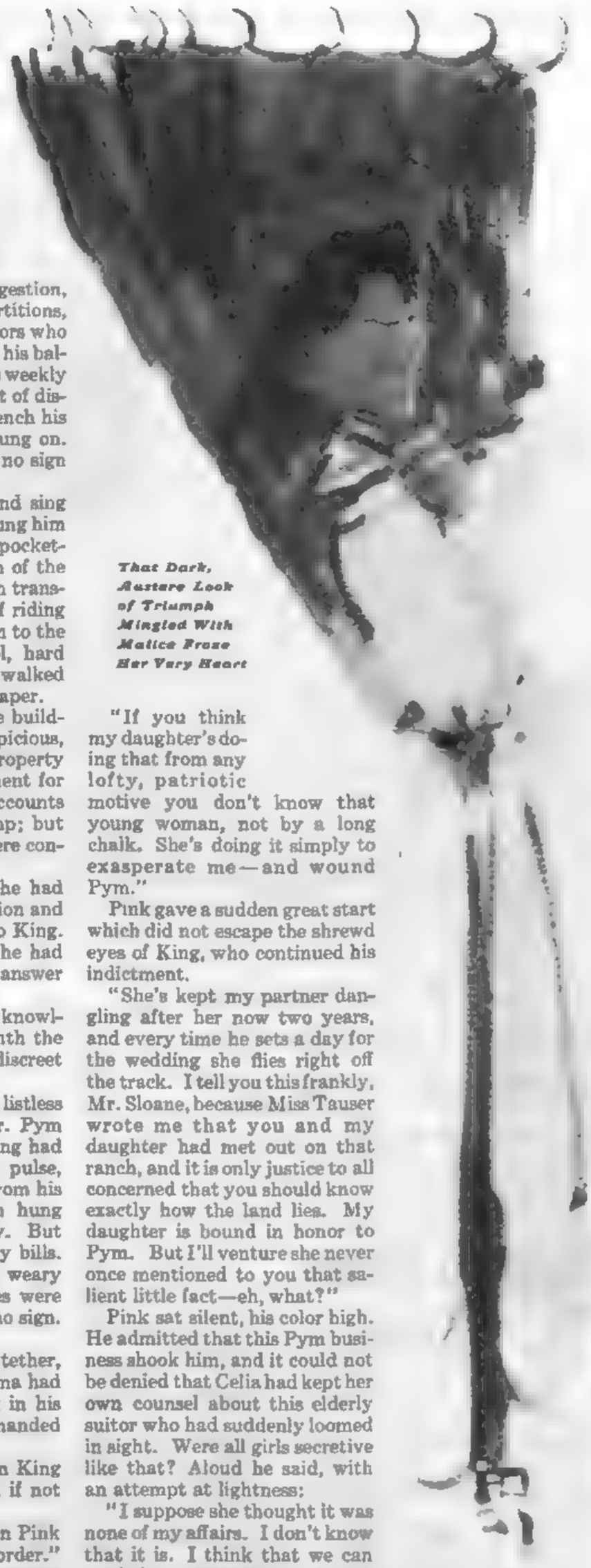
King's voice as he replied was easy, but exceedingly dry.

"Well, summer and winter with me are pretty much the same—twenty-four hours in every day; twenty-four chances for a man to make a fool of himself. I hear you met my daughter."

Pink flushed to the roots of his hair.

"Yes—yes, sir," he stammered, fairly caught by surprise. He wondered where King had got his news. "I—we saw each other a number of times at—at Hunter's Ranch. Lovely spot! Miss King deserves a great deal of credit for continuing her war work now."

King grunted, lifting high one sardonic eyebrow.



That Dark, Austere Look of Triumph Mingled With Malice Froze Her Very Heart

"If you think my daughter's doing that from any lofty, patriotic motive you don't know that young woman, not by a long chalk. She's doing it simply to exasperate me—and wound Pym."

Pink gave a sudden great start which did not escape the shrewd eyes of King, who continued his indictment.

"She's kept my partner dangling after her now two years, and every time he sets a day for the wedding she flies right off the track. I tell you this frankly, Mr. Sloane, because Miss Tauser wrote me that you and my daughter had met out on that ranch, and it is only justice to all concerned that you should know exactly how the land lies. My daughter is bound in honor to Pym. But I'll venture she never once mentioned to you that salient little fact—eh, what?"

Pink sat silent, his color high. He admitted that this Pym business shook him, and it could not be denied that Celia had kept her own counsel about this elderly suitor who had suddenly loomed in sight. Were all girls secretive like that? Aloud he said, with an attempt at lightness:

"I suppose she thought it was none of my affairs. I don't know that it is. I think that we can safely leave Miss King to be the custodian of her own honor. And if Mr. Pym doesn't like to dangle he knows what he can do."

"Well," said King, dismissing the subject, "Celia and Pym will have to paddle their own canoe, and I expect Celia will do most of the paddling if she's like the rest of her sex. They're not content until they've got you thumbs down. What most of 'em want is not a man, but a kissing stick. Now, about our business. How's everything going?"

"It's not going. It's standing strictly still."

"What do you mean?"

King played with a paper knife, his eyes lowered, but Pink could feel mischief in him—mischief and power.

"Well," retorted Pink with some heat, "you can't get very far without cash, and I had no cash. You forgot to make that deposit, and I spent what I had on those alterations."

"Why didn't you go to Pym?"

"Pym said he had no power in this affair. Here's his letter."

But King waved it away.

"Oversight," he explained. "It's this damned sleeplessness of mine." He turned on Pink suddenly, gnawing his lip. "I may as well tell you—I'm in hell, Sloane, and have been for months, and I can't seem to get out." He paused, glooming and working his chin, then dropped the subject abruptly and demanded, "You're not in debt?"

"Not to any extent."

"And you've not sold off any stock?"

"Everything's just as I represented it to you, sir, except for a few floating debts that we can wipe off any time."

"Well, then we'll go ahead. I've arranged with Chapin of the Gordon Trust about the loan. It wasn't easy. Money is scarce and high. It's the labor situation partly Partly it's because every Tom, Dick and Harry in town have gone into foreign trade on a shoe string and are asking the banks to carry them. They've skied call money until it's a crime. That's the general situation on the banking side. Now let's take your side. Your enterprise—let's face the facts squarely—is still up in the air. It may be worth something some day, and personally I believe it will. If I didn't I wouldn't be indorsing it up to the hilt. And you'll admit that the indorsement of Klaggett King is worth something to a budding enterprise, eh?"

Pink, who saw only too clearly the drift of this argument, squared his jaw in defiance.

"The Comptroller of the Currency," declared he, "testified the other day that usury in call money in New York is gripping the heart of all honest commerce. He says that under the control of certain private financiers credit is administered, not primarily to serve the needs of production but from the desire of financial agencies to levy a toll on industry as high as the traffic will bear."

"Talk," replied King negligently, "is the cheapest commodity on earth. If the Comptroller of the Currency were loaning money of his own he'd be singing on the other side of his mouth. You're not obliged to take up this loan, Mr. Sloane."

"I know," began Pink, breathing hard.

"And if you think you can make more advantageous terms than I can just go around to the banks yourself and try." He spoke with a good-natured tolerance, as of seasoned age to raw youth, but there was an edge in his voice which flicked the red into Pink's cheek. "The trouble with you young highflyers with ideas," he continued coolly, "is that you consider mere money of no account. And you seem to think that just because you've got an idea in your head banks should ladle out cash for the asking—that it's your divine right. But a bank takes a risk in proving upon an unknown idea, and somebody's got to pay for that risk. You're too broad-gauged a man not to see that. If I'd thought you were one of these crazy, Simon-pure idealists you'd never have got past that door."

He pressed a buzzer and said to his secretary, a suave, sleek-headed young man who appeared: "Jackson, get those papers that came over from the Gordon Trust."

As the secretary disappeared he leaned back and permitted himself the first smile of the interview, a smile that flashed like summer lightning over his pallid features and was gone.

"No, you don't look like that kind of an idealist," he repeated. "You look like a first-class compromiser, a man who can see both sides of a question at once—his own point of view and the other fellow's too."

Pink, brooding stilly in his chair, wondered just how much stock they intended to rob him of to pay for the use of the loan. If King could joke like that it must be a whacking lot! Probably they'd take over the whole show and run it to please themselves. They'd put in directors, treasurers, managers and half a dozen sub-pro-deputy vice presidents, each with a fat block of stock; and they would outvote him and stick around and boss and badger him, and he would have to ask the permission of the whole crowd in order to blow his nose. And was he, Pinkney Sloane, going to stick his head into that kind of a noose? Of course he could refuse. But in that event King could come down on him like a ton of bricks with his bill for services rendered, and if the Sloane Salvage Company did not immediately come across with the coin he could throw it into the bankruptcy court and have it sold up at public auction—inventions, patents, shares and all the rest.

This was the deeper pit, whose darkness he had only half glimpsed hitherto.

Pink did not like the looks of that pit, and so aloud he replied soberly: "Yes, I'm a compromiser—up to a certain limit. But I'll fight for what's mine. And if anybody takes it away from me it'll only be because he's bigger or has better brains."

"That's the stuff!" said King with an acrid smile. "These half-baked, yawping pacifists set my teeth on edge. Life's a bear pit—fight and lick or get licked."

Pink uttered a short laugh.

"Or shin up a tree! Say, Mr. King, have you ever been out to those parks in the West where at night the bears come down to feed at the garbage pits? When the big black grizzlies come shambling down all the brown bears in the pit light out for the tall timber. They shin up trees, and there they sit, growling and scolding, until the grizzlies

(Continued on Page 54)

One quality that women praise is the luxurious comfort of the new Cadillac.

They discover it in the spacious interior and in the restfulness of the deep, soft cushions.

It is wonderfully apparent in the ease and the evenness of Cadillac travel.

She who drives the car refers, with elation, to its comfortable control, its quick obedience to the slightest turn of the wheel.

There is just as real and just as satisfying a sense of comfort in the knowledge of Cadillac dependability.

Indeed one seldom need think of the mechanics of the Cadillac save to congratulate one's self on the surety of their functioning.

It is the unanimous opinion of owners, and our own judgment as well, that motoring comfort is raised to a new and indescribably delightful degree in the Type 61 Eight-Cylinder Cadillac.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

C A D I L L A C

THE ANTHOLOGY OF ANOTHER TOWN

(Continued from Page 21)

are attracted by his wife's popularity socially, since she has a tired look, and her dress is always full of pins.

Dave probably knows it, all right, but pretends that he doesn't to keep his reputation as a one hundred per cent American unsullied.

Mrs. Bill Wyeth

BILL WYETH'S wife is devoted to her kin. When she hears of new ones she sends them an invitation to visit her, and keeps on writing until they come. Bill says his wife never goes anywhere without meeting someone she claims is distantly related to her, and he delights in telling how remote the relation is; also, how she writes them and says they owe her a visit or a letter, and how she is always asking them when they are coming to visit her.

And when they arrive she devotes all her time to them, and greatly enjoys herself. Bill is not so much that way, and talks about his wife's devotion to her kin until it has become one of the town's jokes. But he admits she is as good to his folks as to her own. Some wives make a difference, but Mrs. Bill Wyeth doesn't; she devotedly loves her kin on both sides.

Bill has an Uncle Jud, a moving man, he talks about a good deal. Uncle Jud is no sooner fairly settled in one place than he begins longing to move; so he soon piles his wife and children on his wagon and starts out to find a new location.

One day last summer a mover's wagon stopped in front of Bill Wyeth's store, and as it was a hard-looking outfit a crowd soon gathered. Children were looking out of every crevice in the wagon cover, and though the dog under the wagon looked gaunt from long travel the town dogs thought it wise to let him alone. The cow tied at the rear of the wagon was thin, and had cockleburs in her tail, and was altogether as shiftless looking as the dog, the horses attached to the wagon, or the mover, who presently stepped down to the doubletree, then to the sidewalk, and walked into the store.

The mover turned out to be Bill Wyeth's Uncle Jud, whom we had heard Bill talk about so much.

Uncle Jud told Bill he had been burned out in the drought then raging in the West, and that he was looking around.

Bill was busy, and told his Uncle Jud to go over to the hotel, as his guest, until closing time, when he would take him home and they would talk things over. Uncle Jud did as he was told, but after dinner came back to the store with three of his boys.

While they were visiting it occurred to Bill that his wife would greatly enjoy herself with these new relations. Bill hadn't been able to count them all, but as near as he could estimate there were seven or eight children, in addition to Uncle Jud and his wife. From thinking of this he concluded to play a joke on his wife, and not let her see them; it would make such a good story to tell the boys, who all knew how Mrs. Wyeth loved everybody related to her.

"Uncle Jud," he said gravely, "what's the trouble between your wife and mine?"

Uncle Jud said he had heard of none; as a matter of fact the women had never seen each other, and Mrs. Bill Wyeth never had trouble with her kin.

"There's something," Bill said mysteriously. "When I telephoned her a while ago that you were here and that I intended bringing you all up this evening, she acted in that funny way women have when they entertain a secret grudge."

Uncle Jud was much worried about this new cloud appearing on his horizon, for he was tired, and his horses were tired, and his wagon needed greasing and a general overhauling.

Uncle Jud's worry encouraged Bill, who loves a practical joke, and he enlarged his joke; he said his wife had vaguely hinted that Uncle Jud's wife had said something about her.

Bill confessed he knew nothing about it himself, but was of the opinion that under the circumstances the two women should be kept apart. Uncle Jud seemed to realize, too, that the proposed visit would not be entirely convenient, so he went back to the hotel, hitched up and drove on.

Bill Wyeth thought it the greatest joke he had ever perpetrated on his wife, considering the fierce manner in which she loved all her relations, and couldn't keep it; so he looked up Eddie Batty and Walt Bell to tell them about it.

Eddie and Walt thought it was a good joke, too, so they hooked up a team and started out to find Uncle Jud. They wanted to tell him it was all a joke and that Mrs. Wyeth would welcome him.

They wanted to have Uncle Jud back at Bill Wyeth's house by suppertime, and succeeded; they caught up with him a few miles out of town.

On his way home that evening Bill Wyeth stopped to tell everybody his joke on his wife. When he reached his front gate he saw Uncle Jud seated on the front porch, and Bill's wife was tearing around in the kitchen getting up about the best supper to be served in town that night.

Bill somehow fixed it up, for the mover's wagon stood in his yard five weeks. Finally a little house in the neighborhood was rented for Uncle Jud, and a good many say Mrs. Bill Wyeth has at last had her fill of kin.

Theona Gale

THE people of this town have long been afraid of Theona Gale, she is so quiet, proper and dignified. When Theona was a school girl the other children were uncomfortable because they feared she did not approve of them. Half the time she wouldn't play with them, their games were so rough or so lacking in dignity. After Theona became a young lady she was still a problem, she was so much better than anybody else.

But when Ben Gale came here from Centerville he didn't share the general fear of Theona. In fact he began

"My Wife Is Poorly. I am Compelled to Remain at Home a Good Deal"

going with her, and they were soon married. The other boys had never gone with her much, they were so afraid of her, and probably she took up Ben in sheer desperation. Ben is a noisy man and talks all the time, and he thinks his wife Theona queer because of her quietness and dignity. She makes the rest of us feel chilly and uncomfortable every time we go into her presence, but Ben has been known to say to her, "Theona, you act funny! Where are your manners?"

Ben thinks his ways and the ways of the rest of us are superior to those of his wife Theona, and is trying to reform her; and his efforts amuse us very much.

Heath Kemp

HEATH KEMP is a little wild, and everybody talks about it a good deal. I have known Heath all his life, and do not believe he is as wild as he pretends to be; I sometimes think he is rather proud of his reputation.

He goes with Joe Farrell a lot, and Heath's wife says Joe led him astray, as he was previously a steady man.

Heath heard of his wife's charges against Joe, and said with a show of indignation, "Why, I led Joe astray!"

But Heath and Joe haven't gone so far they cannot save themselves if they want to.

Bill Dubb

WHEN Elder Hart opened the doors of the church at the recent revival the first man up was Bill Dubb, of Oklahoma. He was interviewed by the reporters, and told them he had been trying to be a better man a long time and, hearing of our revival, finally concluded to give his heart to the Lord and his right hand to Elder Hart. Bill said he was poor and had walked most of the way from Oklahoma, but now his heart was light and he was a better man.

The fact that Bill hadn't resolved to be a better man in Oklahoma and given his right hand to some of the respectable clergymen in that state made many suspicious of him. His action in being the first man to go forward, the freedom with which he talked of his sins to the reporters, caused the suspicion to become general that Bill was a professional joiner.

And, sure enough, within a few days he asked a dozen members of the church for money with which to get back to Oklahoma and tell his wife and children the good news.

George Lee

THE manner in which George Lee and Lum Lindsey hate each other is so fierce that it has become amusing. They are rival editors, and the men like to go to George and abuse Lum to him.

"Lum is so mean," one man said to George, "that it is only a question of time until someone shoots him."

"I have been hearing that for twenty years," George replied, "and have lost hope."

Lum hears the same thing about George; and Lum, too, he has often said, has lost hope.

Amos Horner

AMOS HORNER received a telephone message from the depot late one night saying his father was there looking for him. Amos hurried down to the depot, and, sure enough, there was his father, lying on a cot in the baggage room; he was old, ill, ragged, and all the baggage he carried was a pasteboard box that had once contained a pair of shoes.

Amos lives with his mother; we had never heard him mention his father and supposed he was dead. Amos took him home and sent for the doctors, who said Amos' mother was never in the room when they called and that the old man had a hard, unforgiving look on his face. In a week he died, and the attendance at the funeral was large, there was so much wonder about the affair. Amos' mother was not present in the room where the exercises were held, nor did she go to the cemetery. Amos never said anything, and to this day I know no more about it than you know now.

Breck Field

BRECK FIELD was growling to his wife one day because he is a slave to the tobacco habit. He smokes an old pipe a good deal, but is always trying to smoke less. If he gets a drop of nicotine on his clothing he is compelled to throw the suit away. An old pipe is an offensive thing, and Breck hates himself for using one.

His wife said she had seen a pipe advertised somewhere that was self-cleaning; a pipe so constructed that the accumulation of nicotine was impossible.

"This," Breck replied wearily, looking at his offensive pipe, "is one of them."

Jim Howe

WHEN I was a little boy I worked in a printing office with my brother Jim, who was noted as a good boy. One Christmas morning we were given a dollar each. I went out and spent my money in ten minutes. Then I remembered that Jim also had been given a dollar and probably hadn't had time to spend it, so I went back to the office with a view of borrowing it.

He was much displeased at my shiftlessness. Going into the box where he kept his things he showed me ten of Beadle's dime novels.

Waving them in front of me he said with virtuous indignation, "Why didn't you spend your money for good books, as I did?"

Joe Tull

JOE TULL says his wife is always saying that in case he becomes so bad she will be forced to leave him she will have no trouble in taking care of herself and the children.

Joe believes making a living for a family is quite a serious undertaking, but his wife laughs at the idea. She says making money is easy; that some day Joe will aggravate her beyond endurance with his grumbling about bills, and she will show him.

She talked so much about it that Joe once induced her, after much effort, to tell him of her plans. With a look of triumph she handed him a slip cut from a newspaper, saying there were plenty more like it where that came from.

The slip read:

AGENTS WANTED—$300 to $500 a month made by women at home. No publicity; no canvassing: pleasant work and no capital necessary. Only a few hours a day required. Address in confidence, etc.

The Chalmers Plant, where manufacturing processes have been developed to a high degree, and where the Chalmers Six today is built complete

Unusual Dollar-Value in New Series Chalmers $1295

More than a year of intensive six-cylinder engineering has brought forth, in the New Series Chalmers Six, results that are little short of wonderful.

First of all, it has created a dollar-value for the owner that is probably without precedent or parallel.

All the characteristic good points of the six as a type have been advanced to a higher plane—even where there might have seemed no room for advancement.

The flow of power from the engine has been made even more smooth; the blending of impulses more complete. The splendid flexibility is yet more pronounced; more responsive to the will of the driver or his need.

Every advantage was with Chalmers engineers, for they have behind them shops trained to closest precision in manufacture.

Superior value, as expressed in beauty and finish and fittings, will be apparent from the moment you see the New Series Chalmers. The way it performs, and the comfort of its riding and driving, will tell you conclusively that it richly merits its high rank among fine cars.

Chalmers Motor Car Company, Detroit, Michigan

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The
CHALMERS
SIX

European Statesmanship and the Advent of Democracy—By BARON ROSEN

IF ONE casts a backward glance at the political history of Europe in the nineteenth century one can hardly fail to be impressed by the fact that it has, in the main, been the history of a struggle for mastery between two principles of authority—an old, definite and venerable one, hallowed by the beliefs and traditions of ages, vindicated by the experience of centuries as the cement guaranteeing the solidity of the social and political fabrics of states; and on the other side a new, vague and untried principle, born of the intellectual movement started by J. J. Rousseau and the French Encyclopædists, which had led to the outbreak of the Revolution, degenerated into the Reign of Terror, and was subdued for a time by the Cæsarean autocracy of Napoleon but continued to sway the minds of men unsettled by the aftermath of the Revolution and the Napoleonic Wars.

This novel principle, tending to subvert and supersede the time-honored principle of authority vested in the legitimate hereditary monarchy under whose undisputed sway European mankind had been living and thriving for centuries, was the principle of democracy, or, in other words, the doctrine of the sovereignty of the people as the only legitimate source of authority in the state.

It was but natural that the advent of democracy, heralded as it was by the sanguinary excesses of the Revolution, should have been at first regarded as a formidable menace to the welfare of nations and should therefore have been strenuously resisted by the representatives of the old order of things and of a principle of authority which since time immemorial had been unquestionably accepted and believed in by almost all civilized mankind. And it was the consciousness of the common danger implied in this menace that united the rulers of the leading nations of Europe in a colossal effort to combat the spirit of the Revolution to the bitter end by crushing the power of Napoleon, considered to have been its protagonist and personification.

But the spirit of the Revolution could not be exorcised by force of arms. Its onward march could not be stayed indefinitely, and it was this inevitably prolonged struggle of fruitless endeavors to retard its ultimate victory that stamped the nineteenth century as an epoch of transition between the passing of an old and the birth of a new order of things, an epoch in some respects not unlike that which preceded the end of the Roman Empire.

The way in which statesmanship in various countries of Europe dealt with the novel situation which confronted it would form a fascinating object of study, but could not be treated exhaustively within the limits of the present article. Nevertheless, even a cursory examination of this interesting subject would, one would think, be of use in an endeavor to shed some light on the remoter deep-lying causes of the catastrophe that has overtaken the modern world. Before, however, approaching this task it will be necessary to determine as far as possible the exact sense in which the term "democracy" will have to be used in dealing with the subject under consideration.

Lord Bryce's Definition of Democracy

FOR a definition of democracy no better source of enlightenment could possibly be thought of than the chapter treating of this subject in Viscount Bryce's recently published remarkable book, Modern Democracies, in which the venerable author's philosophical turn of mind and profound wisdom of statesmanship find expression in judgments supported by a wealth of knowledge, acquired not by study merely, but by active personal experience.

To quote from Chapter III of Volume I of Lord Bryce's book, this is what he says on the subject:

> The word "Democracy" has been used ever since the time of Herodotus to denote that form of government in which the ruling power of the state is legally vested, not in any particular class or classes, but in the members of the community as a whole. This means in communities which act by voting, that rule belongs to the majority, as no other method has been found for determining peaceably and legally what is to be deemed the will of a community which is not unanimous. Usage has made this the accepted sense of the term, and usage is the safest guide in the employment of words.
>
> Democracy, as the rule of the Many, was by the Greeks opposed to Monarchy, which is the rule of One, and to Oligarchy, which is the rule of the Few, i.e., of a class privileged either by birth or by property. Thus it came to be taken as denoting in practice that form of government in which the poorer class, always the more numerous, did in fact rule; and the term "Demos" was often used to describe not the whole people, but that particular class as distinguished from the wealthier and much smaller class. Moderns sometimes also use it thus to describe what we call "the masses," in contradistinction to "the classes." But it is better to employ the word as meaning neither more nor less than the Rule of the Majority, the "classes" and "masses" of the whole people being taken together.

Having given the above definition of democracy, Lord Bryce admits that when it comes to applying this definition to concrete cases many questions arise, such, for instance, as: What is meant by a political community, and whether it includes all the inhabitants of a given area, or those only who possess full civic rights, the so-called qualified citizens. In this connection it will be observed that Lord Bryce, in his definition, refers also to the Greek practice of taking democracy to denote that form of government in which the poorer class did in fact rule, and to the habit of using the term "Demos" to describe not the whole people, but that particular class as distinguished from the wealthier and much smaller class.

Now when we consider that the Greek states, from whose organization and language all our political nomenclature, such as monarchy, aristocracy, democracy, ochlocracy, and the like, is derived, were all small—so to speak—city states whose characteristic was that all the qualified citizens could assemble in the city for legislative and other purposes; and when we consider furthermore that the qualification for citizenship was rigorous and excluded all the slaves, who were more numerous than the free population, as well as all resident and subject aliens, it will be seen that democracy in the land of its origin was a highly exclusive form of government, practically restricted to what would now be denoted as the middle-class bourgeoisie, the more numerous slave population corresponding to what is now called the proletariat.

The Bourgeois French Revolution

WHEN we consider, lastly, that the direct rule of democracy is a physical impossibility, save in very small states, and that the essence of modern representative government is that it is not in any sense a government of the people by the people, but merely a government of the people by a restricted number of representatives, or, in effect, by an oligarchy, drawn mostly from the ranks of the bourgeoisie and elected by the people to govern on its behalf—it must be conceded; it would seem, that the term "democracy" applied to such a system of government is really a misnomer, serving merely to veil or camouflage its true nature as the rule of the bourgeoisie, or in other words, the rule of the classes in contradistinction to the masses; that is to say, to the real Demos. Nevertheless, for purposes of the present disquisition it will be convenient to use the term "democracy" in the general sense defined by Lord Bryce.

Incidentally I would remark that by a curious but, after all, comprehensible perversion of terminology the term "democratic" is nowadays applied by the adepts of Bolshevism or Marxian socialism as a term of opprobrium to all so-called bourgeois or capitalistic governments, as well as to all socialistic parties hostile to communism and opposed to the dictatorship of the proletariat.

It should always be kept in mind that the French Revolution, from which is held to date the advent of democracy as a principle of authority, was in its origin essentially a revolt of the middle class, or bourgeoisie, against the absolute monarchy supported by the aristocracy. The weighty words attributed to the Abbé Sieyès, as a member of the National Constituent Assembly "What is the Tiers Etat?"—the middle class—"Nothing! What should it be? Everything!"—sounded the true note of this revolt. It also determined the true and lasting meaning of the political upheaval inaugurated by the Revolution, whose excesses of every kind were merely the product of the temporary aberration of a society shaken to its foundations by events which the original leaders of the Revolution were powerless to control. "The great Revolution," it has been said, "was merely a bourgeois revolution; proletarian revolution is yet to come, and when it comes it may mean the end of civilization."

In unhappy Russia it has come and has turned a once mighty and prosperous empire into a wilderness of primitive barbarism and a once great nation into a herd of listless slaves to Bolshevist tyrants, writhing in an agony of anarchy, starvation and despair.

There was in the French Revolution one characteristic feature which stamped it at once and unmistakably as a bourgeois revolution, and not a revolt of the have-nots against the haves, and that was the fact that the men of 1789 placed the right of property and of its enjoyment among the inviolable natural rights of man. It would, indeed, seem probable that had the essentially reasonable and moderate character of the original demands of the bourgeoisie been recognized and its claims to some participation in the government of the country been satisfied while it was yet time—in other words, had the French monarchy and aristocracy been possessed of the same sound political instinct and spirit of compromise that have hitherto enabled their British counterparts to weather all storms that have ever threatened to wreck the British ship of state, the French monarchy might have survived as a constitutional monarchy and France and Europe might have been spared the cataclysm, the consequences of which make themselves felt to this hour and have led up to the chaotic conditions in which Europe seems to be hopelessly weltering at present.

The same lack of foresight, the same lack of comprehension of the true and, in its initial stages, justifiable nature of the Revolution were displayed by European statesmanship when confronted with the bloody specter of the newborn republic, bent in the name of so-called democracy on the destruction of throne and altar theretofore held sacred by the peoples of Europe and hallowed in their eyes by the traditions and experience of centuries as the only safe foundation of the social and political fabrics of states.

It was the terror inspired by this specter that had united the leading powers of Europe in the determination to combat it to the bitter end. But when, with the final downfall of Napoleon as the protagonist of revolutionary Cæsarean democracy, the specter had seemingly been laid forever and the principle of authority vested in legitimate monarchy had been restored on what was thought to be the immutable foundation of the Holy Alliance, divergences of views on fundamental questions did not fail to impair the apparent unanimity of the victorious powers. The principle of absolute monarchy as the foundation of the Holy Alliance could evidently not be accepted without reservations by a constitutional monarchy such as Great Britain, and it was only by the grant of a constitution that Louis XVIII could render acceptable to the nation the restoration of the Bourbon dynasty to the throne of France. Even Alexander I himself, although Autocrat of Russia, granted the Polish people a constitution as King of Poland, united to Russia under his scepter.

Antagonism in the Holy Alliance

BEFORE long it became evident that the disruption of the Holy Alliance could at best be only a question of time, since the leading powers composing it were divided in two groups more or less antagonistic to each other on lines corresponding to the form of government each one of them possessed. The politically more advanced Western powers, Great Britain and France, were already—the former, indeed, had been for centuries—in possession of a form of representative government which, although based on a limited franchise and monarchical in principle, was capable of undergoing a gradual evolution, bringing it nearer the ideal of an organization of the state to which the term "democratic," as defined by Lord Bryce, could be applied.

Not so, however, the remaining three members of the Holy Alliance—Prussia, Austria and Russia. They were culturally and politically in a more backward state than Great Britain and France, and they rank in this respect in the order in which their names are mentioned here. Their statesmen could only see the ominously threatening fact that the fundamental ideas of the Revolution had acquired a firm hold on the minds of men and that they were exercising an ever-growing influence which was bound slowly to undermine and ultimately destroy the faith of peoples in the divine right of kings and the sacred character of absolute monarchy. To guard their peoples from the baneful influence of these ideas became the most important task they set themselves.

In the pursuit of this task they resorted to the usual means—not unknown to governments even in free countries in times of suspended constitutional guaranties—with the result that ideas which a ruthless repression had driven underground and which had been gathering explosive force in the dark, as soon as the February Revolution of 1848 in Paris had given the signal, caused revolutionary outbreaks and movements throughout Continental Europe, except Russia. The temporary collapse of autocracies before these outbreaks was followed everywhere, after their suppression, by a period of reaction. Even

(Continued on Page 33)

PEERLESS

All that the name implies

MARCH 1922

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But, as a careful buyer, he knows that value is never established by price; that it is the result, on the contrary, of years of patient building-up, and that a reputation for value is earned only by the unvarying service of the product over a long period.

His satisfaction in the Peerless as an investment rests on his belief,—which is substantiated by the facts—that the continued wonderful performance of the car is the fruit of years of skillful co-ordination of purchasing, designing, manufacturing, selling and servicing.

That expert co-ordination, and its expression in the splendid reliability of the car itself, are the origin and source of the high esteem which is awarded to the Peerless everywhere.

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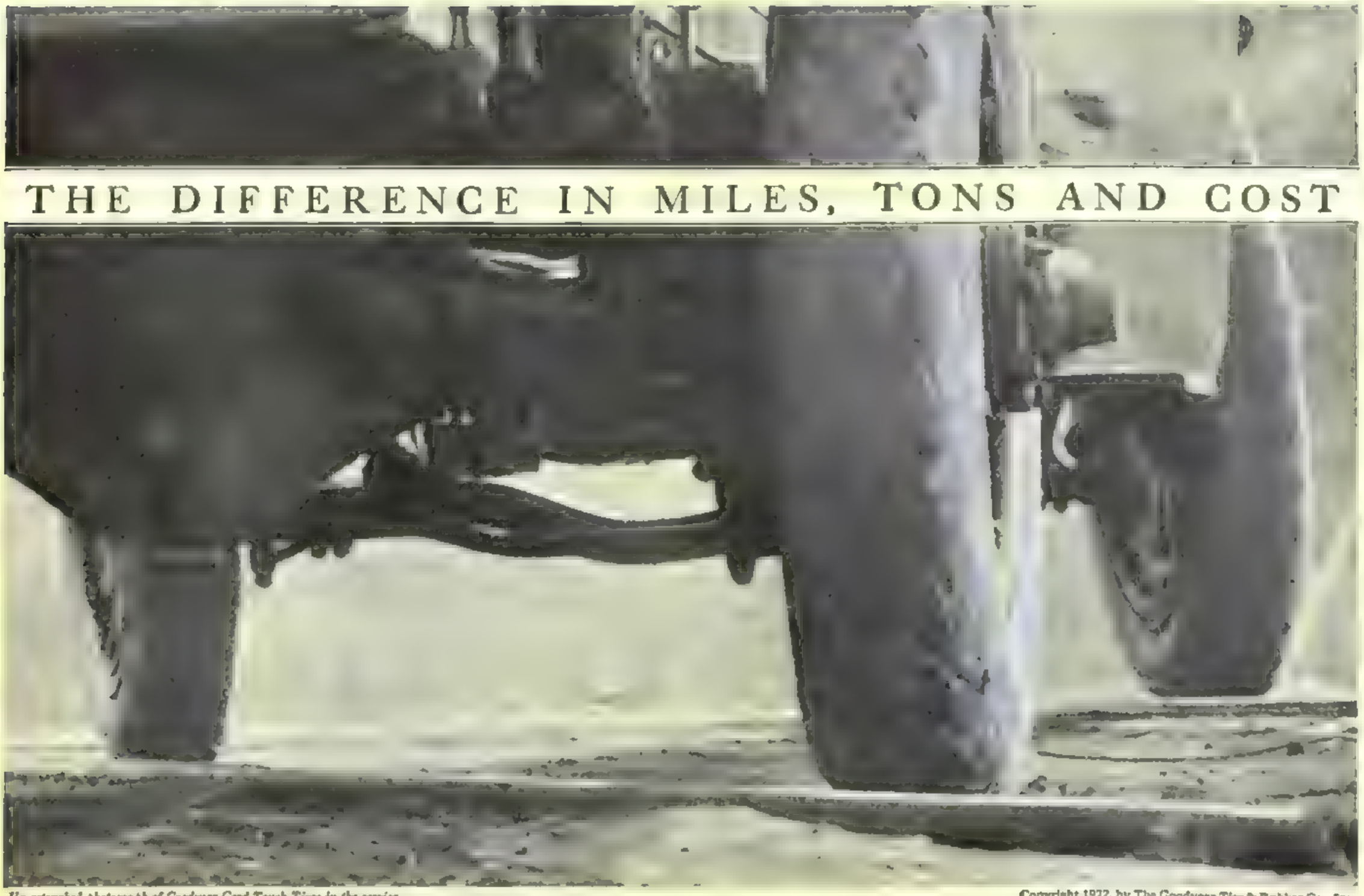
Seven Passenger Touring Car, $2790; Four Passenger Roadster, $2790; Four Passenger Coupé, $3500; Five Passenger Sedan, $3650; Seven Passenger Sedan, $3790; Seven Passenger Sedan-Limousine, $4060; F. O. B. Cleveland

The Peerless Motor Car Company has been acquired and is being operated by R. H. Collins and his associates

THE DIFFERENCE IN MILES, TONS AND COST



Un-retouched photograph of Goodyear Cord Truck Tires in the service of Auer & Twitchell, Inc., Paper Manufacturers, Philadelphia, Pa.

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"Goodyear Cord Truck Tires have opened the way for prompt delivery of our goods by truck to New York. On them we deliver, with one truck, three times as much tonnage as two teams were able to haul in the same time. The same work with solid tires would require the services of two more trucks. The Goodyear Cords travel rapidly over rough roads and through city traffic, in winter as in summer. Three of them at this time have gone 14,420 miles. They have all the quality we ever expect to find in a truck tire, and the Goodyear Service on them has been careful, prompt and efficient."—HERBERT S. FOX, Secretary, Auer & Twitchell, Inc., Philadelphia, Pa.

THERE is a difference between Goodyear Cord Truck Tires and ordinary pneumatic tires for trucks, and that difference shows in such dependable, economical performance as Goodyears are giving this well-known manufacturer of paper.

It is a difference that is built into them, by their exclusive Goodyear design and construction, Goodyear experience and workmanship, and Goodyear quality of materials.

Their greater strength, their longer life, and their greater tractive power, activity and cushioning, are not to be expected from any pneumatic tire less scientifically designed and less carefully built.

They get their sure traction from their Goodyear All-Weather Tread, that holds securely on slippery pavements and on muddy roads, on city streets and in country going. Their tractive grip carries the truck onward full distance at every turn of the wheel, and saves fuel and engine strain.

Goodyear Cord Truck Tire (Pneumatic)

Goodyear All-Weather Tread

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Their notable activity makes possible increased deliveries and effects marked economy in the hauling of many industries. Their buoyant resilience everywhere protects the truck and its load, cushions the driver, and saves the road. Their full strength is always under the load.

Goodyear Cord Truck Tires are recommended as all 'round equipment on trucks up to three-ton capacity, and on the front wheels of heavy-duty trucks, wherever maximum traction, cushioning and wide range of operation are desired, and where body clearances and loads permit.

For every hauling need there are special Goodyear Truck Tires—Goodyear Cords, Goodyear All-Weather Tread Solids, Goodyear Cushion Tires. Call upon your Goodyear dealer for the benefit of his unbiased judgment in specifying the particular Goodyear Truck Tire that will serve you longest and best.

GOODYEAR

(Continued from Page 30)

France, having during three agitated years tasted of republican liberty as well as of incipient communistic anarchy, was content to confer almost unanimously by a plebiscite the supreme power, with the title of Emperor, on Napoleon III.

It was reserved for the World War to bring about the final collapse and destruction of the three great historic empires, and with it to reduce the greater part of Europe to a condition of ruin and chaos from which it may take it generations to recover, a result which seems to be sometimes hailed as a triumph of democracy and as having made the world safe for it.

In the presence of the catastrophe that has overtaken the three empires some pertinent queries might suggest themselves; as for instance, whether such a tragic issue of the struggle between the two principles of authority, the monarchical principle and the democratic principle, in the sense of Lord Bryce's definition of democracy, could have been averted by the timely adoption by these empires of a form of government in harmony with the democratic principle, such as in the British Empire had been found entirely compatible with the institution of monarchy; and if so, what could have prevented the leading statesmen of these empires from adopting such a policy when it might have meant the salvation of their countries.

To the first of these questions only a conditional answer could be returned. Yes, if by the adoption by the three empires of a democratic form of government the outbreak of the war itself could have been prevented; for otherwise the issue would have been determined, as it actually has been, by the fortune of arms.

The American Representative Republic

THE second question might be answered by pointing out that the leading statesmen of the three empires were not statesmen in the Western sense, able to plan and carry out policies of their own under their own responsibility. They were merely servants of the sovereigns, to whom they were solely responsible and whose ultimate responsibility in turn covered theirs. They were, besides, merely estimable functionaries, who in the course of bureaucratic routine or by court favor had been promoted to the high posts where the destinies of nations were seemingly placed in their irresponsible hands. In their policies they could only reflect, apart from the will of their sovereigns, the tendencies prevailing in the higher circles of the bureaucracy, the army, the navy and, generally speaking, of the ruling classes.

These prevalent tendencies were distinctly opposed to the admission of wider circles to a participation in the government; in other words, to the democratization of the state. Human nature alone would be a sufficient explanation, if not palliation, of such an attitude. Possessors of power are rarely inclined to relinquish voluntarily any part of it—the example of a Diocletian or a Charles V has had few if any imitators—and ruling classes are no more disposed to forgo the privileges and advantages they hold to be their due.

The democratization of the British state itself, always in political development the most advanced state in Europe, has been the result of slow evolution in the course of centuries. In practice, if not in theory, Great Britain has been governed by what was really an oligarchy, representing the nobility and the landed gentry, ever since the revolution of 1689 and down to the Reform Bill of 1832, when the middle class, or bourgeoisie, began to acquire the predominating influence which by the now completed democratization of the state may be destined to pass into the hands of what is termed "labor."

Blind prejudice alone could deny that under the rule of the classes Great Britain has grown from an insignificant island kingdom, limited in extent and population, to be the greatest, most populous and most prosperous empire of the modern world, and that under their rule the English people have been in the undisturbed enjoyment of the fullest measure of liberty and of an unshakable stability of order and security of life and property under the law such as other nations of Europe could but envy and admire. What the presumably impending rule of the masses may have in store for the British Empire is a riddle which the future alone can solve.

If the establishment of the rule of democracy, in the sense of Lord Bryce's definition, has been of such a comparatively recent date in Great Britain, and of still more recent date in France—that is to say, in the two most advanced states in Europe—is it to be wondered at that the ruling powers in more backward countries, such as Germany, Austria and Russia, should have hesitated to bow to the spirit of the age and to adapt themselves to the inevitable? It might be doing them an injustice to suppose that they failed to realize that the ultimately unavoidable passing of the traditional time-honored principle of authority would necessitate the substitution for it of a new and no less generally accepted one, and that that would be the principle of the sovereignty of the people—that is to say, of democracy.

What they apparently failed to realize was that in its application to practical politics the principle of democracy did not necessarily imply the justly dreaded direct rule of the Demos, the multitude, whose fitness for such a task they had every reason to doubt, and that the surest way to prevent this dreaded contingency would be to favor the advent to power of the bourgeoisie under a democratic electoral system allowing for the widest possible extension of the franchise, provided only that the representative character of the government be preserved.

The great importance of the latter point, I would say in this connection, is brought out with particular force and lucidity in Mr. Alleyne Ireland's illuminating treatise on Democracy and the Human Equation, whose purport to call attention to the gravest peril confronting democracy in this country is aptly epitomized in these words of the preface to his book:

"There is every indication that the military conflict which ended two years ago is to be followed by one of a different character and of a deeper significance to human society. On one side will be ranged those who wish to preserve the institutions of representative government, on the other those who wish to destroy them," and who, through propaganda of the initiative, the referendum and the recall are attempting to set up a direct democracy. And in support of his warning he quotes on another page of his book some pertinent remarks from a public address delivered in 1911 by Governor Emmet O'Neal, of Alabama, where he said in part:

> The wise men who framed the Constitution of the United States, after mature reflection, thorough investigation and debate, unanimously discarded the system of direct legislation and established a representative republic as contradistinguished to a social or pure democracy. They had renounced the divine right of kings, but were unwilling to establish the divine right of majorities. Direct action by the people they deprecated.

Nor can the soundness of another of the author's contentions be questioned when he says in his preface:

> Representative government—whether it is applied in a republic or in a limited monarchy—is capable of performing more efficiently than any other system, and with less restraint upon personal liberty, whatever functions any self-governing people may deem proper to government.

However, in judging from the American viewpoint of the shortcomings of European statesmanship in its attitude towards democracy one should not lose sight of the essential dissimilarity of conditions, of historical developments, of inherited mentality, and the like, which differentiates this country and the American people from the countries and peoples of Europe. Thus the institution of monarchy, unknown to this continent but natural in certain states of society, had been for nearly twenty centuries the only system of government known to the countries of Europe, barring the Swiss cantons and the States-General of Holland, until the French Revolution; but even in France the republic became firmly established only fifty years ago; and as late as November, 1905, the people of Norway, called upon, after the severance of the union with Sweden, to vote on the question of the establishment of a republic or the election of a monarch, by a plebiscite resulting in a large majority pronounced themselves in favor of the election of Prince Charles of Denmark as king, who was thereupon unanimously elected by the Storthing as King of Norway, he taking the name of Haakon VII. Also the habit of speaking of monarchy as an evil in itself, to be condemned on principle and destroyed whenever possible in order to make the world safe for democracy, is hardly to be commended, considering that, for instance, the British monarchy, to which the English profess devoted attachment and which has given them, if not the best and freest, at any rate as good and free a government as ever existed in this world, was not so many centuries ago an autocracy in no way different from autocracies on the European Continent, and that there is no reason why the latter should not by gradual evolution in an appreciably near future undergo a similar transformation.

The Political Desire of the Masses

BESIDES, when condemning the tardiness and slowness of such an evolution it would be well never to forget, as Lord Bryce very justly remarks, "that nowhere have the masses of the people shown a keen or abiding desire for political power, and that the sense of civic right and passion for equality are nowhere felt by all the people, in many countries not even by a majority and in some only by a small minority."

Indeed, the conviction that a keen desire for political power, in the very nature of things, could animate only a minority in a nation, and that a minority, whether large or small, could have no indisputable right to claim the satisfaction of its desire for power, may have been one of the weightiest considerations which were determining the resistance to such desire on the part of the ruling powers, as long as the majority acquiesced in their rule. On the other hand one might say that as really serious revolutionary movements hardly ever originate spontaneously with the popular masses, but are usually the result of long-continued propaganda work among them, conducted under the leadership of revolutionary elements drawn from a discontented minority, it would be the part of wisdom to disarm its discontent by removing its causes and admitting the minority to a share in the responsibility of government.

However, it is a regrettable but indisputable fact that of the great nations of Europe the English people is the only one that has, in the age-long practice of political liberty and self-government, fully developed qualities and capacities which may be dormant but have not yet asserted themselves in other nations, rendering them equally fit for a régime of self-governing democracy. Also, that is a fact with which responsible rulers would have to reckon, for any attempt to plant institutions more or less democratic in a soil not prepared for them either by education and political principles or by the habits of self-government could only end in failure.

In discussing similar matters it is difficult to resist the temptation to draw from such an inexhaustible fount of knowledge, wisdom and experience as Lord Bryce's latest book and I hope my readers will pardon me if I yield to it unblushingly.

"It is said with truth," writes Lord Bryce, "that knowledge and experience as well as intelligence are needed to fit a people for free self-government. But a still graver defect than the want of experience is the want of a desire for self-government in the mass of a nation. As a rule, that which the mass of any people desires is not to govern itself but to be well governed."

In the last tersely expressed sentence Lord Bryce states what is not only an incontrovertible truth, but also the only criterion a government may properly be judged by, instead of by having applied to it terms of *a priori* condemnatory opprobrium, such as czarism or kaiserism or autocracy; and of the question whether a people is well governed or not, the only competent judge is that people itself.

Lord Bryce utters another incontrovertible truth when he further writes: "When a people allow an old-established government like that of the Tsars or the Manchus to be overthrown, it is because they resent its oppressions or despise its incompetence. But this does not mean that they wish to govern themselves."

The Elements of a Democracy

NOR does it mean, I would add, that the Russian people wish to be governed by a purblind doctrinaire Miliukoff, with his crew of honest incapables, or by a spineless socialistic mountebank Kerensky, or by a demented fanatic Lenine, with his following of murderous bandits, or the Chinese by a Sun Yat Sen or other Westernized *literati*.

In summarizing the foregoing reasonings I must again quote Lord Bryce, when on another page of his book he writes:

> Meantime let us recognize that neither the conviction that power is better entrusted to the people than to a ruling One or Few, nor the desire of the average man to share in the government of his own community, has in fact been a strong force inducing political change. Popular government has in fact been sought and won and valued not as a good thing in itself, but as a means of getting rid of tangible grievances, or securing tangible benefits, and when these objects have been attained the interest in it has generally tended to decline. Nevertheless, although democracy has spread and although no country that has tried it shows any signs of forsaking it, we are not yet entitled to hold with the men of 1789 that it is the natural and therefore, in the long run, the inevitable form of government. Much has happened since the rising sun of liberty dazzled the eyes of the States-General at Versailles. Popular government has not yet been proved to guarantee always and everywhere good government. If it be improbable, yet it is not unthinkable that, as in many countries impatience with tangible evils substituted democracy for monarchy or oligarchy, a like impatience might some day reverse the process.

The question of paramount interest, however, is not whether democracy is the best possible system of government or why it has not been adopted by the politically more backward nations before it was thrust upon them as a consequence of defeat, but whether its adoption by these nations could have prevented the outbreak of the late war, or whether its general adoption by all nations could prevent the possibility or at least the probability of the occurrence of similar wars in the future.

An answer to this question, and for the matter of that a merely tentative one, can be given only after elucidation of another most important question—namely, what are the elements in a democracy in whose hands is placed, not theoretically but practically, all the power of government and consequently the determination of policies which may lead to international conflicts and wars?

In attempting to clear up this point—that is, of course, if we wish to deal not with popular illusions and empty slogans but with sober realities—we are at once confronted with the discovery that the very element commonly described as democracy and understood to mean the rule of the people will have to be left out of account for the simple reason that in the large states of the modern world there is not nor can there be any such thing as pure democracy in the sense of the rule of the many; just as there is not nor can be any such thing as pure monarchy in the sense of the rule of one. The direct rule of the many is

AN OIL gusher is a fine thing if it is located on your bachelor uncle's farm near Tulsa, Oklahoma. But who wants a gusher right under the hood of his automobile?

Not you, of course.

I say, let's have the oil in the proper place—either on the hair or in the crankcase—and let's be sure that the oil remains on our polished locks *and in the crankcase*. You can confine it to your hair by making use of the wife's fancy initial towels that she saves for company. And you can keep it out of the top part of your motor by junking your old, overweight, under-size, misfit, expensive pistons and replacing them with a set of Spencer-Smith lightweights.

If you have a lot of oil-pumping griefs—a trail of smoke, a lazy motor, big oil bills, dirty spark plugs, and carbon knocks are just a few—blame them on your pistons and you have named the guilty parties.

It took me five years to learn that you can't doctor pistons. You can swear at them. You can abuse them. But when they get to pumping oil, there's nothing to do but growl and bear it—or grin and get rid of them.

When you have reached the "grin-and-get-rid-of-them" stage, remember this: Spencer-Smith precision pistons stop oil pumping because we groove them for that purpose. This groove (which circles the piston below the third ring) traps the trouble-making oil and, through non-clogging holes, drains it back to the proper place even faster than the butcher, the baker, and the gas company drain your wallet.

Another thing, Spencer-Smiths fit snugly—hug the cylinder walls as if they were cheek-trotting.

Because we get down to splitting hairs when we make them, Spencer-Smiths are as round as human skill plus superhuman measuring machines can make a piston. I think you'll admit that splitting a hair is indulging in some pretty fine measuring. Yet we machine Spencer-Smith Pistons so accurately that we can't find any variation when we gauge them to one-half of the thickness of a hair off my head.

And I am not bald, either.

Oh yes, the boss has turned author. Of course, he's no Irvin Cobb or Ring Lardner. But for a novice he does fairly well. I didn't know that pistons were so all-fired important until I read his first masterpiece, "Making Your Pistons Pay a Profit." The first edition is just off the press and if you want an autographed copy you can have it. Just send me a post card, care of the Spencer-Smith Machine Company, Howell, Michigan, and don't bother about return postage.

SpenSmith

No Other Piston Has This

[illegible] that groove and the oil holes. They stop oil pumping. On the down stroke the oil is wiped into [illegible] and from there the holes drain it back into the crank case. They make special rings to collect [illegible]. Let the expanding snap rings on Spencer-Smith Pistons and you are sure for satisfaction

(10)

SPENCER-SMITH PISTONS

Built by the largest manufacturers of pistons exclusively

possible only in the smallest communities such as New England town meetings or partly Swiss cantons, just as the direct rule of one has been possible only in the small city states of the ancient world or when, as Lord Bryce observes, he is, like Cæsar or Napoleon, a superman in intellect and energy.

The possibility of the direct rule of the many no less than that of one being excluded, it follows logically that the really ruling power in modern states, whether they be unlimited or limited monarchies, or else monarchical or republican democracies, will be oligarchy, the rule of the few, the only difference being that in democracies the choice of the very limited number of individuals composing the actually governing group within the oligarchy is effected directly or indirectly by popular election, whereas in monarchies it depends on the will of the monarch or the influence of court circles or classes. And the best that can be said in favor of preference being given in this respect to democracy is, as Lord Bryce expressed it, that:

> Although Free Government cannot but be and has in reality always been an Oligarchy within a Democracy, but it is Oligarchy not in the historical sense of the Rule of a Class, but rather in the original sense of the word, the rule of Few instead of Many individuals; to wit, those few whom neither birth nor wealth nor race distinguishes from the rest, but only Nature in having given them qualities or opportunities she has denied to others."

In effect, however, the result is the same. For whatever form of government may prevail in a given state, the determination of its policies, foreign no less than domestic, will in the last resort always be dependent on the personal equation of the infinitesimally small number of individuals composing the actually governing group of the ruling oligarchy.

A Glimmer of Hope

This element of personal equation in those who practically rule the world is of the utmost importance, and it stands to reason that it is everywhere and indeed cannot help being subject to the influence of generally prevalent ideas, tendencies and passions bred of historical developments, of centuries of rivalry and strife and conflicts of interests. Therefore, to maintain that the governing oligarchy in democracies would, as a matter of principle, be more inclined than its counterpart in monarchies to favor the cause of peace would be a proposition that is not borne out by the facts, as the history of the late war and its disastrous indefinite prolongation amply demonstrate in the eyes of all those who are not blinded by the preachings of war propaganda.

Be that as it may, there is one thing that cannot be gainsaid, and that is that the triumph of democracy, which has brought about the collapse and passing of the three great monarchies, has not only not removed the fundamental cause of the periodical disturbances of the European peace, but has intensified the perennial centuries-old feud between the Teuton and the Gaul and linked with it in a more acute form the more recent and lesser feud between the Slav and the Teuton; in a word, has prepared the ground for new and perhaps even more embittered wars in the future.

There may be some faint glimmer of hope that thinking mankind will some day awaken to a realization of the fact that most of the causes of strife between nations, of distrust, of rivalry, of conflicts of supposed interests are not realities, but merely creatures of the brain of an infinitely small minority, phantoms that would vanish into thin air in the light of reason, or else they are artificially created, fostered and exploited in the interests of those few who seek in international strife and conflicts and wars the satisfaction of their ambitions or of their greed. To take but a few of the empty slogans which have so often served to befuddle and to excite the minds of the multitude, what is the meaning of hegemony and what would be its practical use to the nation which could glory in its possession? What is the meaning of the various keys, such as the key to the Mediterranean, or the key to this or that ocean or continent, or of such profound sayings as "The Power which would conquer Constantinople would be the mistress of the world," and so forth?

The Will of the Masses

All such really meaningless slogans are being thoughtlessly repeated by millions of mortals until they become articles of faith and deluded peoples are willing and eager to shed rivers of blood in their name.

Much has been made by friends of peace of one characteristic circumstance connected with the traditional policies of the great powers dealing with international relations, and that was that they were mostly pursued in secret, unbeknown sometimes even to their colleagues in office, by a very restricted number of persons belonging to the inner circle of the ruling oligarchy of the countries concerned, whether monarchies or democracies. Such were the negotiations between the Russian and French chiefs of the general staffs which led to the conclusion in 1892 of a secret military convention regarding joint military operations in prevision of a prospective war with Germany, which subsequently became known as the Franco-Russian Alliance. Such also were similar secret negotiations which took place between the English and French general staffs in 1907.

That the objects pursued by policies like those here referred to render secret negotiations and the conclusion of secret agreements between governments an unavoidable necessity will be readily granted. Likewise, that such necessity cannot be avoided by democratic or republican governments any more than by autocracies or constitutionally governed monarchies. The question therefore is not whether the general adoption by all nations of democratic government would prevent the practice of secret diplomacy, considered by some to be the greatest menace to the peace of the world—a question which can only be answered in the negative—but the question is whether the very policies which render necessary secret diplomacy would not be abandoned if real democracy—that is to say, the will of the masses of the people—were everywhere to prevail.

In this connection it might be observed that the traditional policies of European governments in their international relations and the ends these policies were pursuing have generally had if not the approval at any rate the tacit acquiescence and sometimes the enthusiastic support of the popular masses. Their attitude in these matters may have been explainable in some cases by patriotic exaltation, in most others by ignorance and indifference to questions which did not directly touch the interests of their narrow lives of privation and toil.

On the other hand, Lord Bryce refers to three occasions on which a marked divergence between the sentiment of the masses and that of the so-called classes has shown itself. They were the American Civil War of 1861–1865, the Russo-Turkish War of 1877–1878, and lastly the Boer War of 1899–1901. On these three occasions the attitude of the masses has been justified by subsequent events and has disclosed sounder judgment, or perhaps instinct, than that displayed by the classes and by the British Government itself. The case of Great Britain shows, indeed, that the opinion of the bulk of the nation was more frequently approved by results than was the attitude of the comparatively small class in whose hands the conduct of affairs had been usually left.

It would, however, be rash to conclude from the example set on these occasions by the English people—that is to say, the politically, through centuries of liberty and self-government, most highly developed people of Europe—that the popular masses in all countries and on all occasions would be competent and could be trusted to find in grave questions of international politics unfailingly the right solution.

The Power of Propaganda

But it is not impossible—and, indeed, some premonitory symptoms, an ominous warning to the powers that be in every land, are already perceptible—that the popular masses may some day reach the conclusion that all the international feuds, rivalries, struggles for preponderance or supremacy do not concern the lives of the overwhelming majority of men fated to earn their daily bread in the sweat of their brow and that all these perennial causes of friction and strife do not originate with the peoples themselves but are imposed on them by their ruling classes.

The breaking of that day true democracy would do well to prevent by hastening to brush aside the ambitions and rivalries and hatreds that have brought Europe to the verge of ruin and to give to the world real peace.

In conclusion I cannot refrain from quoting once more Lord Bryce when he says that one of the dangers that threaten all modern democracies "is the irresponsible power wielded by those who supply the people with the materials they need for judging men and measures. That dissemination by the printed word of untruths and fallacies and incitements to violence which we have learned to call 'Propaganda' has become a more potent influence among the masses in large countries than the demagogue ever was in the small peoples of former days. To combat these dangers more insight and sympathy as well as more energy and patriotism are needed than the so-called upper and educated classes have hitherto displayed."

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Mechanics—both amateur and expert—know that the difference between a Flivver and a Ford is often only a new timer—a good, dependable, proved-quality timer—

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If it delivers hot, uniform, rightly timed sparks to coils and plugs, your Ford starts easily and pulls steadily, with a world of power. That is the Milwaukee Timer's job—and a million users know its faithful work.

Simple, sensible design, with finest materials and workmanship, have made this the standard replacement timer of the world. One in every three Fords is Milwaukee-Timed today. Yours should be!

Sold by garages, auto supply and hard ware dealers everywhere for $2.00

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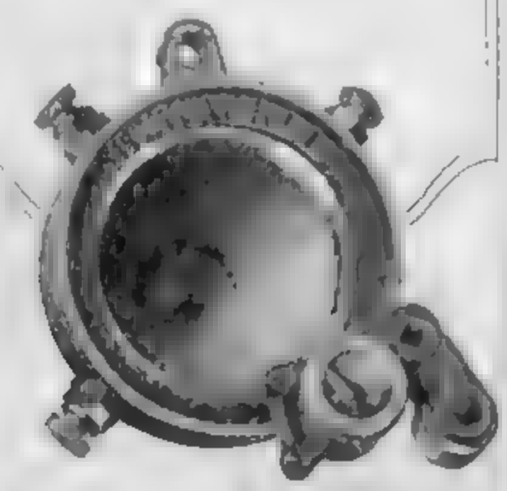

By a special method (patent applied for) the contacts are welded and locked into their machine-cut grooves, making this timer "short-circuit-proof".

RESEARCH AS A BUSINESS ASSET

(Continued from Page 20)

must begin with the foundation." The world holds a limitless number of undiscovered phenomena.

Early this year a group of America's most distinguished chemists assembled in New York to award the Perkins Medal of the Society of Chemical Industry to a quiet, modest research worker who has developed one of the greatest organizations for scientific investigation ever established in the world. Willis R. Whitney, of Schenectady, New York, who was thus honored, typifies the usefulness of research in America as a semicommercial proposition, for he is one of the pioneers in this line of endeavor. He and his workers found that corrosion of metals was an electrochemical process, and they pointed out the great economic waste which results from preventable corrosion. They helped develop a successful method for the recovery of ether and alcohol from collodion, a process which now assures the commercial position of the photographic film. They made the first radical improvement in the carbon incandescent filament of the electric lamp since Edison invented it. The new lamp gave 25 per cent more light. This same laboratory gave the world the tungsten lamp and later the gas-filled lamp, which is twice as efficient as the old-style vacuum lamp. In arc lighting it developed the magnetic electrode.

Personal Qualifications

Doctor Whitney and his staff also developed calorizing, which enables the application of a protective coating to metals. They produced such new materials as water japan, as well as various products of the electric furnace, such as boron carbide, useful as a flux for casting copper, and titanium carbide, for arc-lamp electrodes. Also as a result of their research we have the Langmuir condensation vacuum pump, high-resistance units for lightning arresters, tungsten contacts in place of platinum in spark coils and magnetos, and tungsten targets as a substitute for platinum in X-ray tubes. These workers produced the first real power tubes for radio transmission, which device practically created radio telephony and revolutionized radio telegraphy.

In accepting the honor bestowed upon him by his fellow scientists Doctor Whitney showed plainly the characteristics essential to success in research work. He disclaimed personal achievement, and asserted that he shone only in the accumulated glory of the members of his staff. In awarding the medal, which is the badge of knighthood in American chemistry, the presenter pointed out that Doctor Whitney was one of the first men to prove to financiers that research pays. True, incidents were recited to show his sincere indifference to monetary reward. His refusal to dominate or to accept credit for the work of others has enabled him to create an enviable esprit de corps among the members of his staff. He is practical, and not a scientist of fiction or the stage. Although, as one said, "he raises flies and kills them with X rays to cure their cancer, some day he will probably cure the cancer first."

Feeling sure that here was one who could point the way for prospective research workers, I got in touch with Doctor Whitney and secured from him valuable thoughts, some of which I will briefly state: A man to be successful in research work must possess ability in excess of the average. He must have imagination, and above all must be honest with himself—be interested in truth, and not in proving or disproving a hobby. He need not be a psychologist, but must possess a wide perspective and have the ability to distinguish between the essential and the nonessential in his work in relation to the practical applications thereof. He must possess an inquiring mind and the ability to get at the meat or kernel of whatever he undertakes. He must know how far to go and when to stop his investigation. He must question everything—take nothing for granted. The ideal research worker questions even common facts. The questioning mind of Doctor Langmuir, who started an investigation to find out how oil spreads out on water, resulted finally in the ability to measure the size of molecules.

Ingenuity is also an important asset. Knowledge in physics, chemistry and electricity is wonderfully interlocking, and these each reciprocate in kind with all other exact and experimental sciences. Above all, the man must be interested. If interest is absent he must forgo the excitement and pleasure of research, for they will seldom come to him. He must be mechanical rather than emotional, and should take an impersonal view of his work, being always ready to use the ideas of others. Nothing is more essential than freedom from jealousy. The ability to give and receive is what counts in developing teamwork. Bluff and bluster play no part in a good research worker. He must not be a baby; that is, he must not feel the necessity of always telling someone what he is doing or what he is planning to do. Though a good physique is helpful, mental qualifications are more important than physical ones. Most research men will find it to their advantage not to follow the example of Mr. Edison, who works without sleep and so prolongs a useful life. Edison should be viewed in the light of an exception, for most would-be emulators would have died under the strain he has withstood.

The men who do the best scientific work are college trained, although such a training is not absolutely essential. An A. B. degree may increase a man's pleasure in living, but it will not necessarily make him a better research worker. Familiarity with economics and the humanities helps to give a man a sense of proportion as long as it does not distract him from his work. Many men lose their patrons' money because they are hypnotized or possessed by some single idea, plan or invention which ordinary schooling could have corrected. Contradictions to the laws of thermodynamics and the production of something from nothing are still on the wing. Of one hundred and ten thousand ideas submitted to the Navy during the war, only one hundred and ten were of requisite standing even to be submitted to committees for investigation. It is also a fact that of twenty-five thousand ideas submitted to the general staff's invention section only twenty-five were of value—in each case one-tenth of one per cent. Most of them were submitted by people of little or no schooling, and although their will and wish were fine, they were unfortunate in not having had a chance at a good education.

Hard Work, Small Pay

Although any man possessing a well-rounded technical education may make a success of research work, it is a fact that physics and chemistry are the two fundamentals of this profession, and these should be emphasized in one's college training, rather than engineering. On finishing his educational course the prospective research worker should go after a job where there is a definite opportunity to do investigative work with a minimum of routine. He should begin actual research work immediately after receiving his training, and not be tempted into fields of definite engineering development. The salary at the start will likely be no more than fifteen hundred dollars or two thousand dollars a year. Opportunities for research in the laboratories of the various colleges usually form good stepping-stones in a young research worker's career. In such a position a man will usually learn to do much with little and to appreciate the value of published information or literature.

As the situation now stands, the individual will probably find a greater future and larger opportunities in private work than in government work. A top-notch salary for a good scientific investigator is from ten thousand to fifteen thousand dollars a year. However, if the man combines rare executive ability with scientific knowledge of a first order there is no limit to the amount he may earn. There is always the possibility of a hundred-thousand-dollar job in this field. The research man must always remember that the products of his work belong to his employer. In order to develop to his full value he must loyally accept this condition. This acceptance brings team-work. The denial of it means jealousy and a disrupted organization.

Research men are only hunters who pursue their game on the outer rim of knowledge. They perform best when left free to get their own results. Only those succeed to whom every problem is but an opportunity, and who are big enough to allow men of genius to develop at their sides.

In the early ages the men of science were ecclesiastics. They looked upon the knowledge gained through experiment and investigation as a means of developing religious beliefs. But later, when the accumulation of new knowledge created a demand for the modification of creeds and the abolishment of obsolete religious formulas, many churchmen commenced to view the advancement of science as a menace rather than a support. Following this change of heart, the church dropped the mantle of science, which fell upon the university. The cloak, being too big for the university, was recently handed over to industry. As a result, even before the war added stimulus to scientific investigation, there were three hundred and seventy-five industrial research laboratories in the United States.

More Research Needed

But research work in America has not yet got beyond the kindergarten stage. In France, Great Britain, Australia, Canada and other countries the respective governments are making material progress in their steps to advance research. For years Germany has been the leader of nations in the work of scientific investigation. Before the war a young American graduated from Leipsic and was given a dinner. At his plate was placed a laurel wreath. Under similar circumstances here in America the chances are that instead of receiving such an emblem of homage and respect the young graduate himself would have had to buy a box of cigars for the boys. We fix the title Doctor to men whose scientific achievements are without note, and we call some of our citizens Professor when their greatest work has been the teaching of elementary studies in a public school.

We are patenting sixty thousand inventions a year in the United States, but we are not doing one-tenth of what we might or should actually do to extend the realm of natural knowledge. Everyone interested in the welfare of research must help end the conflict between pure and industrial research. Business men must understand that no research is so pure that it may not lead to commercial results. We must banish the idea that an ordinary statistical bureau is closely related to a bureau of scientific research. We must also get clear in our minds that arguments against government research are merely the same old arguments against any direct control of industry by the state. Our American colleges must accept the responsibility of installing the desire for scientific investigation into the nation's young men who are adapted for this important line of work, and our Government and industries must pay these men an adequate remuneration.

Getting down to brass tacks, let us not forget that a vigorous campaign of national research would materially lower the cost of everyday necessities. Most people have noticed the crack that so often runs along the center of a concrete roadway. We are planning to expend a half billion dollars in constructing concrete roads in this country. Practically the only serious defect is the longitudinal crack. The research which will finally remedy this fault may amount to only a few dollars' worth of experimenting with an air pocket, a drain pipe or a long, inverted sheet-iron trough. Some such stunt will one day succeed, and here we will have another example of how research lowers the cost of living, for road taxes touch the pockets of all citizens.

People who believe that scientific research is nothing more than a pioneering adventure into the unknown to satisfy the eternal curiosity of a few theorists are in a class with those who would trade the hen for the egg. Through science and science alone we shall open new fields and develop new industries greater than any we have ever known. The progress and safety of America depend on mentality more than on materials. Research is a first-line national defense.

Re-roof for the last time-

Right over the old shingles

LAST year people who needed new house-tops, saved thousands of dollars by re-roofing the Johns-Manville way.

This year, from all indications, even more people are going to save even more money.

So if you are beginning to doubt the ability of the old roof to protect your home, consider the Johns-Manville method of "Re-roofing for the last time."

Simply—it is this:—Lay Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles right over the old shingles. Don't tear off the old roof. It's valuable!

Just see what you save!

You save the cost of ripping off the old roof —and all its clutter and inconvenience. Your house is never bared to the dangers of a sudden rain-storm.

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You get double roof protection. The old roof remains serviceable under the new. It both protects and insulates.

You get a fire-proof roof covering. Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles are noted for their unqualified fire-safety. You can even throw one into the furnace and it will come out unharmed. They are given the highest ratings by Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.

You get a permanent roof. Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles can never wear out. A composition of asbestos rock fibre and Portland cement, each shingle is a solid slab of permanence that toughens with age.

See your roofing dealer or carpenter about this new, economical way of re-roofing, or drop a postcard to our address below, asking for our booklet, "Re-roofing for the last time."

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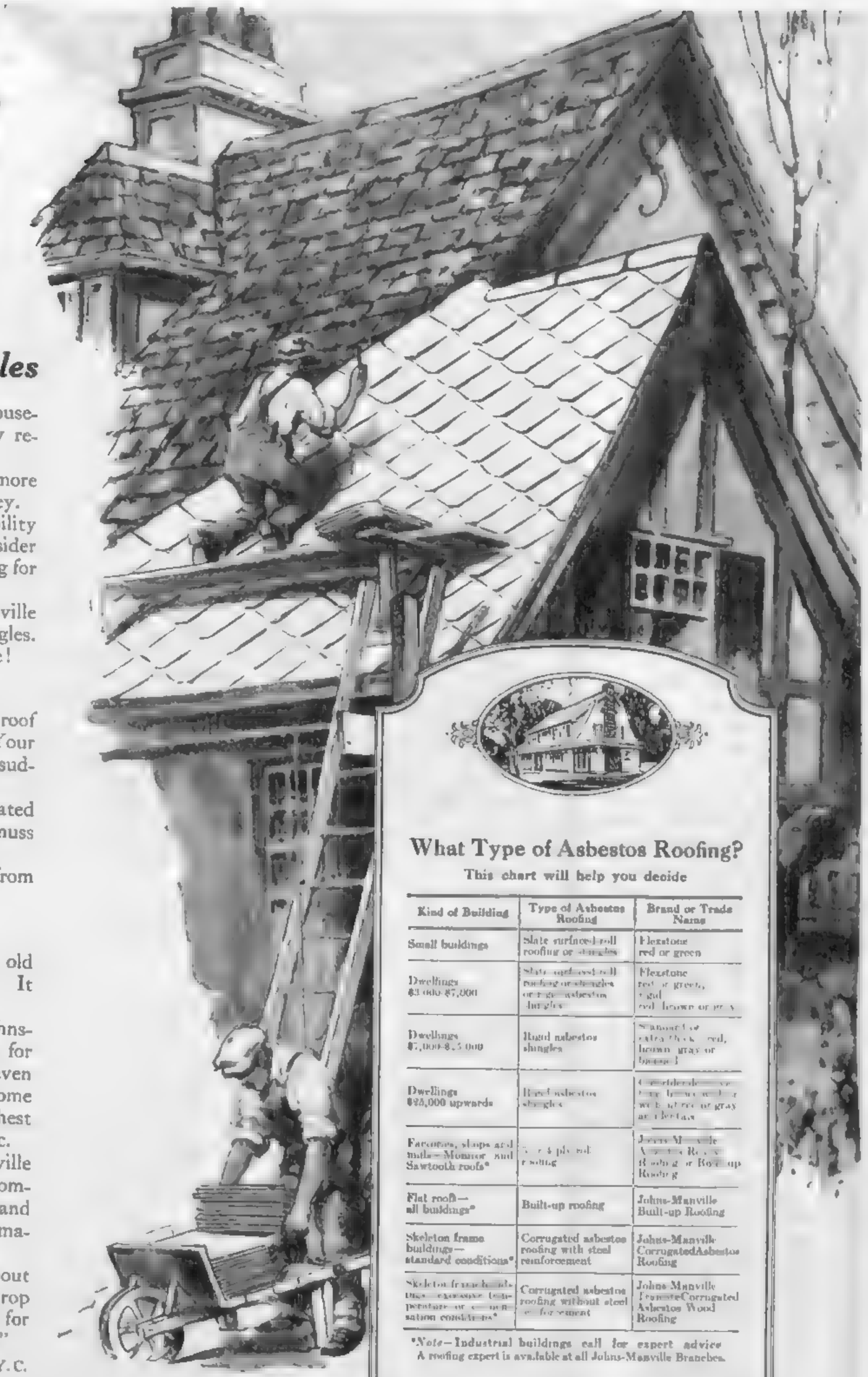
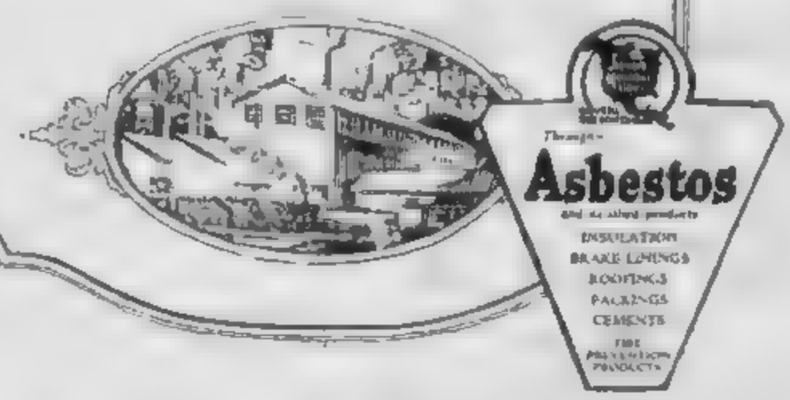


What Type of Asbestos Roofing?

This chart will help you decide

Kind of Building	Type of Asbestos Roofing	Brand or Trade Name
Small buildings	Slate surfaced roll roofing or shingles	Flexstone red or green
Dwellings $3,000-$7,000	Slate surfaced roll roofing or shingles or rigid asbestos shingles	Flexstone red or green, Rigid red, brown or gray
Dwellings $7,000-$25,000	Rigid asbestos shingles	Shingles of extra thick red, brown gray or [illegible]
Dwellings $25,000 upwards	Rigid asbestos shingles	Corrugated or [illegible] with red, brown or gray accessories
Factories, shops and mills—Monitor and Sawtooth roofs*	[illegible] ply felt roofing	Johns-Manville Asbestos Ready Roofing or Built-up Roofing
Flat roofs—all buildings*	Built-up roofing	Johns-Manville Built-up Roofing
Skeleton frame buildings—standard conditions*	Corrugated asbestos roofing with steel reinforcement	Johns-Manville CorrugatedAsbestos Roofing
Skeleton frame buildings—extreme temperature or condensation conditions*	Corrugated asbestos roofing without steel reinforcement	Johns-Manville FlexstoneCorrugated Asbestos Wood Roofing

*Note—Industrial buildings call for expert advice
A roofing expert is available at all Johns-Manville Branches.



JOHNS-MANVILLE Asbestos Shingles

You ask me—

why it's called U. S. N. Deck Paint? Here's the answer.

Years ago it withstood, better than any other paint, the mauling it got on the decks of ships—scorched by tropic sun, frozen by northern gales, storm-beaten, sea-washed, bitten and scraped by chain and cable. It adorned many a famous warrior—Peary's "Roosevelt"—the sturdy little "Esperanto".

Then, folks dissatisfied with the "garden variety" of house paints began to use U. S. N. Deck Paint for porches, floors, walls,—for most paintable surfaces. They demanded it in every possible shade. Today, under the famous old name, U. S. N. Deck Paint enjoys a reputation for unequalled sturdiness and beauty.

You'll find it at the best dealers'. Let me know what you think of it after you've painted that wall or those breakfast room chairs. Lots of folks do write me care of The Billings-Chapin Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

Peter

THE PAINTER

U S N

DECK PAINT

The Universal Paint

SMALL-TOWN STUFF

By Robert Quillen

The Uncultured Life

I ONCE lived in a city. I had spent my youth in small towns, where the houses were small and made of wood and the people just common poor folks, and I had read books, written by city men who assured me that small towns were sordid and ugly and commonplace, while cities were full of beautiful buildings and an atmosphere of culture. I gathered from these books that one who hoped to amount to anything should quit his narrow and backward village and take up his residence in a city, where the beautiful buildings and the art museums would purge his soul of dross, and contact with cultured folks would broaden his mind and give him a wider vision.

So I went to the city and got a job. Some of the buildings were beautiful. I stood across the street and studied them. But when one has devoted three minutes to the study of a front elevation he has absorbed every whit of the thrill and the culture it has to offer. At the end of a week I had seen every building worth a second glance, and thereafter I kept my eyes on a level with my head and forgot the buildings. The natives of the place set me the example. They did not stop on the street to absorb culture from the buildings. They stared straight ahead and hurried away as though to avoid any influence the buildings might be able to exert.

After finding a job I took lodging in a cheap hotel. The front of the hotel was of pressed brick and conceivably might have broadened my mind, but there appeared to be a rule against eating and sleeping in front of it. I slept in a little room on the fourth floor. The walls of the room were cracked and there was an ancient calendar hanging near a dresser to cover a spot where the plaster had fallen away. The rug on the floor was worn and soiled, and the shades at the window were cracked. The window looked out over a kind of court backed by an alley. The court contained some goods boxes, and in the alley there was a barrel full of empty bottles.

The dining room was dark and the guests ate all their meals under the glare of artificial light. Some of the guests ate in silence, except at dinner, when there was soup; but a few talked of their work or their pet grievances, and to these I listened carefully. And slowly it began to dawn upon me that I had come to the wrong part of town to acquire culture, or had begun my adventure during an off season.

I could not afford a better hotel, but I made an effort to get acquainted with people in other parts of town. The men with whom I worked were fine fellows, but they were so much like me in their manners of speech and thought that I despaired of absorbing refinement from them. I got acquainted with a druggist, from whom I bought tobacco, and learned the name of the clerk at the general-delivery window of the post office, but I progressed no further.

And after a while I began to think the city a little cold and unhospitable. The cultured thousands who raced up and down the street, prodding me with their elbows, seemed drawn into their shells. If I forgot and spoke to one of them his eyes widened with surprise or alarm and he hurried the faster.

I held on for six weeks. And then on a Saturday afternoon I stood on a street corner in my green country way, studying the faces of the people who hurried by me and wondering what pleasure or profit they got from their haste, when a huge policeman whose expression indicated that he had very little patience with humanity tapped me on the shoulder and told me curtly to move on. I moved. And I kept moving. I moved to the cheap hotel and then to the railway station, and I caught the first train moving west.

I bear no grudge against cities. I think them useful institutions. But they cramp my style. When it is necessary to visit one on business I deliver myself to a taxicab as the less of two evils, transact my business as quickly as possible, and get back to my train. And I don't breathe freely until the train pulls out and begins to skim across open country, where there are trees and good dirt roads. Save for the two or three men I know, the city seems uninhabited. Those who scurry by with their eyes focused on a point six feet ahead seem animated figures in a play, and I long to slap one of them on the back and say: "Hello there, old-timer! How's tricks?" If I should do that the police judge would send me to jail for vulgar familiarity or something like that.

I like vulgar familiarity. I was raised on it. I like to live where people have a nickname for me and tell me their troubles—where I can stand all day on a corner, if so minded, without being humiliated by someone who has authority to make me move—where I can park my car where I will and leave it until it pleases me to drive it away—where I can do as I please by night or by day and feel like a free man and a citizen of a great country.

Some of the buildings in town are ugly as sin, and a few first-class fires would improve things wonderfully; but the trees are beautiful and the roses bloom profusely and the people are neighbors. When I thirst for culture I can get it out of books, and the phonograph does very well as a substitute for grand opera.

Main Street is dusty, but I can cross it without dislocating a hip joint; and if the atmosphere is commonplace—why, I like it, and that is the important thing.

Daydreaming

THERE was a certain man who learned much from books, learned yet more from life, and acquired a fortune. His picture was printed in the newspapers; other men who were prominent in large affairs asked his opinion concerning matters of importance; and his employes treated him with flattering deference. He was a great man. The world knew it and he knew it.

Men said of him that he possessed everything heart could desire. In this they were mistaken. The man was not satisfied with his wife. In his youth, before he had earned either wealth or fame, he had wooed and won a slender lass with laughing eyes and dimpled cheeks—a graceful creature, all fire and motion, who held him at a distance and accepted his worship as her just due.

The years had not dimmed the luster of her eyes or stolen the music from the ripple of her laugh, but ease and good living had exacted a price. She was stout. Young girls confided in her; young men called her a good fellow; elderly men delighted in her whimsical humor and unfailing common sense; and even the great man who was her husband respected her and loved her in a casual sort of way. But he resented the fact of her surplus flesh.

When he attended a social function and saw there a slender young creature of enchanting curves and willowy grace, his eyes followed her about and he said to his soul: "There is the wife for a man of my caliber. Her beauty would match my fame. It is not fair that a man who has demonstrated great worth and distanced his fellows should be denied a wife in keeping with his accomplishments."

One evening as he sat at home smoking a good cigar and dreaming dreams his wife dropped a book and stooped to recover it. One does not enjoy recording unpleasant details, but it must be confessed that she grunted. If a grunt can be a last straw, this one was. The man's soul was embittered. Then and there he resolved to look about, make selection from among the delightful young ladies of the city, and find means to exchange his stout wife for one in harmony with his dreams.

In this, as in other matters, he acted promptly. The following night found him in a public hall where young people danced and made merry. You will observe that he was no stickler for caste.

One's demeanor is usually prescribed by his purpose. The man's intention to select a young wife quickened his heart to a merrier tune, tossed aside the cloak of his dignity and gave his step an unwonted spring. He felt a youth.

Now here is a singular thing: His feeling in nowise altered his appearance. These young people among whom he sought to frolic knew nothing of his wealth or his fame. They observed him casually and judged him by their own standards.

There were charming young ladies present—slender and beautiful young ladies with laughing eyes who seemed to float over the floor, so light they were. The man looked on them eagerly and smiled—not the benignant smile of a great man, but a smile that advertised his purpose. Here, he thought, was an embarrassment of riches. He could take his pick of course, but making a selection would be difficult. And then as he passed a group of young ladies and smiled he heard one of them say to another, "Who is the fat old party trying to get fresh?"

The Lawyer

WHEN Billy Hawkins hung out his shingle and began the practice of law the people of his town united in the prediction that he would starve to death by reason of his uncompromising honesty. His friends did not advise rascality, but in their several ways and in accordance with the degree of their intimacy with him they intimated that a young lawyer might be too honest for his own good.

To the surprise of himself and the community Billy got his first client within a week. The man was accused of stealing a mule, and protested his innocence. Billy defended him shrewdly, but the state's evidence was overwhelming, and when Billy got to his feet to address the jury he said: "Gentlemen, when I began the practice of law I determined to defend the innocent, however poor they might be, and have no dealings with the guilty, regardless of their wealth. This man is my first client. He assured me of his innocence. The evidence introduced by the state has established his guilt, however, and I ask you in the name of justice to return a verdict against him."

The story got into the newspapers and became a nine-day sensation. A great many people commended Billy's honesty, but the more conservative element leaned to the opinion, expressed by an elderly lawyer, that he had violated a trust; and even those who spoke in his praise conceded that he would soon perish and join that Diogenes who had sought him in vain.

He did not perish, however. Numerous people who were wrongfully accused enlisted his services and were acquitted, and one who was guilty asked him to name his own price and was kicked down a flight of stairs. This happening Billy related to a friend, who embellished the tale and gave it to the public, and the man was found guilty—largely, as the community declared, on the strength of Billy's reputation.

Other lawyers, who made a specialty of defending criminals, circulated many shrewd tales to discredit Billy, and succeeded in persuading an element in the community that his honesty was no more than a pose. This opinion, deftly held before a cynical jury, sent one of Billy's clients to the electric chair; but another month brought vindication in the form of a death-bed confession by the real murderer, and thereafter Billy entered into his estate as lawyer, jury and judge.

Those who have need of his services agree that it is more difficult to convince him than to convince a jury, but, once he has agreed to defend the accused, everybody in the community knows that the case is settled. The action of the jury is no more than a formality.

The guilty give Billy a wide berth. They know that if they fail to convince him of their innocence he will make no secret of his refusal to represent them, and this refusal will damn them in the eyes of any jury that may be impaneled. And they know that if they do win his support, and the progress of the trial proves them unworthy of it, he will make them wish they had been with Dante on his pilgrimage and remained to colonize the nether regions.

So quick is man to appreciate honesty, so eager to follow one worthy of trust.

THE TWIN SIX SPECIAL

Driving the Packard Twin-Six, one has the agreeable feeling that this great car could carry him tirelessly onward forever.

There is a firmness and steadiness and sureness in its every action that seems to outreach any ordinary car's limitations.

The powerful, perfectly balanced engine goes on quietly turning up mileage month after month without the slightest perceptible wear.

Built into each and every part of the whole exquisite mechanism is a resistance to fatigue that years of constant usage cannot defeat.

There are Packard cars going regularly about their duties today that have attained totals up to hundreds of thousands of miles each.

Everything that any earlier Packard ever has done the Twin-Six will do also—and do it better, more smoothly and with greater ease.

Men who have driven automobiles of many kinds and types say it is useless to expect any other car to equal Twin-Six performance."

Thousands of Packard Twin-Six owners daily enjoy the profound satisfaction that comes from owning the finest thing of its kind.

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY · DETROIT

Motor Cars and Motor Trucks

The standard Twin-Six touring, $3850 at Detroit
The standard Single-Six touring, $2350 at Detroit

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

CAUTION

This tag is attached to all genuine Stewart Repair Parts.

LOOK FOR IT!

If you don't find this tag, you are getting imitation substitute parts. Refuse to accept them.

The use of imitation parts on any Stewart Product, at our option, invalidates the Stewart guarantee.

For your own protection demand genuine Stewart Parts.

STEWART-WARNER SPEEDOMETER CORPORATION

THE RED TAG—Your Protection

An Earnest Appeal To Car Owners

An enviable reputation is always difficult to attain. It must be accomplished through square dealing and quality merchandise until the public learns that the firm's name-plate means complete satisfaction for the purchaser. Strange as it may seem, nearly every big institution thinks more of its good reputation than of its net profits. Isn't it regrettable that having attained a reputation other concerns of little standing should attempt to trade upon it; to produce imitation goods? Not necessarily stamping them with your name, not telling the purchaser they are goods of your manufacture—yet *not saying that they are not.*

Is it quite the fair thing for the trade to help back up this type of marketing effort? It only makes it more difficult for a reliable house to protect the public against imitations. This has become particularly true in the automobile and automobile accessory industry.

Because of the immense popularity which Stewart Products enjoy, the replacement parts for these products are often imitated. You risk receiving imitations which couldn't successfully be sold under the maker's name unless you are careful to deal with authorized concerns handling genuine Stewart Products and parts. Makers of imitations profit by the public's lack of caution in buying.

You cannot expect Stewart Service on Stewart Products in which imitation parts have been substituted for the genuine. To protect the public there is a Red Tag attached to all genuine Stewart Replacement Parts. Help us in our efforts to protect you by demanding parts with this Red Tag attached.

Stewart PRODUCTS

SENSE AND NONSENSE

The Voice of the Prophet

CAPT. FERDINAND TOUHY, the son of a famous London correspondent for an American newspaper, is now here studying methods of American journalism. He served as a company commander with the allied forces in the Far East during the big war. When he first went he traveled through the Suez Canal on the old Minnehaha, which had been taken over by the English and converted into a transport. With him aboard the ship were two thousand young English recruits, fresh from the training camps at home and all filled with enthusiasm over the prospect of active service.

"We were sliding along through the canal at a crawling pace," says Captain Touhy. "I am sure that we could not have been moving at a faster gait than two knots an hour. The old liner practically filled the canal. One could toss a biscuit to the bank on either side. Stretched full length upon the shore was a grimy, weather-beaten, sunburned Australian private, plainly a veteran of the campaigning in those parts. He gave no sign of interest until the transport was fairly abreast of him. Then he lifted his head and called out the familiar question of the British fighting man.

"'Are we down-'earted?' he clarioned.

"From the eager greenhorns who lined the rails came back a mighty chorus:

"'NO!'

"'Well, you bloody well jolly soon will be!' answered the Australian as he settled back in his nest in the sand."

Breaking Up the Game

DURING the war there was a dugout full of negro soldiers shooting craps. One of the shooters had arrived with eight hundred francs that he had laboriously accumulated, and took the dice. Presently his eight hundred francs was gone. He was faded. He was clean.

He had set great store on that eight hundred francs and he went out into the rain to think it over. A great sense of injury surged through him. He felt that the process of his fading had not been accomplished save by crooked dice.

So he found himself a small hand grenade, went to the dugout and looked in on the sweating, shouting, eager crapshooters for a moment. Then he pulled the string on the hand grenade, tossed it into the middle of the gamblers, shouting: "See ef you kin fade that!"

Passing the Hat

THE minister announced: "We are now going to pass the hat. Give if you possibly can; and if you can't don't pull any excuse that will get you into trouble."

A stranger sitting in the rear realized as the hat came toward him that he did not have a cent with him; so when the usher reached him he whispered to him, "I never give to missions."

The collector whispered back, "Then reach in and take some out of the hat; the collection is for the heathen."

No Fooling

AUNT HIZZIE had been converted during a winter month and the colored parson wanted to baptize her in the river, but through fear for her health the convert objected. "Doan' ye trust in de Lawd?" asked the parson.

"Ah sure does, brudder," she answered. "Ah trusts pintedly in de Lawd, but Ah ain't gwine to fool wid him."

ROPE

(Continued from Page 13)

Mr. Sellers took another poem. He drawled, sitting straight in his chair, "Ah, now this one's the best in the lot—square in the bull's-eye:

"Oh, rope, you are the sailor's only friend!
Your strength holds a ship together from end to end.
How would men haul around the sails and spars
Or drag boats off of perfidious sand bars?"

"Doesn't that move you, Henry?"

"It makes me kind of sick," said Henry.

"There's something adamantine in your nature, son. . . . The last stanza's the best of it. I've learned it by heart:

"Oh, rope, how like a friendly guiding hand
You pull our ships back safely to the land!
If it were not for you I very much fear
No sailing ship would ever tie up to its pier."

He folded the sheets together and looked smiling at Henry, who was grinning cruelly.

The boy said, "That's the toughest one in the basket. You ain't ever going to print those?"

"I certainly am going to have them printed!" Mr. Sellers nodded.

Orion felt hot from end to end. He stuttered: "I expect they aren't awful good poems, sir. I—somehow—didn't get in all I wanted to say. Couldn't get the right rimes. I wanted to say about the riggin' on a ship looking kind of like beach grass when it's dried up and there ain't any wind. Or the noise it makes when there's just enough wind to blow—I don't know—kind of like a church organ on one of those low notes. And that one about stars ain't right. If you've ever stopped to look at 'em at night, stars are kind of like somebody'd slung a handful of sand—silver sand—and it hadn't settled down yet. Only I couldn't get the right rimes. It'd be a lot easier to write poems if you didn't have to have rimes."

"A handful of silver sand that someone threw into the sky that hasn't settled down yet," said Mr. Sellers, leaning on the table. "Yes, that's right. Orion's got more sense than you think, Henry."

"I didn't say that O ain't got any sense," Henry frowned. "He's got a lot more sense than there is in his poems. . . . Hey, what's matter down on the beach?"

A splatter of folk was spreading along the beach. Some men were running toward the rocks. Orion stood up. He saw the brassy spark of an extended telescope. People were staring to sea.

He said, "Looks like trouble. Say, sir, I'm on the life-savin' crew. I'll have to go down and see."

He galloped down the last stretch of the land, wishing he had on his shoes and hoping that Mr. Sellers hadn't noticed the lack. The air had heated, cleaned of wind. The shrill voices of the village were distinct. Men had climbed the rocks at the sides of the channel and were blue agitations against the pale sky. The high sun had eaten all color from the heavens. Miss Roberts was standing with a white little parasol above her dark head.

She told Orion, "It's a ship, with all the masts gone, out there."

"Gosh!" said Orion politely, and hustled on in a canter about the beach.

He came panting to the tumbled rocks at the mouth and climbed beside Hume, who had a telescope aimed at something that wallowed in the pulse of waves a mile from shore. It resembled a black hand. The rollers swept its deck and the broken mast was like a thumb wagging upward. It seemed to struggle, brandished in the changeful water. Ribbons of spray shot and fell when waves slapped the white deck house. It rolled with its side toward Orion and a rag of sail trailed miraculously from the bowsprit.

"Nobody aboard her," said Hume. "She rolls heavy. Ain't empty."

"We'd better hurry and get the boat out to her," Orion cried.

"What for?"

"Why, there might be somebody aboard!"

"You're crazy!" the grocer sniffed. "If there's anybody on her they'd be makin' signals."

"How d'you know? They've mebbe got knocked around and are sick below."

Other men on the rocks laughed. Orion ran his fingers through his hair. The ship was drifting level with this forsaken run of beach. She might come aground at Watch Hill or veer off. She was helplessly drifting and there might be someone aboard.

He looked at the twenty men and lads standing on the gray rocks and asked, "But you're goin' to send the boat out? Come on! She's not foundered! We ought to go see!"

A couple of boys nodded swiftly, setting their bright eyes on Orion. The men of Ashnet shifted and murmured. Orion heard, "Ain't practical. Nobody on her. If we got the boat out there it'd be a big job to board her. Water's clean over her decks every minute."

The grocer said heavily, "You're crazy, O. You'd get swamped gettin' the lifeboat out there, and prob'ly couldn't get aboard if you did."

A boy gabbled, "But mebbe there's some of the crew on her, Mr. Hume!"

"You can't tell!" Orion gulped. "You can't tell! And she's worth money, even if she ain't got a soul in her. She's salvage. Somebody owns her and there'll be a reward for bringin' her in, or we could sell her if they don't want to pay us. . . . Say, come on, some of you fellers!"

"You're crazy," said the grocer.

"Oh," Orion yelled, "you're a lot of cowards!"

He jumped down the rocks and ran blundering back toward the village. Here was a ship drifting closer and closer to their doors, and they wouldn't risk a wetting. She might drift straight on the rocks of the narrow channel and smash there as a schooner had smashed last winter. There might be battered men under her decks. The sea was falling every minute too. A rage took hold of this placid young man, and he knew that he was raging. He careered into the group at the bottom of the village street and shouted, "Say, ain't anybody goin' to do anything?"

Henry grasped his arm and cried, "What you want to do, O?"

"I'm goin' out," Orion bawled. "I'm goin' out to her and take a line! Here, Henry, get some fellers to come and lug rope down! Come on, some of you!"

He rushed up the street, looked back from his steps and saw Henry heading some lads. Orion threw himself on the looped ropes of the counter. His thoughts became quite clear. He dragged a monstrous spool of dark cordage from a corner and set to work knotting an end of this to a heavier rope. If he could get his dory to the wallowing ship and get himself on the deck the vessel might be towed through the channel. He grunted all this to Mr. Sellers, whose black suit was suddenly beside him. The dust of the rafters was shaking down on the man's chestnut hair.

"You've lost your senses, Orion!"

"I ain't. The water's gettin' down. There ain't a speck of wind left. No, I'm goin' to try it. Here," Orion cried to the crowding people, "get a hold of this! Get it down to the beach!"

He moved with one end of the spool of light cord on his shoulder in a flood of people. The village was empty. He had never imagined that so many faces were alive in Ashnet. The ship appeared in its puff of spray directly as he stared toward the bay's mouth.

A lad yelled, "Get the lifeboat out and get ready to start rowin' to shore if O can hitch a line on her!"

"I tell you to let this alone!" said Mr. Sellers at his elbow.

"Won't either!"

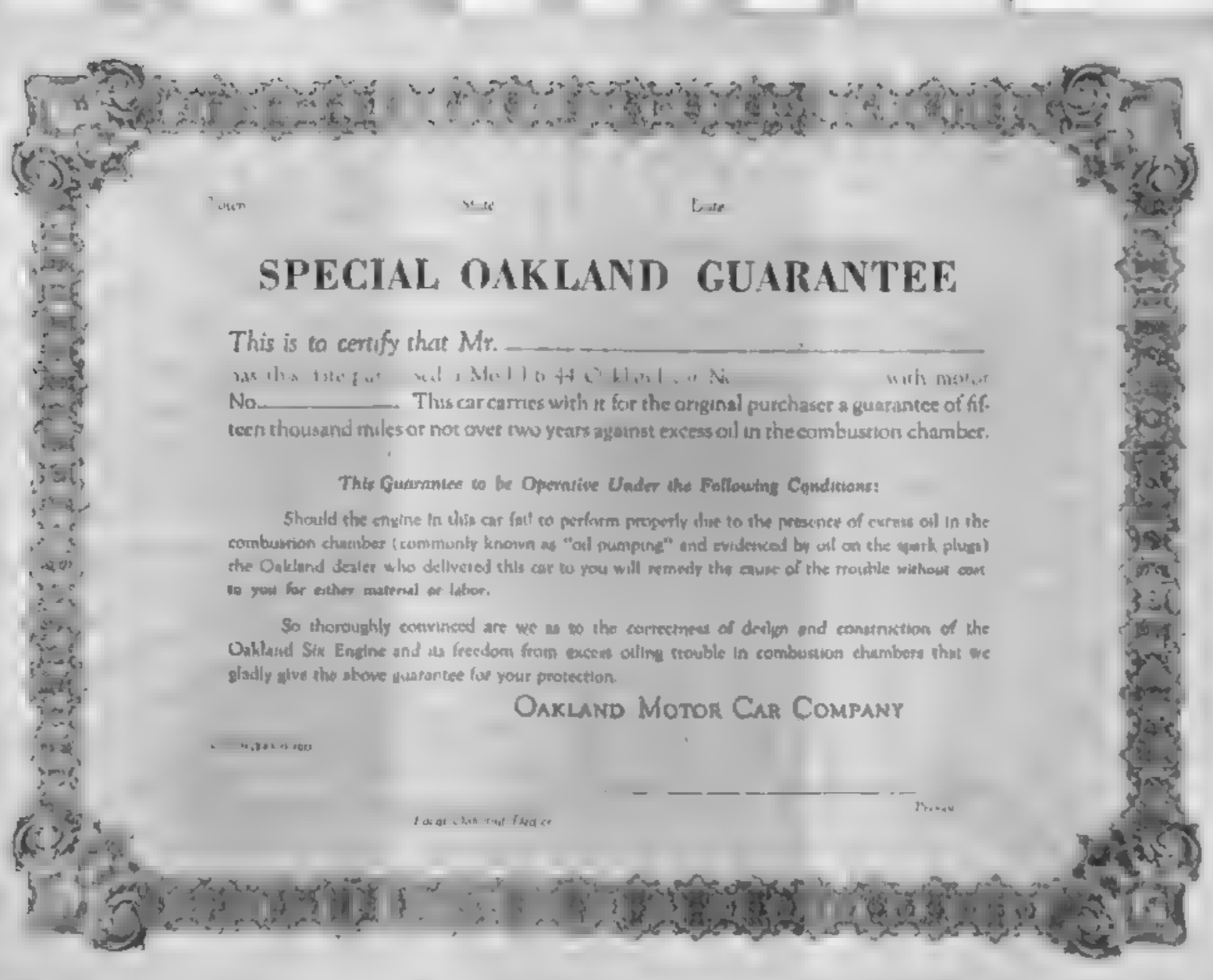
"There's no one left aboard her, boy! You'll smash yourself up for nothing!"

"I won't!" said Orion. "I've swum in worse water'n that, and I will again if I've got to!"

"The rope'll sink your dory!"

"No, it won't!" Orion was twisting the light cord about the nailed seat in his dory. He said hoarsely, "This rope ain't ever been wetted. It'll float awhile," and began to shove the dory down to the water. He could clearly see his progress across the quarter mile of the bay and through the heaving channel. The dory would scuttle along like a water bug, and the cord unrolling would make a single track behind it. The heavier rope would follow, pulled by this slim line. The men were making

(Continued on Page 43)



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This is to certify that Mr. _____

was this date [illegible] sold a Model 6-44 Oakland Car No. _____ with motor No. _____. This car carries with it for the original purchaser a guarantee of fifteen thousand miles or not over two years against excess oil in the combustion chamber.

This Guarantee to be Operative Under the Following Conditions:

Should the engine in this car fail to perform properly due to the presence of excess oil in the combustion chamber (commonly known as "oil pumping" and evidenced by oil on the spark plugs) the Oakland dealer who delivered this car to you will remedy the cause of the trouble *without cost to you for either material or labor.*

So thoroughly convinced are we as to the correctness of design and construction of the Oakland Six Engine and its freedom from excess oiling trouble in combustion chambers that we gladly give the above guarantee for your protection.

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With every New Oakland 6-44 car is given this special 15,000 mile written guarantee.

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Oakland 6-44

Oldsmobile

24th YEAR

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Coupe	$1645
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Roadster	1145

Model 47, 4 Passenger Touring, $1595

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a great lump of the bright Manila weave on the sands. He ordered, "Pay it out if it gets stuck!"

Miss Roberts thrust herself between two blue-shirted men and exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. Bent! Please! Please! Oh, Mr. Clemens, don't let him!"

Her voice mounted into a sob. Orion stared at her eyes, which he'd never noticed before. They were deep brown. He shoved the dory into the nervous water and planted the oars between their pins.

Then he looked at Henry getting over the side and said, "Here! You go stay with Mr. Sellers!"

"Shan't!" said Henry.

"You will too! Get out of here!"

Mr. Sellers came stamping into the water and took Henry by the shoulders without a word, hauled him back. The man's face was white and his cigar hung from his mouth in shreds, chewed to pieces. Henry screamed.

Orion cried, "Keep payin' the line out!" and dipped his oars into the water.

The dory slid from the beach and the mass of people grew small before the line tightened on the notch in the stern of the boat.

The little bay was quite still; the water quivered slackly. Orion thoughtfully watched the cord float on the surface, and a small fish jumped over it. He glanced to get his point between the gray rocks of the channel. These were just two hundred yards apart. Beyond that the sea rolled. All at once his mind seemed to leap from him and hang itself in the hot air above his head. This was folly. The weight of the stretched cord and the heavy following rope would pull the dory under. No man was strong enough to do this silly trick. He would sink. Already he felt the weight of the rope tugging him back. But his mind, poised in air, watched Orion going on. The water was heaving under the bow of the dory. The men on shore were hustling the lifeboat from its shed and getting it down to the margin. He shot between the rocks and a great wave raised him. His mind sank into the dory and Orion beheld the shore outside the bay, with surf slinging sprays up over bronze sand and tongues of rock. He was a fool!

The dory moved over billows of green silk that slopped mere water into the wooden shell and moistened his clothes. He rose and fell and crests went leaping past him. He thought of most indifferent matters. The stern of the dory was always tilted down by the trailing cord. Why on earth had Miss Roberts sobbed to have Mr. Clemens stop him? Mr. Clemens was ninety miles down the coast at Saybrook, in Connecticut. A wave struck Orion's shoulders so that he yelled with surprise. He stared seaward and saw the distressed ship in a momentary frame of spray as some roller struck her. Then a hummock of green loveliness rose and hid the black hull. The dory surmounted this and slipped down its farther side. Another hummock rose, with threads of bubbling on its green—then another—then another. Then the dory melted from under Orion, and he was clutching both oars while he swallowed cold water.

He thought, "Well, Mr. Sellers'll buy those poems and give Henry some money." Henry could go to Cousin Ethan Bent at Dorchester. Orion undid his belt and felt his breeches depart. He even saw them ascending a crest that moved shoreward. Someone would pick them up on the beach. He spread his thick arms and trod water composedly. Waves lifted and dropped him. The water wasn't icy but cool. The shore appeared and vanished. It really seemed that he was still and that the land rose and fell. A sea gull went heeling westward toward Connecticut. Orion observed this comfortably and wished that he could get out of his heavy wool shirt. He stared at the shore.

He should be trying to swim with the waves toward the beach, but his strength was entirely lost in this welter of changing peaks. He floated and wasn't scared. The waves might take him back. He had no choice. He looked up at the sun and saw drops of spray descending for a second, then the blaze beat into his eyes and he sneezed. A great crest must be coming, scattering spray before its bulk. But he didn't rise. He sank and saw a receding tilt of green water. He was going down into the curve of some huge wave. There was a roaring. More spray dashed over his head. Then the brown end of a rope swung lightly past Orion's face and as lightly returned. He took hold of it thoughtfully. It was a real rope. It held him up. He threw back his head and squinted along the brown strands. The line led his eye to a patch of white rail that was the top of a swaying black wall. The ship had come to him. He shouted and grasped the rope.

Later Orion tried to tell people of his climb to the deck. Sometimes he walked with his soles on the slippery hull and sometimes he swung in air, with spray lashing his bare legs, when the ship rolled. But he crawled over the white rail at last and fell onto the flooded deck, still clutching the rope. Prodigious blazes of spray towered when rollers struck the farther side of the hull. The stumps of two masts and the white deckhouse, to which this rope was fast, made a center for a spinning world. The air was queerly hot. Hollow noises rose from this tormented hulk. The ship complained of abuse, and the spilth of water about Orion laughed at her trouble. This made him angry. All the doors of the deckhouse were closed and green in the white-painted wood. Orion crawled to shelter under the lee of the deckhouse and knotted the rope about his waist. He wouldn't be swept overboard anyhow. He crept, while the deck hung almost level, toward the stern.

Twice waves came cruelly aboard and washed him back from the wheel of reddish wood that so wretchedly spun, and when he clung to the spokes finally another mass of spray and salt blinded him. But he clung, dizzy and battered by water. At last, after desperate tugging, something happened. The ship steadied and the deck sloped forward as a wave rose under the stern. Orion yelled and knew what to do, now that he could think. The broken masts made a guide for his eyes. On either side of the deckhouse he could see gray rock. He had aimed the ship for the mouth of the bay—she must go through.

Orion stood with his feet planted on the deck and fought the ocean. His progress was wildly strange. There were no sails to hold this driven hull on her course. She wavered. The surges rising astern sent her twirling left and right. The eastern rocks, the western rocks, the strict middle of the channel—she plunged toward everything. Once she shook terrifically and he thought that she was aground. The sun was biting his calves. He felt extremely hungry. His wet shirt hung solemnly in the windless heat. He worried about the indecency of sailing into Ashnet bay without trousers, and this problem interested him more than anything else when the rocks were close. A wave roared under the stern. The wheel spun. The ship went grandly between the lumps of stone and her pulsation ceased. She slid toward tranquillity and Orion gulped, leaning on the wheel.

She drifted down the bay and the last water dribbled from the deck. Orion undid the rope from his middle and went to look over the side. The lifeboat came scurrying up and he saw Henry dancing in the bows.

His brother shrieked, "What's her name, O?"

"I ain't looked," Orion bawled.

He had rescued the Estrella Cooper of New York, they told him, when the crew of the lifeboat had climbed aboard. Someone smashed the lock of the galley's door. Henry dragged Orion to see a sentence written in chalk above the rusting stove: "May 29. All hands leavin ship God hav mercy on our souls," which Orion thought piteous in the mist of his troubled brooding. He looked about the galley and mumbled, "Somebody ought to have left some pants some place."

"Let's see what's in the hold, O," Henry babbled, pulling him along.

"There'd be pants in the captain's cabin," Orion pondered.

He prowled about the deckhouse with circumspection. Half the village was floating in dories under the stern, staring at the schooner's name. He felt, now, abased and weak. His legs were showing bruises. He was hungry. He needed trousers and no one seemed interested. Men were lowering the anchor at the wrecked bows and lads yelped, exploring the hold. The ship was feverish with action and villagers trotted importantly, dashed up to shake hands with Orion and dashed off again. Mr. Sellers appeared mysteriously about the corner of the deckhouse and said, taking a new cigar from his mouth, "You're an eminent citizen, Orion. Shouldn't be surprised if they ran you for Congress."

(Continued on Page 45)

HEINZ
OVEN BAKED BEANS

HERE's the real baked bean flavor and real bean nutriment assured by the Heinz method of real baking by dry heat in real ovens.

And a distinctively different good taste—that flavor of the delicious tomato sauce famous for its use in Heinz Oven Baked Beans.

Eat them often, instead of many other foods that are not so good for you, not so completely satisfying, and cost so much more.

You will save money. You will save time and fuss in the kitchen. You will better your health. First of all, you will like the Beans, like them so well that you will never tire of them.

Some of the 57

Vinegars
Spaghetti
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Tomato Ketchup

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There is no better feed system than the Stewart. Proven by continuous use on over five million cars. The feed system that you can rely upon to take you where you are going and bring you back. The automotive industry concedes that there is nothing that gives less trouble on a car.

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Stewart and Warner Speedometers are standard on over 90% of cars. Made by speedometer makers of long experience. The magnetic principle guarantees accuracy. Also compensated for temperature changes. You can depend on them.

Stewart
PRODUCTS

(Continued from Page 43)

"It's the damnedest thing!" Orion mumbled. "I can't find any pants on this ship."

"It's a serious problem," the publisher nodded. "A person can explain away a murder or wrecking a bank or starting a war, but he's got to have pants. In the midst of splendor and prosperity, with every wish gratified, all is dust and ashes if you can't find pants. . . . Boy, how the devil did you get on this ship? We could see your boat go under, and that Roberts girl gave up the ghost. I was gettin' ready to take up a collection for Henry, and then we saw the ship heading in. How did you get aboard?"

"Why, there was this rope hangin' overboard, sir! So I climbed on. . . . Say, I've got to get hold of some pants!"

"Barrels!" Henry gurgled, racing up. "Barrels and boxes! They've got French all over 'em. Mr. Hume says it's wine."

"Have you seen any pants?" Orion asked. "I need pants."

"Suffering snakes!" Mr. Sellers pronounced, pushing his hat back on his head. "You go and commit a miracle, and now you—Henry, find your long-suffering brother some pants. Scat! Pants! Here, Orion, you'd better look after your property."

"Property?"

The publisher seemed to invoke the sun with a gesture of his frail hands. He drawled, "And then they talk about the avaricious Yankees! Say, brother, hasn't it dawned on you that this is your ship until the owners claim her? She's a fortune in salvage! She's full of wine or brandy. Don't you let these men fool with her cargo."

"Well, of course," said Orion, "that's prettyimportant. You'reright. Only——"

"Say, are you blind?" Henry sneered, hurtling up with a pair of blue breeches. "These were hanging right by the stove in the galley."

Orion comfortably sighed and pulled on the trousers. They were rather tight.

He told Mr. Sellers, "There was a pretty bad gale the end of May. I expect it blew the masts clean off her. . . . It's awful funny where a ship'll float to. . . . Yes, I ought to get a heap in salvage out of this. Say, did they pull my rope back ashore when the dory rode under?"

"They did. Miss Roberts shed tears on every inch of it. Her father keeps a hardware store in Elmira and she's sentimental about rope. . . . Did you ever really think you could tow this ship in?"

"Well, I thought it was kind of foolish when I'd got started, only there wasn't any way of stopping, kind of. . . . Say, what was Miss Roberts askin' Mr. Clemens to stop me for?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Sellers, dusting ash from his cigar. "Now, here, Orion. You go roust all your friends and companions out of the hold and I'll go telegraph Whitelaw Reid in New York to find out who owns this ship. Where's Henry? I want him to row me ashore."

Henry was most unwilling to leave the ship, which he had adopted as his own. But he rowed Mr. Sellers off in a borrowed dory. Orion watched the pair moving shoreward and wondered whether the gray gown by the mass of rope huddled on the beach represented Miss Roberts, that nice person.

He dangled his legs from the rail astern and considered Ashnet's population, rocking in dories under his feet. People seemed to be admiring him, and a froth of questions everlastingly shot up.

He explained, "There was this rope hangin' down, and I got hold of that and pulled myself up, and she answered her wheel right off. Yes, if it hadn't of been for that rope I'd have drowned for sure."

The grocer came tramping from the deckhouse and told him, "Here, O! The boys have busted in a case of champagne and you'd better go stop 'em. The owners won't pay so much salvage if the cargo's spoiled any."

Orion descended to the hold and bawled orders in that murmurous shadow infected by the scent of wine. He felt his eminence suddenly. Men receded from his commands, and two teetotalers volunteered to guard the piled barrels and the cases stamped in cryptic French syllables.

"Well, I'll sleep on board until the owners send up for her, of course," he answered; "but I'd be obliged if you boys'd stay here a piece. I'm awful hungry, and I've got to talk business with Mr. Sellers about my poems. Everybody else," he shouted, "goes ashore right off!"

He was solemnly rowed ashore in the lifeboat. The village's dories came in procession behind him. Men at the oars calculated the salvage of the Estrella Cooper. Large figures were tossed in the air. Orion heard ten thousand, twelve thousand, twenty thousand dollars prophesied. He stumbled onto the beach and ducked his head to Miss Roberts, who was guarding the hill of disorderly rope.

Orion said with formality, "I hope you didn't get alarmed, Miss Roberts."

"Of course I was alarmed! And so was Mr. Clemens!"

"I don't understand who you mean by Mr. Clemens. Mr. Clemens is down at Saybrook, in Connecticut. That——"

"Rubbish and nonsense!" said the pretty girl, opening her white parasol. "As if I didn't know Mr. Clemens when I see him! He's been in papa's store in Elmira dozens of times, and I've sold him things! Haven't you ever seen a picture of Mark Twain?"

Orion bounded from the hot sand and glared up the street of Ashnet. He saw the railroad station's red paint with the steam of the three-o'clock train swirling beyond it.

He cried, "You mean that's him?"

"Of course it is!"

He fled up the street, his bruised feet jamming down into the sand. But when he dashed into the station Henry was alone, watching the agent tick off a telegram. The train was gently rolling down the tracks and getting smaller on the olive moor behind the village. Orion stood on the platform and gazed, his knees quivering. A straw hat waved from the tail of the train. The smoke of the engine wavered off like the trail of a cigar in the still air.

"That's an awful long telegram he sent," said Henry, prancing up, "and look what he gave me, O!"

Orion fingered the ten-dollar gold piece and sighed, "Better stick it on your watch chain, H. You ain't likely to ever get so close to a genius again. Who did he telegraph to?"

"Somebody on a newspaper in New York."

The station agent passed the telegram over the ledge to Orion silently. Orion read:

WHITELAW REID,
New York Tribune, New York.
Inform owners of Estrella Cooper, schooner, that she was brought in here single-handed under amazing circumstances by a young gentleman named Orion G. Bent, author of Rope and other poems. Send your best reporter up to interview Mr. Bent, and see that owners do not try to cheat him over salvage. Otherwise I will haunt them after death and you too.

MARK.

"I'm going to keep that," said Orion, and shoved it into his pocket.

Miss Roberts was strolling up the street under her white parasol as Orion came moodily down. He said to her: "It was Mr. Clemens. If I'd known that I'd have got him to write his name in my Jumpin' Frog. Did you have any talk with him?"

"Why, yes! He said something awful nice about you."

"What?"

"I didn't understand what he meant, exactly. It was when the ship had started to steer in and we knew you must be on board. He said he'd come to scoff and remained to pray."

"Well, he told me I wouldn't be able to get out to her," Orion nodded.

"And then he said," Miss Roberts murmured, "that every now and then he runs into someone that reconciles him to mankind."

Orion was puzzled, but it seemed a compliment of some sort.

He mused, "Well, he kind of likes the end of my poem about rope. Says he's learned it by heart."

"Some people," Henry yawned, flipping his gold piece into the air, "can't see a joke when it's bitin' 'em in the pants."

Orion flushed, sure that this was a vulgar expression unsuited to Miss Roberts' ears.

He ordered, "Go down and see that nobody ain't cartin' off our rope, H."

"All right," said Henry, and trotted off.

"I've never heard any of your poems," the pretty girl said, leaning on a fence.

"Well, they ain't awful good, probably," Orion answered, beaming. "Would you like me to bring a copy of 'em over? I'll come over after I've got cleaned up and fetch one. The one about rope starts this way——"

One Lady Says:

"Tell them to try Puffed Rice on apple sauce"

Every month, in magazines going to 25,000,000, we are urging housewives to mix Puffed Rice in every dish of fruit. It makes a delightful blend. But one woman writes, "Mention sliced apples or apple sauce. That's where we find it delicious."

Not like other cereals

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are unique foods—the only grain foods of their kind.

They are scientific foods—invented by Prof. Anderson. Every food cell is steam exploded and thus fitted to digest.

They are whole grains in which every granule feeds.

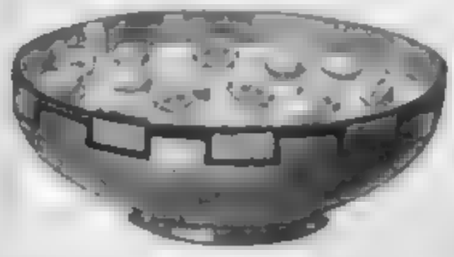
That was the maker's object—to offer whole-grain diet in its ideal form.

But also food delights

Explosion puffs the grains to bubbles, 8 times normal size. The texture is like snowflakes, the flavor is like nuts.

So these are food confections. Children revel in them. Their love of Puffed Grains has won millions to a daily whole-grain diet.

Those are the reasons for Puffed Grains.
They tempt children to the diet you desire.
They make all elements available as food.
Serve them in place of lesser foods—morning, noon and night.



Puffed Wheat

Serve in every bowl of milk. It forms a practically complete food, rich in 16 needed elements.

For breakfast, luncheons and suppers. Also airy, toasted wafers for your soups.

Puffed Rice

The queen of breakfast dainties. Also douse with melted butter for hungry children after school. Use in candy making or as garnish on ice cream.

Every grain tastes like a nut meat puffed.

The Quaker Oats Company Sole Makers

PITCAIRN
Sole-Proof

Profitable Pleasure

—to see shabby furniture, floors or woodwork gleam with restored youth under your every brush stroke.

Cost is trifling. There is a ready-to-use large or small can of varnish or enamel, just the color you want, waiting to do a hundred things about the home.

Ask for Pitcairn Sole-Proof varnish by name and be sure of getting high class, durable varnish or enamel. Use a good brush—as important as the use of good varnish.

Sold by quality dealers everywhere.

Write for "Proof" booklet

PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS CO.
Patton Paints Division
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN
NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

Proof PRODUCTS
INTER-INDUSTRIES OF THE
PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS CO.

OUT-OF-DOORS

PHOTO. BY MILE HIGH PHOTO COMPANY COURTESY OF THE DENVER TOURIST BUREAU

Color in Flies

WE NEVER will be done with the argument about trout flies. One man goes out with a rainbow-colored feather and makes a killing, and from that time on thinks he has made a discovery. Another man does the same thing with a fly altogether different, and he starts a school all by himself. Some interesting experiments have been made to test out the color theory in fly fishing. In England Sir Herbert Maxwell has used a bright scarlet May fly and found that the fish took it as readily as the properly colored imitation. Some think that trout are color-blind, but Sir Herbert believes that color is important only in certain tones; that a red May fly photographed would appear like a gray one, so that dark red and light red are just as good as dark green and light green.

All anglers are familiar with the radical doctrine of Cholmondeley Pennell, who used only three flies for trout, all the same shape, but each a different color—green, yellow and brown. Mr. Pennell was no friend of the tackle trade.

The ultra school of exact imitation offers us the most difficult and most scientific phases of trout fishing. The late Mr. Halford is the best exponent of this school. As dry fly fishing advances in America we begin to use smaller and smaller flies, like the English school. Continually someone will come along to upset all theories by using gaudy, large flies fished wet. Here are a few of the exceptions discovered by one angler: He found the Parmachene Belle deadly in Nova Scotia, whether on a bright day or a dark day. In Labrador, under the same conditions, he found that fly no good, although the fish took the black gnat or the white Montreal. In Newfoundland he found none of the foregoing good, but a small Silver Doctor did the work. Again the same angler, fishing for salmon, found that the salmon at the mouth of St. Mary's would only rise to a dark fly, yet three miles from the mouth they would take nothing but a gay fly.

The experience of a thousand anglers will bring in a thousand different conclusions about the artificial trout fly. I always come back to the statement of a very intellectual friend who said that he had studied everything from higher mathematics down to spiritualism, but trout fishing was one thing whose problems he could never solve. That is why it is so fascinating.

The Butcher Bird

NO DOUBT every American boy has seen or once could have seen that interesting bird known as the butcher bird—the same one which used to hang up grasshoppers and mice on the thorn hedges, as we could have attested in our own boyhood. The rather savage name of this bird would seem to alienate our natural affection for it, not to mention its savage habits, but it seems to have a good side after all. A gentleman in Mississippi has a hundred acres or so at the edge of a city, and has noticed that there are no English sparrows on his premises, although those birds are found everywhere else around him. He ascribes this immunity to a pair of butcher birds which have nested near his house for many years. He has known these birds to attack the kingbird and others, and he thinks they drive away the sparrows also. In one case they certainly drove out a pair of sparrows which were trying to build in the bird house. Anything which will mitigate the sparrow nuisance ought to be encouraged, so it would seem.

By the way, a gentleman in an Eastern state writes warningly about the introduction of the English starling. He says that in his neighborhood it bids fair to be a great nuisance and a rival of the English sparrow in undesirability.

Nothing Is New

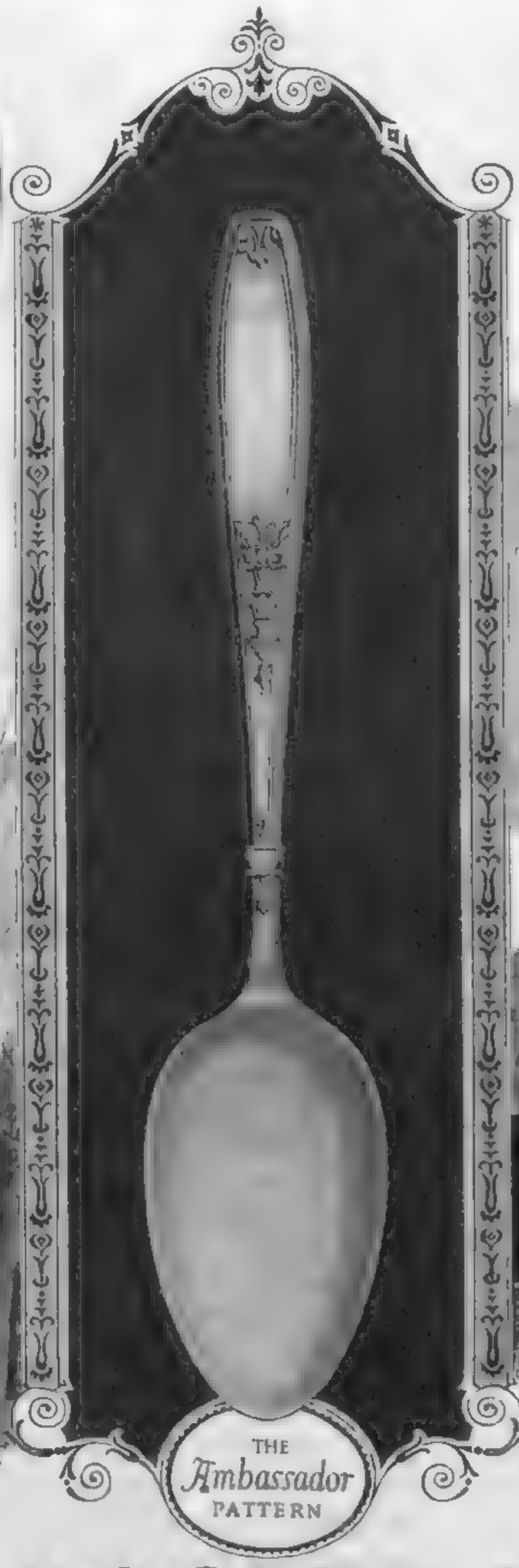
CONTINUALLY comes proof that there is absolutely nothing new under the sun. I recall that long ago in these columns I mentioned a little trick of straightening out a kinky leader by rubbing it smartly with a pure rubber band. This will leave even a dry leader entirely straight and is much quicker than soaking it, which latter process quite often leaves it, after all, disposed to fall in corkscrew circles. I thought that I had found the discoverer of this process in a fishing friend I met in Wisconsin some twenty years ago. The same friend, as I duly chronicled at the time, showed me another little wrinkle—that of carrying the landing net suspended by a button at the back of the neck rather than on an elastic cord over the shoulder. I myself and very many anglers have benefited by these pointers, which are good ones.

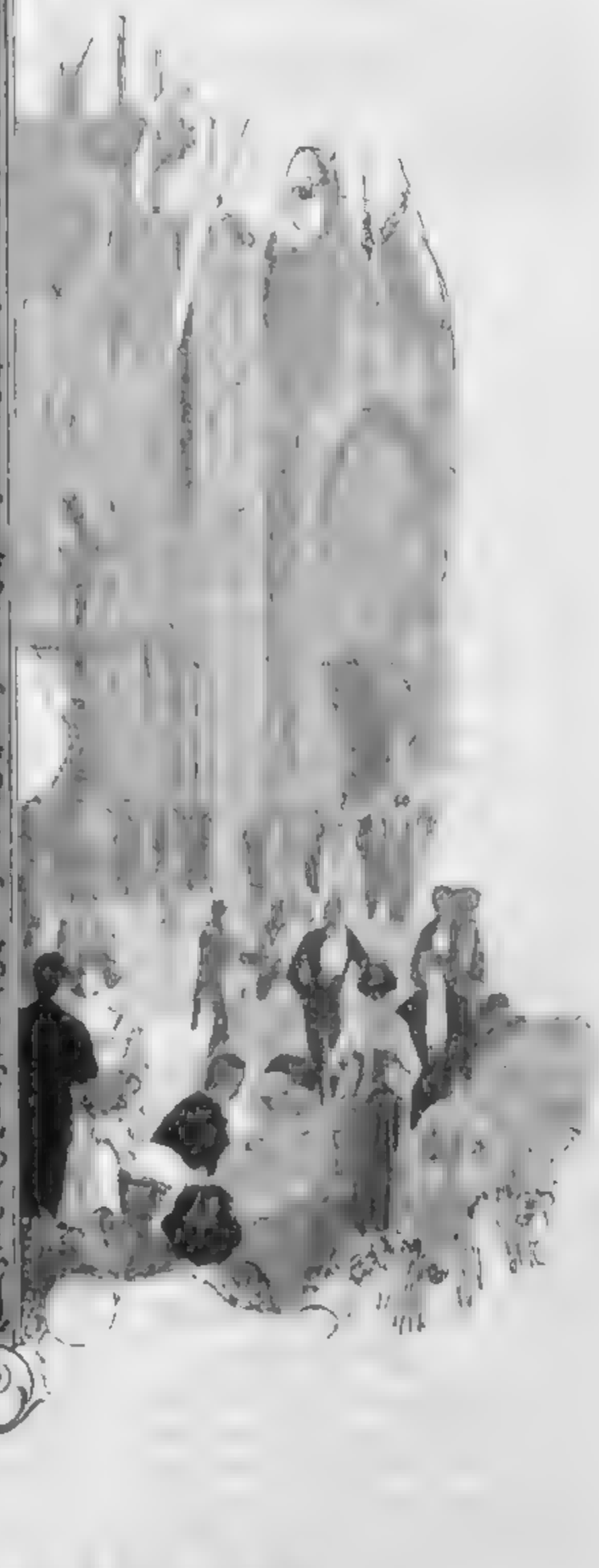
And now comes a friend and sends me a copy of The American Angler's Book, written in 1864 by old Thad Norris, of Pennsylvania and other foreign parts. In this book I discover both of the aforesaid hints, kinks, points or wrinkles. Thad Norris used to straighten his leaders and carry his landing net in just those ways, when you and I were merely boys. He mentions another idea which for very many years I have independently put into practice myself—he carried his watch on a thong for a watchguard. For thirty or forty years I never have gone out, even in evening clothes—especially in Philadelphia—without having my watch tightly attached to my person by means of a buckskin thong, looped over the ring of the watch and looped also on a trousers or coat button. This also is an independent and parallel discovery worth remembering.

(Continued on Page 49)

1847

75th Anniversary





1847 ROGERS BROS.

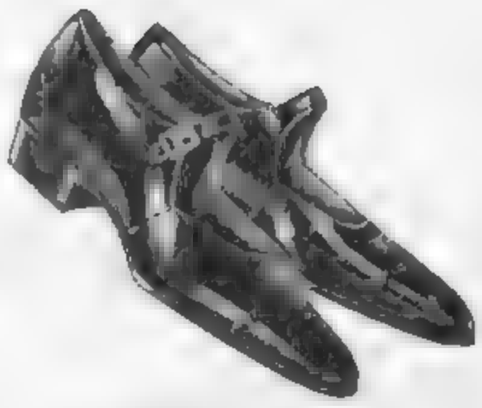
SILVERPLATE

Anniversary celebrations, or gift-occasions of any kind, call for silverplate. It can be given year after year, each gift-piece increasing the value of that given on previous anniversaries. This year "1847 Rogers Bros." celebrates its own Seventy-fifth Anniversary. Whenever you see the date, 1847, you will think of this silverplate, which has been proved finest in quality by three-quarters of a century's service. Remember it—and the Ambassador pattern shown above.

Sold by leading dealers. Write for folder P-90, illustrating other patterns, to the International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn.

THE FAMILY PLATE FOR SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.



MODEL NO. A 146

Barbara Brown
—a Brown bilt Shoe

Barbara Brown is the name of Brown bilt Shoes for Women. They combine the best in leathers with the niceties of good shoemaking. They excel in style, in comfort and in service.

Barbara Brown Shoes are delightful shoes to wear, because they fit the feet perfectly. They are economical to buy, because they are so carefully built and from such dependable leathers.

They are made in many fashionable leathers, in the very latest styles and in all sizes and widths. They sell at $7.00, $8.00, $9.00 and up.

MODEL NO. C-133

Burton Brown
—a Brown bilt Shoe

Burton Brown is the name of Brown bilt Shoes for Men. They combine the best of leathers and the finest of shoemaking. They are comfortable shoes to wear and economical shoes to buy.

Burton Brown Shoes are made in many models, in various leathers, and are all of Goodyear Welt construction. They always hold their shape and outwear common shoes.

You will readily find a Burton Brown model exactly suited to your needs, and to your purse—for they sell at $7.00, $8.00, $9.00 and up.

MODEL NO. F-335

For Boys BUSTER BROWN For Girls
—A BROWN BILT SHOE

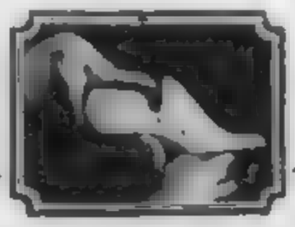
MILLIONS of boys and girls are proud to wear Buster Brown Shoes — because they look so neat and are so easy on the feet.

Millions of fathers and mothers buy Buster Brown Shoes for their children—because they know these shoes keep growing feet shapely and make them strong and sturdy—free from corns, bunions, weak ankles, twisted toes and broken arches.

Buster Brown Shoes have Goodyear Welt construction and are made upon the celebrated Brown Shaping Lasts, faithfully following Nature's graceful lines, and giving needed support and protection to each bone and muscle in the feet.

They are made in both low and high cuts — and are sold at $4.00, $5.00, $6.00 and up, according to size and style.

The Brown Shaping Lasts are built upon eighteen scientific measurements, which insure perfect foot protection.



The Brown Shaping Lasts provide exactly the correct space inside these shoes for proper growth and development.

Brown bilt Shoes are manufactured only by

Brown Shoe Company St. Louis, U. S. A.

and are sold by good stores everywhere

(Continued from Page 46)

But how about old Thad Norris himself? The same angler last above mentioned has sent to me a valuable old book called Blaine's Encyclopedia of Rural Sports, which he has found in some secondhand bookshop. This curious old book is done in very, very fine print, and it comprises twelve hundred and forty-six pages of what I take to be the most minutely comprehensive study of the field sports of Great Britain that ever has been made in one volume. Here you can review the entire field of angling, hunting, shooting, and so on, as known by the best of sportsmen up to the year 1852. At that time there still was an argument whether the percussion gun was better than the flintlock. The mysteries of chokeboring were just beginning to infest the shooter's mind. There were a thousand, ten thousand curious and interesting things then brought up to date which offer fascinating reading to-day. I am sorry to say that I don't very well know who Blaine was, but he was a marvel in compiling. He refers to himself as having been engaged for some years in the compilation of his massive volume. Taking his pages, done in agate and in minion, more than twelve hundred of them, it is apparent that he must have done about two million words of copy, because each page has averaged at least fifteen hundred words, finest print included.

Very well. Mr. Blaine mentions in 1852 this same trick of straightening a leader with a piece of rubber! Query: Did Thad Norris read Mr. Blaine? I don't know from whom Mr. Blaine copied his stuff in turn, but I do see in his writings a good many things which were known in the time of Izaak Walton, and that was in the years 1593–1683. As there is absolutely nothing, from prize fighting, horse racing, otter hunting, eel gigging, fly tying, duck shooting, wild boar hunting up to horse breeding and kennel managing and handling elephants and bull fighting and hawking that you can by any possibility imagine left out in it, I feel safe in recommending this encyclopedia of rural sports, which covers the entire globe up to 1852. But since I do not know where another copy can be obtained, please do not ask. The point is, there is nothing absolutely new.

By the way, a chance mention of Thad Norris in these columns brings out the way in which this generation laps over the preceding one. A New York friend of Norris writes that in 1862 he learned to cast a fly with Thad Norris at Henryville, Pennsylvania, then a primitive woodland region. The writer says that they caught with three rods some eighty brook trout, no other species having then been introduced.

He says: "We were satisfied with a thirty-five-foot cast for a maximum, as our lines were silk and hair, tapered."

He says also that Norris presented him with a rod, reel and line which are still in his possession, the rod and reel made by Norris himself. The butt joint is of ironwood spliced to a lancewood handle; the middle joint is ironwood and the tip partly ironwood and partly split cane. In 1877 he took this rod to the north shore of Lake Superior, and in 1912 he took it—antiquated as it then was—to Henryville, Pennsylvania, and as a matter of curiosity caught a couple of brown trout there with the rod which Thad Norris had given him so many years before.

Norris must have been a curious and interesting personality, although his book, The American Angler's Book, seems to us of to-day crude, primitive and very far back of the game as we know it technically, and much of his geography and his natural history is also very crude. The above-mentioned gentleman says that on his first trout trip Thad Norris cooked some of the trout for lunch by the baking or steaming method which he mentions in his book. He adds: "Although that was fifty-six years ago, the pleasure of that lunch still shines with me. It has led me to devise a method of cooking trout on the stream with an alcohol lamp which affords a somewhat similar result."

Yes, old Thad Norris must have been considerable of a person. He did so much love the open. He made his own reels from a beautiful bronze which he learned to use from Mr. Linus Yale. He made his own rods and tied his own flies. He mentions that any of his flies can be had, tied to order by "John Worden, at Krider's, corner of Second and Walnut streets, Philadelphia."

The Quickness of the Draw

EVERYONE knows about the bad man of the West who could always beat everybody else on the draw and get the drop first. Countless pages of description of that sort of thing have been done by men who knew nothing about it, and who would have been any place else on earth except some place where they could study it.

Without any question, the nervous reflex of some men is speedier than that of others. Without that special endowment, I presume no real gunman could get to the top without looking so natural. Practice and resolution did the rest. But how fast, in actual measured time, could any man really pull a gun and fire a shot and hit anything? A writer in Outdoor Life has produced some interesting scientific figures which cover the thing much more accurately than could be done in any mere speculation. A professional shooter declares it to be "fairly easy to throw a target with the shooting hand, draw the gun from the holster with that hand and hit the target in a space of time averaging less than one second." This same shot can be and has been done in three-fifths of a second, including the throwing.

"Later two targets were thrown at once, and results were equally good but, of course, time required to finish was greater than when only one shot was fired. We did not get the time for this exactly—probably an average of one and three-tenths to one and two-fifths seconds. This is only an estimate, remember, and not a definite statement."

A special investigator figures that in getting guns from the holster in a hip

Ideal health maintained on diet with Fleischmann's Yeast ....

Experiments made by a great scientist show remarkable importance of yeast as a food

STRICTLY scientific feeding experiments were recently carried out by a leading American scientist. These experiments showed that the actual cake of Fleischmann's fresh yeast you buy daily is as potent in life-giving vitamin as the most exacting laboratory standards demand.

In these latest feeding experiments white rats were used, because these little animals have the same food needs as man and eat the same kinds of food. So 150 white rats were given good meals, exactly the same in food value that many men and women eat today, *but without the necessary vitamin B.*

At once they began to decline in weight. Then a tiny bit of Fleischmann's Yeast was fed them and they improved immediately. They were weighed regularly and found to be growing and maintaining health in an absolutely perfect way. Week by week, they measured up to the highest standards.

The body needs fresh yeast

At the same time ten yeast preparations in tablet, capsule and other forms were given the same careful tests that Fleischmann's Yeast had. Yet in all but three cases they failed to measure up to the standard set by the laboratory. As the scientist said, the other seven do contain some vitamin but it "is so diluted with filler," so mixed with drugs, that normal growth could not be approached even on large doses. Indeed some of these preparations are known to contain as little as 1/10 of a yeast cake and to be mixed with harmful drugs such as strychnine.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast plain or spread on crackers or bread. Try it in water, hot or cold, or in fruit juices or milk. Fleischmann's Yeast combines well with almost any familiar dish on your table.

Eat 2 to 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly each day. Have it on the table at home. Have it at your office and eat it at your desk. Ask for it at noontime at your lunch place.

Beware of untested yeast-vitamin preparations that contain drugs or other mixtures. Fleischmann's Yeast is your standard of purity and potency. The familiar tin-foil package with the yellow label is the only form in which Fleischmann's Yeast for Health is sold.

Place a standing order with your grocer. 200,000 grocers carry Fleischmann's Yeast. If your grocer is not among them, write to the Fleischmann agency in your nearest city—they will supply you.

A booklet has been prepared telling the scientific story of yeast and what it has done for many men and women. It will be sent free upon request. Address THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept. 606, 701 Washington Street, New York.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST
is a food—
not a medicine

"Price-pride" and cost blindness

That is not the real way to save money

WHEN looking for economical lubricating oil some motorists watch price per gallon so hard that the long-run cost is entirely forgotten.

Why does the Ford manufacturing policy include the use of high-grade steels? Why do so many experienced Ford owners refuse any lubricating oil other than Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"? The reason is the same in both cases. Like high-grade steels Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" lasts longer, "wears" better and costs less in the long run. The body and character of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" assure

More miles per gallon of gasoline
More miles per gallon of oil
Easier cranking and starting
Full compression
Almost no carbon
Less fouling of spark plugs
Full engine protection at all times and under any extremes of temperature.

When you say "Give me a quart of oil" you cannot be sure of a single one of these economies. When you ask for Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" you are certain to get them all.

Begin now to share in the genuine long-run economy enjoyed by Ford owners everywhere.

In the differential of your Ford use Gargoyle Mobiloil "CC" or Mobilubricant as specified by the Chart of Recommendations.

IN BUYING *Gargoyle Mobiloil from your dealer, it is safest to purchase in original packages. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container.*

The Vacuum Oil Company's Chart specifies the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for every make and model of car. Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is the correct grade for Fords. If you drive another make of car, send for our booklet, "Correct Lubrication."

DOMESTIC BRANCHES:

New York *(Main Office)*	Boston	Chicago
Philadelphia	Detroit	Pittsburgh
Indianapolis	Minneapolis	Kansas City, Kan.
Buffalo	Des Moines	Dallas

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

pocket, with coat and vest on, the time for drawing and shooting was with a double-action gun, quickest time .82, average time 94 of a second. This was with man's-size guns. A single-action frontier type gave 1.32 seconds for the least time of the draw, an average of 1.47. With the left hand the same shooter averaged 1.51, and another man 1.57. In street clothes the experimenter was known to draw and shoot in .76 of a second. It seems to be believed by all these gentlemen that the time of the draw has been reduced to three-fifths of a second.

The recorded time of many experiments seems to show that a gun can be drawn from a holster and a shot fired at a target in .35 of a second. Another man says that two shots can be fired in .35 of a second. One writer in the same article says that a real artist with a double-action gun in his front pocket, and his hand on the gun, can draw and put two bullets into the other fellow who is pointing a single-action gun at him, with his finger on the trigger and his thumb on the hammer, before the latter can cock and fire his revolver. This is close, but at least comforting to read about. It is, of course, all target shooting, with nothing upon the results except fame or perhaps money. The probability is that the bad man of the old days held it over his antagonist because of his confidence in himself and his instant resolution. He began while the other fellow was thinking of it. Quite often two bad men would kill each other almost at the same instant. If you have ever seen a really good gunman work you will believe that the hand is quicker than the eye—if you have not already learned that from playing monte.

The Sunny Southwest

MYSELF, when young, did eagerly frequent the cañons, rincons, mesas, salados, rios and arroyos of the sunny Southwest. That is to say, I used to live in New Mexico, and practiced law in those parts. Perhaps it is safer to say it is alleged that I practiced law, so I will say it is alleged that I practiced law in New Mexico, when not engaged in hunting bears and tanning bear hides. I nearly always had a hide of some sort pegged out near my law office, and I tanned them Indian fashion, using a scraper and plenty of brains—more brains, some scoffers said, than I employed on the other side of the office door. Without fear of successful contradiction, I will say that as an attorney at law I was the most successful bear-hide tanner in the sunny Southwest.

Which is by the way of noting a letter from New Mexico, now claiming that we are forgetting our justly famous slogan of One Country, One Flag and One Language. The writer points out that when New Mexico was admitted to the Union, President Taft and Senator Beveridge got a clause inserted into the enabling act to the effect that all schools should be conducted in English, and that all state official business should be translated into English without the aid of an interpreter. That is a fine example of the way we Americans pass laws and regulations. As a matter of fact, if anybody lived up to the aforesaid enabling act, the entire social, legal, legislative, executive and industrial phases of life in New Mexico would cease and determine right here, *muy pronto*—which means P. D. Q. in English.

It appears that English is no more general in New Mexico than it used to be when I practiced law and tanning in those parts. When a legislator in Santa Fé gets up to address the House a gentleman rushes to his side and from that time on the conversation is twofold. The speakers usually are rather brief, because interpreting is a great discourager of oratory.

As a matter of fact, inability to understand English does not disqualify for jury service, the statutes of the state are printed in Spanish and English, and all legal notices must be issued in both languages. Of course, any gringo who rears back and hollers about the enabling act is entitled to pull his freight. The net result is that everybody lives in perfect harmony and accord, and that everybody knows a few words of the other fellow's speech. You soon learn *con mucho gusto, buenos dias, yo gusto su, como esta de usted* and so on—I may be some shy on spelling, but let it not be said that I have forgotten my early education in Spanish as she was spoke. I did not then have the price of a grammar.

In early days, when not too ardently engaged in tanning a good hide, it might chance that I would be forced into the less pleasant duties of a practicing lawyer at the bar. As the youngest member of the bar in our region, the court usually appointed me to defend such prisoners as were more or less hopeless anyhow. I sent a long series of such individuals to the penitentiary at Leavenworth. I always suspected the court interpreter of collusion, but I never could prove what he said to the witnesses, the jury or the court in the way of making plain my impassioned appeals. Indeed I doubt that I ever had a defendant that didn't go to the penitentiary except one.

My partner outlined the method of practice which had been most common in those parts before my arrival, but it was left to me to carry out the details of the defense in practical fashion. Accompanied by our interpreter, I went into the jail yard, where my client, a swarthy gentleman, was confined, and summoned him out for a conference. I asked him if he had any *dinero*, and he said *nada*—which meant that he was broke. I asked him if he had any *vacas*—which means cows—and he said *ninguna*—which means none or nothing, or something of the sort. Then I asked him if he had any *amigos*, which means friends. He spread out his hands and said, "No, señor." He didn't seem to have anything to make him interesting to a lawyer.

He was in for some simple little offense such as murder or horse stealing, the usual crimes in that particular section of the country; but I was really afraid that he might be sentenced to be hanged by the court, who was a peppery individual anyhow, and who was plumb tired of sending so many people to Leavenworth; so through my interpreter, and acting on the advice of counsel, I advised my client to fix up what is technically known as a straw bond. Without much difficulty he got one of his fellow prisoners to swear that he owned a hundred thousand head of cattle and would put them all up with the court to insure the safe appearance of the body of the said client in the presence of the court whenever required. This allowed him to get out of jail.

I took my client out into the open street of the little *placita*, where it was alleged I sometimes practiced law, and I pointed out some seventy miles to the southward the blue line of a distant mountain range.

"My friend," said I to him through the interpreter, "do you see those mountains?"

My client smiled pleasantly.

"*Si, señor*," said he, "*seguro*." This meant that he did for sure.

"Very well," I further counseled him, "go at once and get on top of that mountain range that you see. When you do that you will see another mountain range about as far to the south, on toward Old Mexico. Get on top of that also, and have another look; and as long as you can see mountains on the south of you you keep on getting on the other side of them."

"*Muchas gracias, señor*," said my client.

That means "many thanks." It was all he gave me for my counsel, which I think was the wisest he could have bought for any money. He started off south on a keen run, and over his shoulder there came floating back to me for many miles the Hispano-American words which mean "many thanks." Then the interpreter and I went and had something which, like the language of love, needs no interpretation; and both we and all the bar agreed that I was beginning to show signs of being a lawyer. Because why, they asked, should learned counsel waste time with a client who had neither money, cows nor friends? This is about all I know of the case.

All of which is adduced simply to prove that you don't really need any enabling act in any of the great human emergencies.

Factor of Use

A MEMBER of the United States Forest Service advances an interesting idea as to the amount of game which ought properly to be killed in any national forest. He points out that cowmen have a fixed ratio between the number of breeding animals on their range and the number of beef cattle that can be gathered each year, a ratio which runs about one to six. This is called the steer factor. The writer points out that there must be a similar ratio between the number of deer on a range and the number of bucks which safely can be killed. He thinks that the ratio is about one to fifteen, which establishes rather a low degree of productiveness. Worth thinking over.

This Gold Seal Identifies America's Most Popular Floor-Covering

THESE little corner glimpses, printed here in but two colors, can give you only the slightest hint of the real charm of Gold Seal Congoleum Art-Rugs. To fully appreciate their beauty and variety of coloring and design you must see the rugs themselves.

Look for the famous Gold Seal Guarantee, which stores that sell Gold Seal Congoleum Art-Rugs usually display in their windows. This Gold Seal is your protection against imitation floor-coverings. Also be sure to look for it on the goods when you buy!

Patterns for Every Room

There are patterns suitable for every room in the house—simple tile designs for kitchen and bathroom, restful color combinations for bedroom, dining room and living room. You will be charmed by their beauty and coloring—amazed at their very low prices.

They Never Curl Up

And Congoleum Art-Rugs are so easy to clean. Their durable surface is smooth and non-absorbent of water or grease. An occasional light mopping keeps them bright, clean and fresh.

You just unroll your rug and it hugs the floor; *without fastening of any kind.*

Attractive designs and colorings, durability, ease-of-cleaning and amazing economy of price—small wonder that Congoleum Gold Seal Art-Rugs are America's most popular floor-covering!

New Reduced Prices

6 x 9 ft. $ 8.10	9 x 10½ ft. $14.15
7½ x 9 ft. 10.10	9 x 12 ft. 16.20

The rugs illustrated are made in the four large sizes only. The smaller rugs can be had in patterns to harmonize with them

1½ x 3 ft. $ .50	3 x 4½ ft. $1.50
3 x 3 ft. 1.00	3 x 6 ft. 2.00

Owing to high freight rates, prices West of the Mississippi and in Canada are slightly higher.

Beware of Imitations

Unscrupulous merchants are in the habit of selling inferior merchandise as *Gold-Seal* Congoleum. To protect you, a Gold Seal like that shown above is pasted on all genuine *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs and roll Floor-covering.

Be sure to look for this Gold Seal and don't forget the seal is printed in green on a gold background. None others are genuine.

Write for "Modern Rugs for Modern Homes" showing all patterns.

CONGOLEUM COMPANY
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Philadelphia New York Chicago San Francisco
Dallas Boston Minneapolis Kansas City
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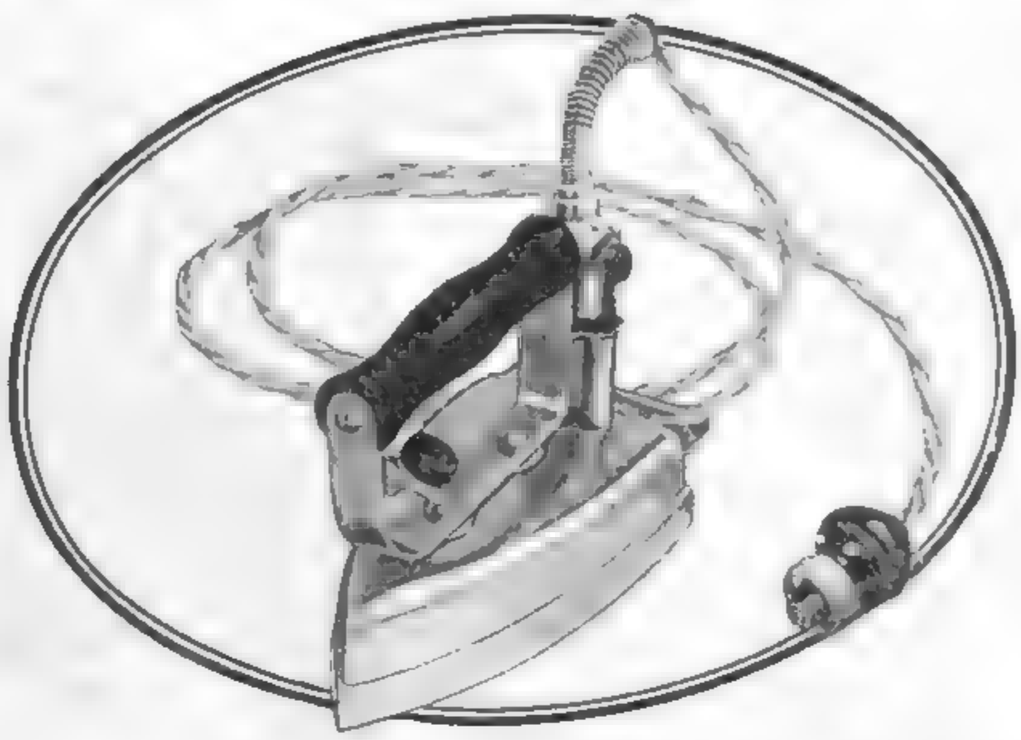
ART-RUGS



What women need today is more people they can depend upon

MANY a woman looks back and wonders how her mother got along with "so little to do with."

No one a generation ago would have dared to picture woman's release from drudgery as it is today.

Just as no one conceived the *electric home* as the Hotpoint people have conceived it—and made it *come true.*

* * *

Talk with friends about electric cooking and heating—and you hear "Hotpoint" mentioned most often.

Inevitably with high regard, perhaps, because Hotpoint has never traded on the needs of a woman to sell her a mere electrical contrivance that looks good enough to take home—but doesn't do much after that, except "get out of order."

Remember that Hotpoint has *pioneer* traditions to protect. Every Hotpoint Servant has its origin in a *housekeeping engineer*—and not in some casual workshop.

* * *

The story of the Hotpoint Iron, for example. Nearly 5,000,000 women know how electric ironing was revolutionized when Hotpoint discovered how to make the *point* even hotter than the rest of the iron.

Thus producing the first *practical* electric iron. Maximum results—minimum current—least work for the housewife.

Hotpoint invented the *Hinged Plug Cord Protector,* which does away with most of the jerk, bending and breaking of the cord.

And the *strength-saving Cantilever Handle,* which lessens the strain and makes ironing easier than you ever thought it could be.

Then, too, there is the Hotpoint *Attached Stand,* so that one simply *tilts* the iron back on its heel, instead of lifting it to and from the old-fashioned ironing stand—a saving of *many hundred pounds* of lifting in a day's ironing.

* * *

Hotpoint Servants are so named because they actually *do deliver service* in day after day work in the home.

They are sold everywhere you find a merchant who feels responsible for the *practical service* of electricity in housekeeping—as compared with the dealer in indiscriminate electric novelties and devices.

There is a
HOTPOINT
Boudoir Set
Utility Ironing Set
Chafing Dish
Curling Iron
Radiant Grill
Air Heater
Hedlite Heater
Radiant Heater
Heating Pad
Household Iron
Laundry Iron
Tailor's Iron
Ovenette
Portable Oven

Hotpoint
SERVANTS
EDISON ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO., Inc.
Boston New York Atlanta Chicago St. Louis Ontario, Cal. Salt Lake City

There is a
HOTPOINT
Percolator
Coffee Urn
Disc Stove
Radiant Stove
Table Stove
Toaster Stove
Teapot
Tea Kettle
Toaster
Vacuum Cleaner
and the
Hotpoint-Hughes
Electric Ranges

WHY NOT SCRAP THEM BOTH?

(Continued from Page 4)

the extra-party vote that elected Harding so overwhelmingly. It is a natural outcome of present political conditions. The United States Senate has been subjected to so many coercions by outside organizations during the past twenty years that the utmost expertness was to be expected when insiders went at the business of coercion themselves.

The theory and former practice of party politics are that the party organization, the administrative body erected within the party, is the instrument whereby the policies, beliefs, wants and principles of the party membership are put into governmental effect. The party organization is the executive head of the party, the directorate. Party membership is that body of voters, in all parts of the country, who hold certain policies and principles, either loosely or firmly, and look to the party organization to maintain them. Party decay begins at the moment when the party organization ceases to be popularly representative and politically paramount and allows its actions and decisions to be controlled, swayed or ordered by any influence save the expressed majority opinion of the bulk of the party membership.

Party control of government means, fundamentally, not only the direction of governmental administration but the selection of governmental administrators and the rewards of governmental perquisites and prerogatives. These have always been the objects of active politics, and so long as the great party organizations maintained policies of Republicanism for Republicans and Democracy for Democrats, with heed to public rather than to private rewards and desires, the great parties continued as definite and vital bodies. The much condemned battle cry, "To the victors belong the spoils," is not without merit as a cohesive party influence, whatever the ethics of such spoliation may be. While there were militant and national Republican policies, carried out by militant Republicans, the Republican party was a compact fighting organization, and so was the Democracy in similar sense. When these parties ceased to be nationally representative and began to be specially representative they began to wane.

Notwithstanding the fact that all political parties in the United States have always been subject to organized pressure of one sort or another, operating from the outside or from within, and always have been extremely susceptible to the wishes of class-voting potentialities, such as the racial vote, the farmer vote, the soldier vote, the labor vote, and so on—bogies used by professional race representatives, professional farmer politicians, professional soldier politicians and professional labor politicians to enforce demands—the further fact is that these have been more or less national in scope. The real beginnings of the era of special-interest domination in party politics were back in the tariff days of twenty-five years ago, when we saw special combinations of wool men and machinery men, and so on, each concerned not with protection or tariff for revenue as a national party policy, but with one personal angle thereof.

Organized Interests

We saw numerous bodies of interested citizens, each with some special advantage in view, utilizing every sort of influence on the political organizations and their law-making constituents, and noted their successes. We saw the manipulations of Schedule K, the operations of Big Business, the combinations for this specific purpose and for that, and had long noted the difficulties that any measure with none but a widely diffused and popular support encountered as contrasted to the ease with which a measure of specific appeal, backed in a specific manner, slid through to statutory form. The American people know a good thing when they see it. Straightway, when any section of them had any demand or desire, they organized to make that demand and desire effective. Straightway, also, when any section of the American people had any impractical demand or desire they organized to make that effective.

We all took leaves from the books of the Schedule K fellows and the high financial fellows, and organized. The result is the vast number of organizations, in all parts of the country, some national in scope, some sectional, some local; some economic, some commercial, some sociological, some religious, some reformatory, some racial—there are hundreds of them—that get, or try to get, special political action by organized pressure on the political parties. I say special political action because all legislative action and all governmental action are political and must be so under our system of party government. The political party in power runs the Government, and runs it politically.

Modification of existing political systems, and especially the wide extension of the principle of direct nomination, brought into public life as party representatives a class of men far more susceptible to this organization pressure than those who were selected under the old convention systems, for the reason that a man who must make his appeal for nomination to the public is far more sensitive to what any section of the public may demand than the man who gets his nomination from a party organization. The special-interest organizations batten on the direct-from-the-people official. They claim to be the people. Therefore, the old party ties and the old party discipline and responsibility began to fail of effectiveness, for the reason that the organizations that demanded special action did not operate within either party, but held over the heads of the politicians the menace of a solidly combined vote to be thrown for or against, together with other inducements that have political strength and sustenance. So far as their own demands are concerned most organizations of this sort are fearsomely one-minded and callously self-partisan. They want what they want, and want it as a unit, or make it appear they do. If they do not get it they are not bound by party ties when it comes to making reprisals.

Voting Under Pressure

Take the two greatest accomplishments of organization and agitation of late years—woman suffrage and prohibition. Notwithstanding disclaimers, the real actuating reasons for the votes in the Congress for the submission of these constitutional amendments to the people were political reasons—the same in each instance. There is no doubt that at the times these amendments passed Congress by the requisite votes that gave them submission to the legislatures of the states, there was not a required majority in Congress actually in favor of them, and there isn't now. There was a required majority each time politically in favor of them, and the reason there were such majorities is that behind the demand of the organizations favoring prohibition and suffrage was the menace of political opposition to all those who did not vote as demanded. The parties, as such, did not want to make these policies party policies. They had to. And by so doing they advanced their own disintegrations, because they opened the way wider than ever before to the other organized pressures now operating on them.

If we had real, representative, vital political parties in this country both prohibition and suffrage would have been party policies, because when parties are real and vital all such subjects are party matters inasmuch as they are of great concern to all people and can be brought about, or defeated, only by the operation of machinery that is entirely political in nature—the Congress and the legislatures. Neither prohibition nor suffrage was any sudden demand. They were before the people for years, and for years both parties ducked and side-stepped and begged to be excused. Then, as the parties began to bog down under all sorts of organized pressure, and organized suffrage pressure and organized prohibition pressure became stronger and more effective, instead of one party saying "We are for them" and the other party saying "We are against them," and thus making it a clean-cut fight, both parties, having become the mere instruments of expediency they now are, ran to cover, and the members and leaders thereof in necessary legislative places vied with one another to give the women their due and to make the country dry. The suffragists and the prohibitionists always said their movements were nonpartisan, but the parties, afraid of what might happen in case there

One Bushel

yields only three packages of these extra-flavory oats

From a bushel of choice oats we get only three large packages of Quaker.

That's because we use the queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. All unripe grains—the puny and insipid—are discarded.

You get just the cream of the oats—just the luscious flakes—when you order Quaker Oats. And that extra flavor costs no extra price.

That's why oat lovers, all the world over, have flocked to Quaker Oats. Many of them send ten thousand miles to get it.

Many millions of children have derived their love of oats from these delicious flakes.

The oat dish is important. As a vim-food and a body-builder nothing matches oats.

It supplies 16 needed elements in almost ideal form.

Why not serve such a food at its best?

When you order oat flakes, specify the brand.

Quaker Oats

The favorite of fifty nations

An oat confection—

Quaker Macaroons

1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 eggs, 2½ cups Quaker Oats, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Cream butter and sugar. Add yolks of eggs. Add Quaker Oats, to which baking powder has been added, and add vanilla. Beat whites of eggs stiff and add last. Drop on buttered tins with teaspoon, but very few on each tin, as they spread. Bake in slow oven. Makes about 65 cookies.

Packed in sealed round packages with removable cover

Bringing the Stars Down to Earth

LENSES of greater power, in the world's famous observatories, are bringing the stars closer to earth, and bringing new stars into view.

What metal, do you think, is a necessary ingredient in the glass of which the finest telescopic lenses are made? Would you guess that it is lead which gives the quality necessary for the proper refraction or bending of light rays to make a powerful lens?

You may not have known it, but there is lead in the lens of the camera, the microscope, eye-glasses, and spectacles.

Here is one of the little-known uses of lead in civilized life. There are many others. Your fountain pen and the tires of your automobile contain lead, for lead is used in making rubber. There is lead in the glaze on your fine china, lead in the tube which holds your tooth paste, lead in the solder that seals fruit and vegetable cans and joins metals in thousands of other articles, in printers' metals, in storage batteries, and in machinery bearings.

Most important of all, to modern civilization, is the use of white-lead as the principal ingredient in good paint. Everywhere people are learning the importance of paint-protection, the wisdom contained in seven short words—"Save the surface and you save all."

Tons of metallic lead are corroded, every day, to produce the white-lead which gives to good paint its protective power. National Lead Company makes white-lead of the highest quality and sells it, mixed with pure linseed oil, under the name and trade mark of

Dutch Boy White-Lead

Write our nearest branch office, Dept. A, for a free copy of our "Wonder Book of Lead," which interestingly describes the hundred-and-one ways in which lead enters into the daily life of everyone.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York Boston Cincinnati San Francisco
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JOHN T. LEWIS & BROS. CO., Philadelphia
NATIONAL LEAD & OIL CO., Pittsburgh

Some Products Made by National Lead Company

Dutch Boy White-Lead	Battery Red-Lead
Dutch Boy Red-Lead	Battery Litharge
Dutch Boy Linseed Oil	Came Lead
Dutch Boy Flatting Oil	Sheet Lead
Dutch Boy Babbitt Metals	Lead Oxides
Dutch Boy Solders	Lead Castings

Pressure Die Castings

was open opposition, made them bipartisan. Outside organization made cowards of them both.

This system of organized pressure on party politics, and on the official representatives of party politics, has not only made the once great parties of the country the temporizing, shifty, opportunist and cowardly bodies they now are, but it has also turned loose on the defenseless people such a flood of legislation and laws as the world never saw before. Observing how easy it is to influence Congress or any other legislative body and all Federal and state executives and administrators by organized pressure, that pressure has been exerted for all sorts of fantastic purposes. There is a certain section of our public that holds the firm conviction that all social, moral, governmental, political, economic and civic ills may be cured by legislation. It is Section One of the articles of belief of this great portion of the people that the way to reform us, regenerate us, replenish us, reimburse us for losses due to our own ineptitudes, make us happy, moral, healthy, prosperous and powerful is to pass laws directing that these desirable ends shall be attained forthwith and providing strict penalties for remissness in these various matters.

The poor are getting poorer. Pass a law about it. The rich are getting richer. Pass a law about that. Our morals are not what they should be; our death rate is too high, and our birth rate too low; some children have the rickets; the women use too much rouge; Europeans are selling in our markets; the farmers are getting too little for their wheat; the movies are stupid, immoral, too exciting or not exciting enough; some folks believe in socialism; skirts are too short; there should be a new calendar; the oyster crop is a failure; every man should have a job whether he deserves it or not; hours of work are too long or not long enough; money is hard to get; babies have the croup; cigarettes are instruments of sin and destruction; the stage caters to the box office; bathing suits are too scanty—the list is interminable, and the laws that come flooding from our legislative bodies are as grotesque as they are incredibly numerous.

Apparently all that is needed to get any sort of law passed is to make an organization that shall favor that law. Congress and the legislatures meekly and humbly and obsequiously do the rest. There is no party leadership to stand out against this sort of thing. There is nothing but a lot of opportunist politicians, each with an eye on the home district and regardless of any national need, rushing to do the bidding of any who come along and say: "If you do not do this we will be against you at the next election." If we had real, operating national parties, instead of the hulks of parties we have now, this would be stopped; but it never will be stopped while party designations are merely labels instead of responsibilities, and party leadership is expedient instead of explicit.

Bureaucracy Run Wild

This weakness and opportunism of party control of government and the vast number of special-interest organizations it has fostered and the vast flood of unnecessary and often foolish laws it has produced have created still another situation that is directly the outcome of the decay of the two great parties. That situation is the alarming expansion of Federal authority over the lives, habits, customs, employments—over all activities and passivities of American citizens. When any organization of citizens, wanting any reform, supervision, direction or denial of any phase of American life or endeavor to be set forth in law according to the theories or fanaticisms or prejudices of that organization of citizens, proceeds to operate on our superserviceable lawmakers, and get their law—as they mostly do—the provision is made that the law shall be enforced by the Federal Government.

Every little body of citizens who have a grievance or a theory or a reform or a scheme comes running to the Federal Government for relief. With two strong parties in our Government, one in majority and the other in intelligent opposition, these little meddlers and amateur messiahs would be packed back where they came from; but not with our present party system. They are feared and coddled, and their laws are passed.

The result of this party weakness and decay is that the growth of bureaucracy in the United States in the past twenty years has come to such proportions that it already makes almost negligible our boasted system of free institutions, free speech and free play of public opinion, and has put on the American people a burden of government, meddling, inefficient, spying, costly and unnecessary, that is intolerable, and is the direct outcome of the present political situation.

Senator Stanley, of Kentucky, in speaking on this phase of our present condition recently, said: "Every business man finds an inspector at his elbow and a Federal sleuth at his heels. . . . Nobody escapes. Everything in the moral, industrial and commercial world is to be owned, operated, supervised or censored, from the birth of a baby to the burial of a corpse; and the worst is not yet."

Senator Stanley is a Democrat, but there is plenty of Republican testimony to the same effect. In his recent report to the trustees of Columbia University, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, a conspicuous Republican, in referring to the proposed bureau for the supervision of education—there is a strong organization to bring that about, by the way—said: "In the United States we are, in flat defiance of all our proclaimed principles, building a series of bureaucracies that will put to shame the best efforts of the government of the Czar of all the Russias when in the heyday of its glory. We are surrounded by agents, special agents, inspectors and spies, and the people are called upon to support, through their taxes, in harmful and un-American activities whole armies of individuals who should be engaged in productive industry."

Too Much Lawmaking

John W. H. Crim, Assistant Attorney General of the United States, in speaking of this phase of our governmental and hence our political affairs, at Albany, New York, recently, with reference to the effect that multitude of lawmaking due to the lack of resistance on the part of our political lawmakers has on the work of the national Department of Justice, said: "An enormous percentage of the work being done by the Department of Justice is work that could be done more efficiently and at much less expense by the local government. The burden of this character of work is so great on the department that it is fairly staggering under its load. Unless relieved bureaucracy is inevitable, with its attendant evils. The extent of work which it is doing that could be better done by responsible local self-government is so great that it impairs the efficiency of the administration of those laws which deal with things essentially national in their scope."

There you have it. People in one section or another, knowing how easy it is to get laws passed by our Congress, take every little local matter to the Congress, and that Congress obediently makes a law covering the case, or the little local congressman, thinking to get kudos for himself, passes the law to fit the little local case. In either event the result is the same; but with strong, reliant, effective party organizations such as the terms Republican Party and Democratic Party connote but do not comprehend, there would be little of this, and there would be an attention to national needs that is now lacking in the policies of expediency and opportunism and the seeking for bolstering political favor that is now the mainspring of all our party political action.

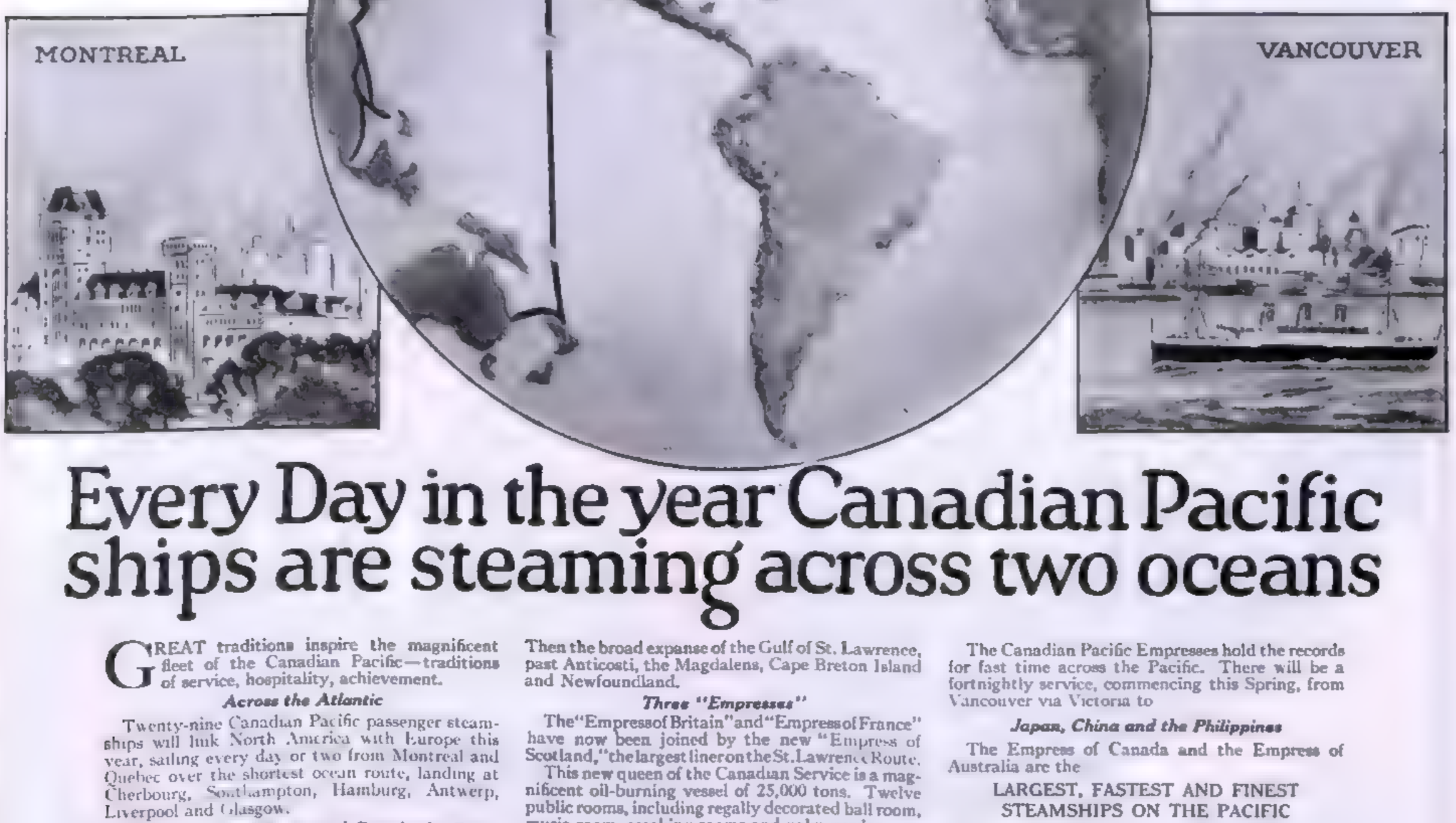
These various and alarming conditions are not due to the weakness of our system of party government, but are due to the weaknesses of the parties that comprise that government. Once the instruments of government for all the people, they are now the mediums for the attainment of the ends, the application of the theories, the enforcement of the fanaticisms, the legalizing of the fads, the shifting of the responsibilities, the restriction of the liberties that every association of Toms, Dicks and Harrys and of Marys, Janes and Susans, with the threat of political reprisal in case their demands are not complied with to back them, presents to those who pretend to party leadership and management; or with self-interests that may be useful in the various ways self-interests can be of use to politicians.

Neither the Republican Party nor the Democratic Party has any but a historical

(Continued on Page 56)

The Canadian Pacific Route

Bridging two oceans and linking four continents



Every Day in the year Canadian Pacific ships are steaming across two oceans

GREAT traditions inspire the magnificent fleet of the Canadian Pacific—traditions of service, hospitality, achievement.

Across the Atlantic

Twenty-nine Canadian Pacific passenger steamships will link North America with Europe this year, sailing every day or two from Montreal and Quebec over the shortest ocean route, landing at Cherbourg, Southampton, Hamburg, Antwerp, Liverpool and Glasgow.

From the United States and Canada the Canadian Pacific provides a most attractive trip to Europe. For instance the swift and luxurious Empress liners, sailing from Quebec, will enable people from Chicago to reach London and Paris in 8 days and Berlin in 10 days from the time they leave Michigan Boulevard.

Only 4 Days' Open Sea

The Canadian Pacific Route to Europe gives you 2 days down the picturesque and sheltered St. Lawrence River and Gulf, touching at Montreal and Old French Quebec, with only 4 days' open sea on the Atlantic.

A Fresh Water, Salt Water Journey

An inland voyage down the river—the broad highway traveled by the pioneering adventurers from the Old World—with the beauties of primeval forest and rocky cliffs on either hand, the shores dotted with thriving hamlets and busy towns. Then the broad expanse of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, past Anticosti, the Magdalens, Cape Breton Island and Newfoundland.

Three "Empresses"

The "Empress of Britain" and "Empress of France" have now been joined by the new "Empress of Scotland," the largest liner on the St. Lawrence Route.

This new queen of the Canadian Service is a magnificent oil-burning vessel of 25,000 tons. Twelve public rooms, including regally decorated ball room, music room, smoking rooms and palm garden.

All the "Empress" trans-Atlantic liners have large, well-ventilated state-rooms, and service and cuisine to satisfy the most experienced traveler.

To the British Isles

The splendid Empresses land at Southampton, making direct connections for London. Other Canadian Pacific liners land at Liverpool and Glasgow.

To France, Germany and Belgium

Cherbourg is the French port of call for Canadian Pacific ships. Hamburg is the German port. Antwerp is the Belgian port.

Across the Pacific

Four magnificent Canadian Pacific Empress Steamships will link Asia with America this year:

Empress of Canada	22,500 tons
Empress of Australia	21,400 tons
Empress of Russia	17,000 tons
Empress of Asia	17,000 tons

The Canadian Pacific Empresses hold the records for fast time across the Pacific. There will be a fortnightly service, commencing this Spring, from Vancouver via Victoria to

Japan, China and the Philippines

The Empress of Canada and the Empress of Australia are the

LARGEST, FASTEST AND FINEST STEAMSHIPS ON THE PACIFIC

Plan your trip this Spring for the Flower Festivals of Japan, the Forbidden City of Pekin, the great Oriental ports of Yokohama, Shanghai, Hong Kong and Manila.

AS EASY AS A TRIP TO EUROPE

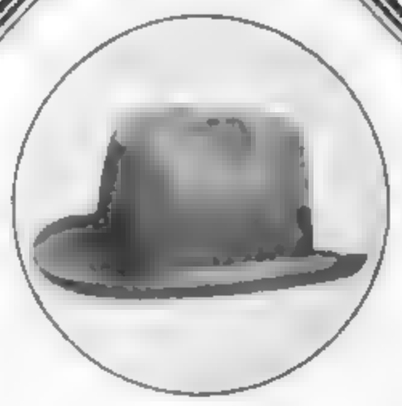
Agents Everywhere

The Canadian Pacific is represented by General Agents in nearly all the principal cities in the United States. These men are fully equipped and ready to give the prospective traveler all possible assistance. Local steamship agents authorized and qualified to represent the Canadian Pacific may be found in almost every community. The home office for this great transportation System is in Montreal, Province of Quebec, Canada.

C. E. E. USSHER

Passenger Traffic Manager, Canadian Pacific Railway, Montreal

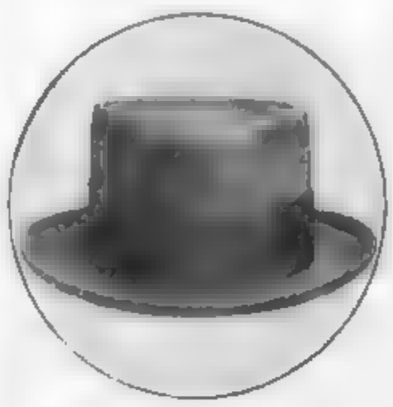
Before you plan a journey see a Canadian Pacific Agent



A new Spring Stetson for the young men who wish spirited style that is not too conspicuous. An example of really stylish headwear

AS intangible as the coming of Spring—as unmistakable—is the style of a Stetson.

Stetsons are bought for their style—their economy is an extra dividend.



In its various shades, this new Stetson soft hat for Spring—blocked with an eye to well-bred style—will appeal to men who observe care in matter of dress. A really fine hat is an investment that more than pays for itself

STETSON HATS

STYLED FOR YOUNG MEN

(Continued from Page 54)

or sentimental right to the suffrages of the American people. There is no outstanding issue between them. There is no great leadership in them. There is nothing to them save the labels. The great bulk of the American people vote with one or the other of them because there is no other way of voting that gives them an outlet for their political action. They divide between these dead ones because there is nothing live to attract them.

It is probable that a considerable benefit will accrue to the people by the scrapping of the battleships, but a much greater benefit would accrue by the scrapping of the present Republican and Democratic parties and the formation and building up of new parties that would have blood and bones in them instead of only bones—by a new political deal. Without it we shall continue on our rapid progress towards a limitless bureaucracy, towards a further domination by special organized interests of all phases of our lives, towards a completely changed and highly restrictive form of government, neither conceived or ordained by the charter of our liberties nor allowed by a party system that was really governmental for all the people instead of especially governmental for groups of the people.

Outworn Vehicles

The present obsolescent political parties in this country, the Republican Party and the Democratic Party, are the outcomes of party evolutions that began with the Federalists and what was originally termed the Democratic-Republican Party to signify that it was anti-Federalist. From these, with various mutations, inheritances, absorptions, combinations down through the period after the War of 1812, when there was but one party, there were the original Democrats, the Whigs, the Liberty Party, the Know-Nothings, the Free-Soilers, the Constitutional-Unionists, and so on. All these parties had their spans of activity and vanished when they became outworn as vehicles for the expression of the political policies of their later times. The present Republican Party was formed, a few years previous to the Civil War, because a great issue needed a political party instrument; and the present Democratic Party was a remodeling of the original Democratic Party with the addition of those who were in opposition to Republican doctrine.

The Republican Party was dominant after the Civil War for many years, and was a vital political instrument. There were numerous new-party schemes—Liberal Republicans, the Grange, Greenbackers, the Farmers' Alliance, the Populists, the Progressives, and so on, with side-line excursions into socialism and prohibition by ardent supporters of those beliefs, but save for the Mugwump demonstration, which was a schism and not a party, and defeated Blaine in 1884 with Cleveland, and helped, in its way, to elect Cleveland once thereafter, and the Progressive demonstration in 1912, the Republicans held to their power. The Democrats claimed the election of Cleveland in 1884, and in 1892, but neither of those elections would have been possible without Republican defections. The Free Silver idea dominated the Democrats in 1896 and for some time thereafter, and the Progressive split in 1912 gave them Wilson for President.

Notwithstanding these demonstrations during the course of years since the Civil War, Republicanism meant something concrete as opposed to Democracy until a few years ago, and Democracy meant something concrete as opposed to Republicanism. Then the two parties began to decay, and for the reasons set forth; and now they are nothing so far as great public and national policies are concerned.

We need new political parties in this country. We need new political parties to protect us from the bureaucracy that is throttling us; the paternalism that is suffocating us; the flood of useless laws that is engulfing us; the taxation that is political and not economic that is pauperizing us; the special interests that are constricting individual progress; the fanaticisms that are depriving us of personal liberty; the theories that are switching the legalized conduct of our lives from one crankism to another; the raids on the treasury that are organized by expert raiders who politically terrorize those in charge of these present parties and for which the citizenry must pay in taxes; the spies, special agents, inspectors and sleuths that harass us.

We need new parties to get this Government down to a sane and Constitutional basis; to set up political principles that shall be in conformity to our institutions; to fight and defeat all this vast domination by special privilege, and all this mushy, theoretical, Pollyanna utopianism that has led and is leading to a Government that is autocratic in its contacts with the people because each succeeding demonstration of it is based on an increasing bureaucracy that is erected to put the theories into effect and make the fanaticisms effective. We need parties that will mean something, stand for something, do something. The present Congress is an example of the utter incompetencies of our present parties. Congress is the direct expositor of our party politics. No more need be said.

The great, natural political division in a country like ours is a division along conservative and radical lines, using the term "radical" in its definitive sense and not in the offensive sense in which the old-line politicians employ it. In each of these poor hulks of parties now representing the organized political thought of this country there are two parties, really—two widely apart sections, rather. There are definitely radical Republicans, and definitely conservative Republicans. It is so in the Democratic Party.

New Lines of Cleavage

There can be no denial of the fact that the present situation in this country, not only in a national sense, but internationally as well, could best be served politically, and hence nationally, by the alignment of our people under one or the other of these policies: A conservatism that would mean an adherence to the tried and Constitutional order of affairs, to precedent and practice and policy of our original form of government; or to a radicalism that would mean a sane experimentation with such improvements and amendments as the radical-minded deem vital to our future progress. A conservative party need not necessarily be a reactionary party any more than a radical party need be either red, socialist or anarchistic in its principles.

Fundamentally there are two schools of political thought in this country, and one of these is conservative and the other is radical. Eliminating the hidebound old-timers and the loose-witted new-timers, the greatest possible governmental results and the greatest possible political reform and advantage would come from the scrapping of these present-day parties, which are neither one thing nor the other, but weak and useless combinations of both, and the erection of two new parties, a Conservative Party and a Radical Party, through which mediums and on which broad principles the future of this country could be arranged in accordance with the wishes of the majority of the people.

New parties must have leaders and issues to survive. A new party can live for a time with a leader, and can live for a time with an issue, but no new party can come to full power without both. It is true that with an issue a new party may develop a leader, or with a leader it may develop an issue. The Progressive Party, in 1912, had a leader, but it had no outstanding issue, and as soon as its leader quit it, which he did in 1916, that party faded and died the death. There is an issue now. It is the issue of the incompetency, the senility, the obsolescence of the present parties—the Republican Party and the Democratic Party—all things to all men standing for nothing that is in step with the times, and doing nothing that is not based on the sole idea of those who pose as leaders to remain in power, on the one side, or get back to power, on the other.

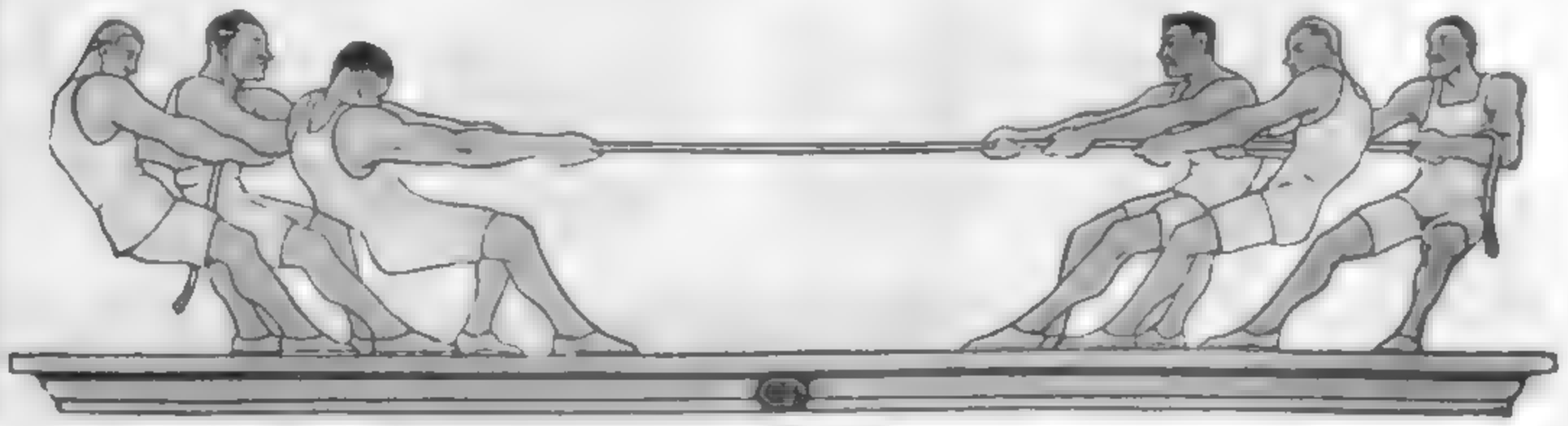
A Forecast of New Parties

Congress, as I have said, is the real exemplar, expression and demonstrator of party politics. Congress, by its lawmaking function, expresses the majority-party policy of the nation, and shows unfailingly party weakness and party strength. The present Congress is sufficient, overwhelming proof of the decay of present parties. One need go no further than the so-called Agricultural Bloc to show that. Here are men, partisans, regular party members and elected as such, who, in order to get action they maintain is essential, walk outside their own parties and form what is in effect a new party, what is in reality the foundation for an Agrarian Party. It would not take much leadership nor much manipulation to expand that Agricultural Bloc into a new party. It would not require much leadership to form, with that bloc as a base, an Agrarian Party or an Agrarian-Labor Party, for example. And that would be a start, because without commending or condemning the policies of such a party, the formation of it would lead to the formation of an opposition party, and that would give the much needed new-party movement a start.

There are various new-party movements under way now and probably will be others. The trouble with these is that mostly they are too radical to attract any great proportion of the people. However, unless there are steps taken to supersede the present-day Republican and Democratic parties by parties more truly representative of the thought and desire of the people something more radical than anything in sight now may come out of it all. It is not to be expected that the American people will continue indefinitely under the present burden of taxation, of paternalism, of bureaucracy, of espionage, of futility in Congress, of special-interest domination. They may make one more change under the present party system.

That change will avail nothing, because the Democratic politicians will do as they have done in the past, repeat the processes and ineptitudes of the Republican politicians.

There will be two or more new parties in this country before the presidential election of 1928. There should be two or more before the presidential election of 1924, and there will be if the American people are awake to their actual political and governmental situation in the year 1922 A.D. It is of no use to suggest that the old parties can be reformed and rejuvenated. That has been tried. We can't reform them. Therefore the thing to do is to bury them decently and with appropriate ceremonies, write epitaphs for them telling of their useful pasts, and proceed to the duties and necessities of the insistent present and the hopeful future.



The clock turns the current on at the desired time. The thermostat turns it off when the required temperature is reached. Your meal is ready *just when you want it to be.* Moreover, food which this range has cooked is wonderfully tasty and wholesome. This is what one soon learns to expect from electrical cooking.

I Have An Invisible Servant

that saves me money, time and work. It is dependable, it is capable, and it requires no supervision. It makes cooking a pleasure, and it gives us better food than we have ever had before.

This is what an owner says of the Westinghouse Automatic Electric Range, the range which you probably know as "the Range with the Clock".

Won't you go to your electrical dealer and ask him to tell you about the Westinghouse Automatic, and to show you the exclusive features in construction and control that make it such a good range?

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING CO.
Offices in all Principal Cities · Representatives Everywhere

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ELECTRIC RANGES WITH AUTOMATIC CONTROL

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NATION-WIDE is the enthusiasm for the Overland. Men and women of all walks of life prefer it to any other car for its all-round satisfactory performance. It makes motoring enjoyable as well as economical.

"Saves time and money and keeps the young folks on the land," writes a farmer. "Next to my husband and baby, my Overland comes first," declares a housewife. "Enables me to cover a much wider territory," states a country doctor. "Increased my earnings 50%," maintains a salesman.

Every mile you travel in the Overland is *comfortable*. No matter how bumpy the road, Triplex Springs absorb the jolts and protect both car and passengers.

You never need worry about gas bills,—most Overland owners average 25 miles to the gallon. Day in and day out, the Overland runs true to form—it is always *economical*, always *dependable*.

Everything you rightly expect in a car is yours in the Overland. It is *completely equipped*, including electric lights, starter, horn, speedometer, and demountable rims. The body is all-steel with baked enamel finish. Standard 3-speed and reverse transmission, safe brakes and steering add to the ease of handling.

You can put your dollars into the New Series Overland today with the certainty of making a good investment.

WILLYS-OVERLAND, Inc., TOLEDO, OHIO
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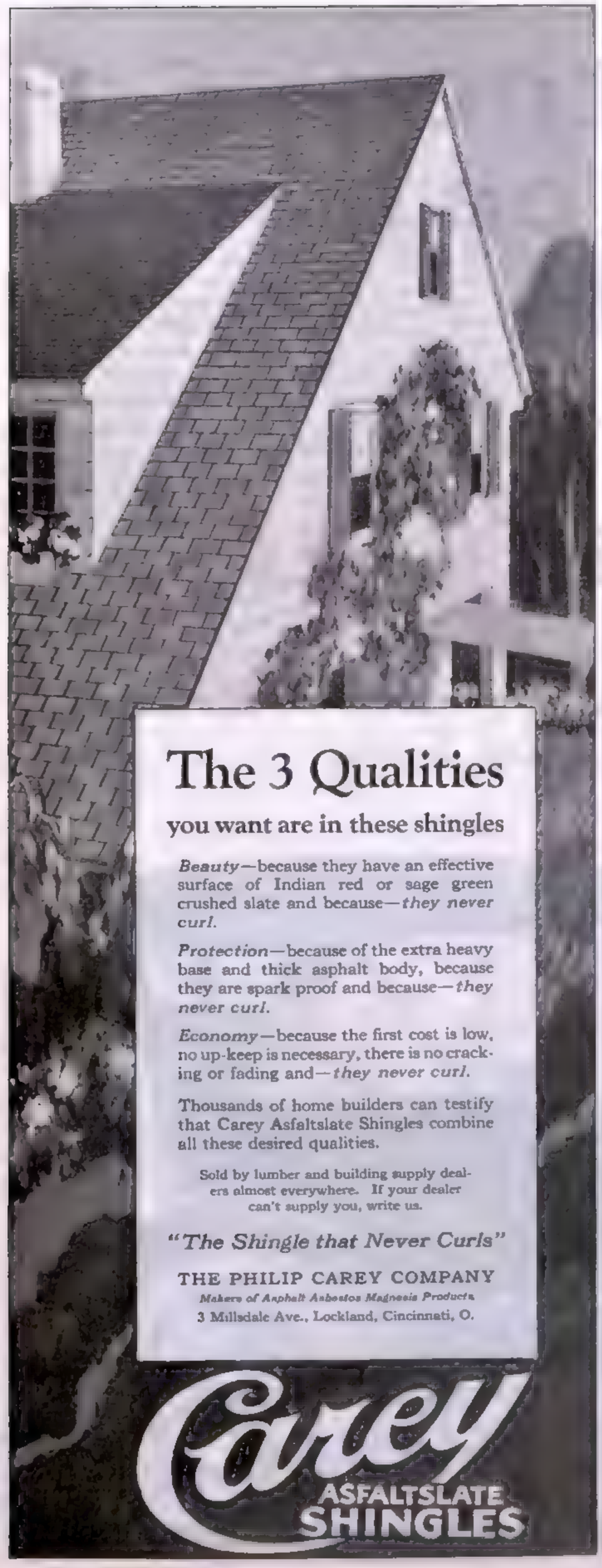
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Beauty—because they have an effective surface of Indian red or sage green crushed slate and because—they never curl.
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SHINGLES

MY WIFE'S MONEY

(Continued from Page 7)

It was, in fact, as if she were always trying to take the joy out of life. All women did that.

"I was just saying," repeated Myrtle, "that it may take a year to settle Cousin Willy's estate."

Jim grunted disgustedly. He hadn't thought of it till then.

An enthusiasm such as his, however, was not to be stamped on easily; and after a few minutes he revived. Maybe, after all, he wouldn't have to wait a year. The thing for him to do would be to write and find out. Better still, he would telegraph.

"Who are the executors, Myrt?" he asked abruptly.

"I don't know," replied Myrtle. "Lottie Jasper didn't say. She only saw the news in a newspaper."

For a moment Jim mused. "I'll have to wire the public administrator," he remarked.

Myrtle at the moment was looking down at her plate. As Jim spoke she started perceptibly.

"No, you won't wire!" she said sharply.

Jim stared, astonished. It was rare that she spoke so brusquely.

"I'd like to know why not," he demanded.

"Because I'll attend to it myself," returned Myrtle. She added then: "The money was left to me; not you, Jim."

Her tone was almost tart, and for an instant he looked startled.

"Oh," he said; and his eyes fell awkwardly.

Then after a pause he stole a furtive look at her. It was as if the nymph, the germ of some suspicion had been gestated within his mind, and that for the instant it stirred there sluggishly. The suspicion, whatever it was, died, however, almost ere it was born. Again, buoyantly, Jim began to plan.

Buoyant as he was, though, he did not lose sight of the urgent important need he had of getting the money immediately; and late that night just as they were putting out the lights and going upstairs he went at it again.

"If you don't wish me to wire, girly," said Jim, "you'd better do it." As he suggested, she could do it the first thing in the morning.

"I don't see the need," said Myrtle calmly.

Jim restrained himself patiently. "But you don't understand," he explained; "every day I lose means a lot!"

"I can't help it," replied Myrtle calmly, and he gave a start.

"You mean you won't?" he demanded.

She shook her head resolutely; and he looked for an instant as if an explosion were imminent. But somehow he controlled himself.

"I don't understand you, Myrtle," he said severely.

Myrtle made no reply. In her eyes, though, as she went into her room and turned up the light was a look that might have startled him still more had he seen it. It was amused, mocking. Night, however, brings counsel; and during the night Jim seemed to have taken counsel with himself.

The next morning, at any rate, he did not wake Myrtle when he rose, but leaving her to sleep he went down to his breakfast alone.

"Don't disturb Mrs. Evans," he directed the maid; "she'll have breakfast when she wakes."

It was a new deal to the maid—that is, so far as her present mistress was concerned; for, as she understood, it was a wife's duty to see her husband's coffee was poured properly every morning. However, she said only "Yes, sir," and poured Jim's coffee herself. Jim gulped it down, then he tiptoed up the stairs and peeped in at Myrtle's door.

She was still lying there, her fair hair thrown in a glittering web upon the pillow; and as Jim stood watching she opened one eye drowsily and peered at him.

"Girly," he said, "I've left something downstairs for you. You'll find it under your napkin."

An indistinguishable murmur came from the pillow; and after blowing a kiss to her Jim went down the stairs. A moment later the door slammed as he hurried off to catch the 8:18; and instantly Myrtle awoke.

Leaping from the bed she scrambled into a dressing sack and slippers, and a moment afterwards she went scuttling down the stairs. The dining room, it was evident, was her objective; for the startled waitress saw her dart in at the door in her deshabille and dash toward the table. The napkin she snatched up; and as she did so a slip of paper, a bank check, fluttered to the floor.

The check was for twenty-five dollars, and as Myrtle grabbed it Jim would have been as startled as was the waitress peeping at her through the pantry door. In her dressing sack and slippers Myrtle was executing a jig step on the dining-room rug.

"That fixes you, Mr. Jim!" said Myrtle aloud.

Down the road Jim hurried on. His wife's glee, whatever its cause, was no monopoly, it seems; for Jim's face, too, was bright again. His plans he had made; and now he knew what to do. Myrtle was a little ninny of course. She knew nothing about money or how money should be handled; and as he'd realized, he must take matters entirely in his own hands. The legacy, her ten thousand dollars, was a godsend; and as such he must let no grass grow under his feet, of course, in making use of it.

Old Zephas would be reasonable, he was sure of that. Cash, to be sure, was what the old boy demanded; but Jim figured that was all right. He would give Zeph a note for the amount, the ten thousand dollars; and when the executors paid the money Jim would take up the note. The balance of the twenty thousand dollars, the amount of cash necessary to get the stock, Jim also could raise. There was the sixty-two hundred dollars he had in the bank; and the house, his home, he could mortgage for the remainder. First of all, though, he would shoot off a wire to Spokane.

It would not be necessary to say anything to Myrt. She had told him, of course, she didn't wish him to wire; but that didn't matter. He knew Bud Jasper, the husband of Myrtle's friend Lottie; and Bud would keep it mum. Even if he didn't it was no great shakes. Myrtle was his wife, wasn't she? Even if she got in a grouch over it she would recover, he figured; and more buoyant than ever now, Jim was hurrying along the station platform when he heard a voice shout out a greeting.

"Hello, ol' hoss!" it boomed.

"Oh, hello, Scuddy," replied Jim.

The Wall Street gentleman linked his arm in Jim's and began to knead it affably. "You're looking peppy this A.M.," he proclaimed; and in the same booming tone he inquired, "Struck oil or anything?"

Jim gave him a glance. The stroke of luck, Myrtle's inheritance, was too good to be kept; and the Wall Street man looked receptive.

"Say!" exclaimed Jim. "What d'you think?"

The amount he did not divulge, but he told Mr. Scuddy of the legacy. Mr. Scuddy started perceptibly.

"Sho!" he ejaculated.

Instantly he fumbled in his pocket for a cigar, and this he pressed on Jim. As he struck a match and held it to the cigar his other hand all the more energetically was kneading Jim's elbow. "Say, I'm glad you told me!" he exclaimed. "I've got a little piece of inside dope that I was wondering if I didn't have a friend I could hand it on to!" Without giving Jim time to reply Mr. Scuddy gave his arm another urgent squeeze. "You come down at noon, like you said, Jim. We'll go out 'nd eat a slice o' pie together!"

Jim declined. Though he did not say so, with ten thousand cash at hand Wall Street did not allure him now; and he could have laughed at the way Mr. Scuddy's face fell momentarily.

"Oh, well, come in any time," said Mr. Scuddy politely if not enthusiastically; and Jim swung himself aboard the 8:18.

Ten thousand dollars! What a stroke of luck! What a coincidence, too, in fact! It was as if Fate had read all his cares and worries and dropped it in his lap. His face was still shining as he reached the office and made his way inside.

"Hey, Jerry," he shouted to the office boy, "bring me a telegraph blank."

As he sat there composing the message to Spokane, Jim was whistling blithely to himself. Ten thousand dollars! Ten thousand little old iron men!

(Continued on Page 63

Whitman's

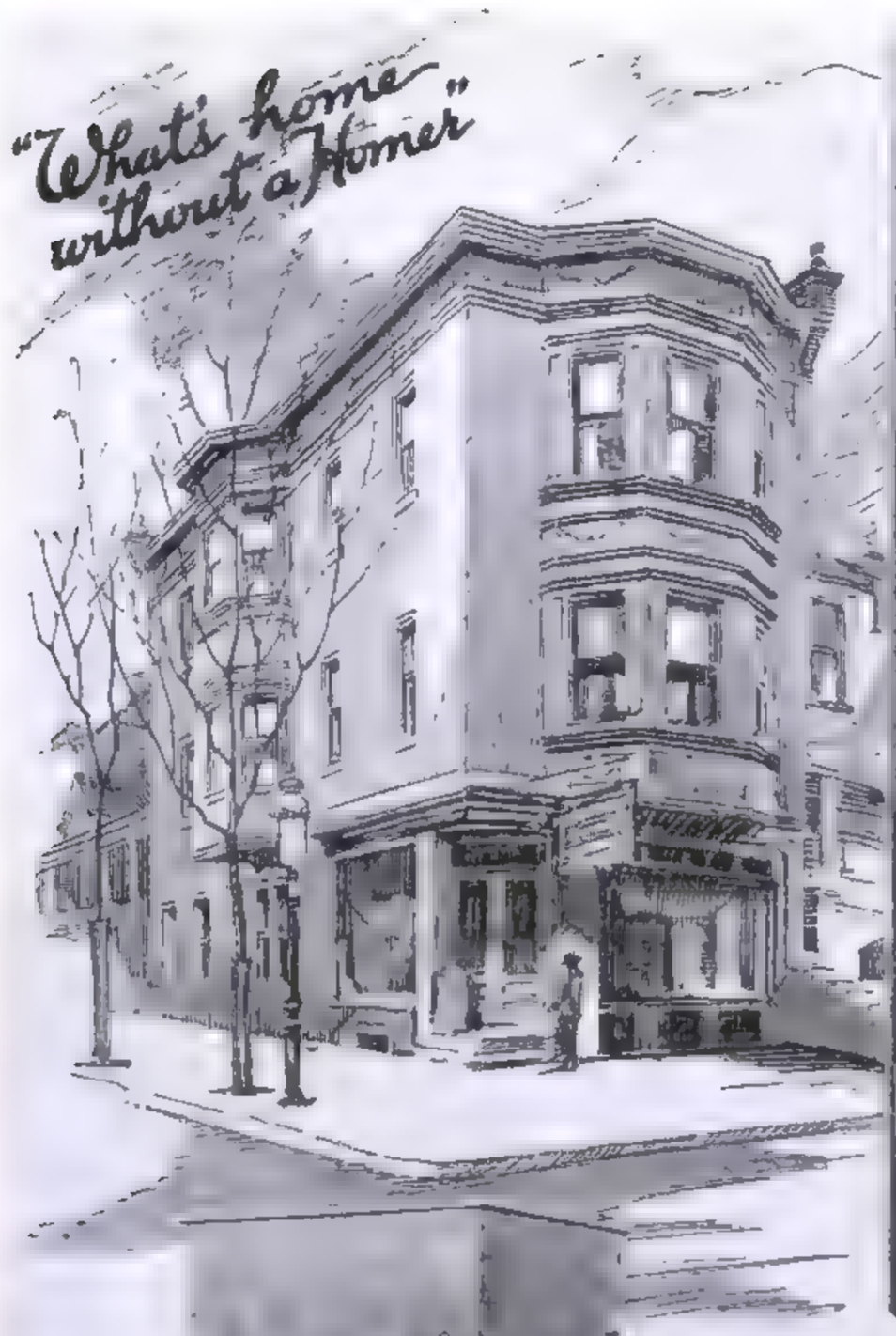
Sampler

"Started in 1842"

Then little girls rivalled each other in dainty cross-stitch work and the finished samplers were hung on the walls and kept as heirlooms. Pictured above is Whitman's Sampler—that famous box of candy—and hanging over the sideboard is the sampler which inspired the design of the package.

The Sampler delights the eye with its quaint beauty. Sample its chocolates and confections chosen from ten of our leading packages—favorites since 1842. Sold only by the selected stores that are agents for Whitman's.

Look for the sign—Whitman's



Mr. Stage Invites You In

We want you to meet a man who knows all about the Homer Pipeless Furnace, because he uses one in his combination business and residence property at 5719 Master Street, Philadelphia. He invites you to come in and see for yourself what the Homer has done in this big, *thirteen-room, hard-to-heat building:*

"It seemed to me," says Mr. Stage, "I was pretty safe in selecting the furnace built by the man who invented the pipeless furnace, Mr. Samuel D. Strong.

"So I ordered one installed by the Philadelphia Furnace and Supply Co., the local Homer dealer—a company that knows its business thoroughly.

"I am glad to say the Homer is doing all that was claimed and is maintaining a temperature of 70° throughout the entire building in all kinds of weather, even during the winter of 1919–1920—the coldest in Philadelphia for many years.

"Some of the third floor rooms have been used as living rooms. 70° was maintained during zero weather even in these rooms and our store has always been held to a temperature of 70° or higher.

"This furnace has not only heated our house more comfortably but the saving in coal has been as marked as our increased comfort."

Of course, Mr. Stage is only one of thousands of home owners throughout the entire world who give similar good reports of Homer Furnace service.

Ask us to send you our interesting book, "The History of the Pipeless Furnace," and the name of your nearest Homer dealer.

HOMER FURNACE COMPANY, Coldwater, Mich.

Homer Furnace Company Branches, 72-74 Marietta St., Atlanta, Ga.; 260 S. 15th St., Philadelphia, Pa.; 1708 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.; 1527 Wazee St., Denver, Colo.; 201 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass.; 88 West Park, Portland, Ore.

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HOMER
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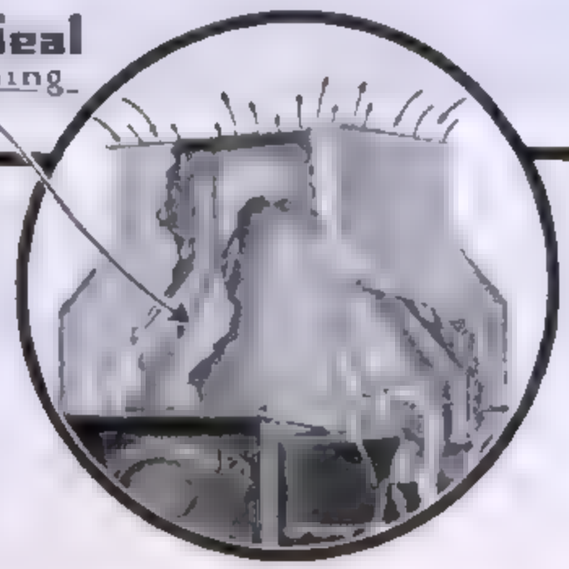

(Continued from Page 60)

Back at Meadowneck the doorbell rang sharply, then it rang again. It was just half past nine, and Myrtle was only half dressed—though that made little difference to Mrs. Scuddy. As she said, if you're such near friends why be formal? Hurrying into Myrtle's room she embraced Myrtle joyously, at the same time exclaiming, "Congratulations! Congratulations, dearie!"

Myrtle was astonished. Mrs. Scuddy, however, at once cleared up the mystery.

"The money, my dear!" she cried heartily; "the money in the will!"

The color went out of Myrtle's face, and she gasped.

"That? How did you know?" she faltered.

Mrs. Scuddy beamed at her voluminously. Jim had told Scuddy, and Scuddy had phoned out from the city; so, of course, she had at once come around. Legacies she knew about. Once a friend of hers had come in for one, and it had been months before she got it; in fact, that was why Mrs. Scuddy had dropped in so early.

"I was wondering wouldn't you like a little ready cash?" she asked.

"Thank you," said Myrtle somewhat stiffly; "my husband has already given me all I need."

At once Mrs. Scuddy put away her pocketbook.

"That's the stuff!" she exclaimed approvingly. "Get it off them while the getting's good!"

IV

THAT day Myrtle always would remember. There were days after it, too, a week of them, that she'd remember also; but that first day she would remember best. Money, Myrtle never had inherited till now. She was to taste with it the joys its possession gives.

The colloquy with Mrs. Scuddy was but a beginning. The Wall Street lady, it appeared, had spread the news in Meadowneck; and she hardly had departed ere other ladies of her set began to arrive. Meadowneck was, in fact, another of those suburbs where the personal, the *intime*, is inexorably a focus of interest; and it was only natural the callers should keep on dropping in. All dropped in on some more or less convincing pretext—a little chat, perhaps a bid to tea or a luncheon, the request of a recipe for jam or raised biscuit; but inevitably each at some stage of the call trotted out the vital reason. The amount was not mentioned; but by noon the ten thousand dollars had become a fortune. By nightfall Myrtle was a bloated heiress.

She was at first aghast. Evidently she was unprepared for this. It somehow made her curiously diffident and awkward. One might have thought that she'd wished to keep secret her good fortune. Along toward noon, however, the fortunate beneficiary of Cousin Willy Titus' money began to brace up callously. It was as if she meant defiantly to get out of the legacy all that both the money and the *réclame* of it might bring to her.

That was not all. It was as if, too, some other motive behind this actuated Myrtle—as if she had some other object in view. As the day wore on and the hour of half past five drew near, then struck, a new glitter came into her eye. The color on her cheek heightened feverishly.

The last of the callers had gone—there was, it seemed, a bridge game on at Mrs. Scuddy's—and after a glance at the clock, which now marked 5:37, Myrtle, her cheeks now flaming, went to the sitting-room window and threw it open. It was as if she sought to cool her fevered cheek; but she had no sooner pushed up the sash than with a bang she dragged it down again. Wafted across the growing dusk had come to her the strains of that everlasting, sappy vesper hymn—"Just a love nest, cozy and warm."

"Bah!" ejaculated Myrtle.

Just then she heard the whistle of the 5:38.

If the day before had been a tough day at the office, to-day had been no better, Jim Evans could testify as he piled out of the station taxi and came striding up to the door. On top of what had happened, too, when he got off the 5:38 he found that Myrtle had left him flat again. She hadn't come for him in the car, and what's more it had begun to rain. That was like a woman, though; and it was only with difficulty that he wrenched his face into a smile as he put his key in the latch.

Old Zeph, it seems, hadn't been so easy as Jim had thought. All the afternoon Jim had wrangled with him; but though he was willing to turn the stock over to the bank if Jim put up twenty thousand dollars in cash, he stalled at taking the note of hand Jim offered. For hours nothing would budge him. He had pried out of Jim, too, the fact that the ten thousand dollars Jim had coming in wasn't Jim's at all, but that it was a legacy due Myrtle; and this had made it worse. Finally, however, he had caved. If Myrtle would sign over to him her inheritance, and if Jim would pay him ten thousand dollars in cash, Zephas would consider it. As security for the legacy assigned to him, however, Jim must give him a mortgage on the house at Meadowneck.

The offer left Jim between the devil and the deep sea. He had only sixty-two hundred dollars in cash, and to get the balance of the ten thousand in ready money needed he had relied on mortgaging the house himself. Jim, however, was resourceful. Excusing himself he went to the telephone and hastily gave a number.

"That you, Scuddy?" he inquired.

It was Mr. Scuddy, indeed, as the way the receiver booming loudly testified; and Jim asked, "What time are you lunching to-day?"

"Any old time," was Mr. Scuddy's cordial reply; and Jim went back to Zephas Tilford's office.

He must have time, he said; but there he struck another snag. Three days was all the time Zephas would give him on the offer; and though Jim put up a savage roar Zephas stood on that. Take it or leave it, was his dictum; and now, as Jim's key rattled in the door latch and he thrust open the door his face was, in spite of the smile he'd put on, not what you might call joyous.

"Hey, Myrt!" he shouted.

"Yes, what is it?" Myrtle replied from the sitting room.

Her tone was queer, but Jim didn't heed it. His overcoat he hung up in the closet; and from his pocket he took a bundle of papers.

"Well, how's the little girl?" he inquired with affected gayety as he stepped briskly into the room. "Got a kiss for a fellow, eh?"

Myrtle offered him a passive cheek; and for a moment he bent over her.

"Well, I have had a day!" he announced.

The same thing Myrtle, too, could have said, though she didn't. The glitter in her eye had grown almost vociferous now. Jim, however, didn't notice it.

Striding briskly up and down the hearth rug in the same brisk way he began to give her an account of the day's doings at the office. It wasn't often, of course, that he took time to talk business with her, for no woman knows anything about it, naturally. To-night, however, it was different; and he must try patiently to make her understand a little. Something else, too, he had decided that day. If Myrtle could get a little business drummed into her head she might learn, perhaps, the value of money. The way women frittered it away was a caution. He didn't say so, of course, for this was no time for that, but now that she'd fallen heir to that legacy, the ten thousand dollars, he might as well let her have a weekly allowance and see how she managed it. If she didn't blow it in recklessly he would keep on giving it to her. This was just in passing, though. His face bright, a little excited, too, Jim revealed what had gone on at the office, the deal he'd made that day with Zephas Tilford. After all it wasn't so bad, now that he'd had time to think it over. He'd managed pretty cleverly, he felt, in the way he'd brought the old boy to terms.

His spirits rose as he told Myrtle. He smiled gayly down at her. Everything was all right now; and spreading out on the table one of the papers in his hand Jim got a pen and an inkstand from the writing desk and dipped the pen in the ink.

"Sign here, Myrtle," he said affably—"there on the dotted line."

"Sign what?" asked Myrtle.

She had not moved. She had not stirred, either, while Jim in his rising enthusiasm had explained how clever he'd been. Silently she had studied him, though Jim hadn't seemed to notice it. Now as she spoke, however, he frowned faintly.

It was the limit, you'd have thought. For ten minutes he'd been explaining, and it looked as if she hadn't heard a word.

(Continued on Page 65)

ALEMITE

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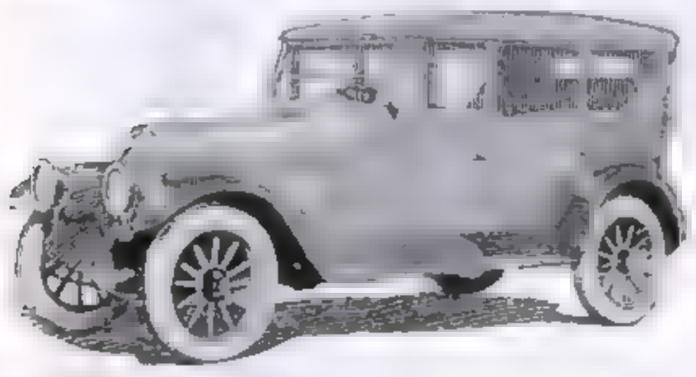

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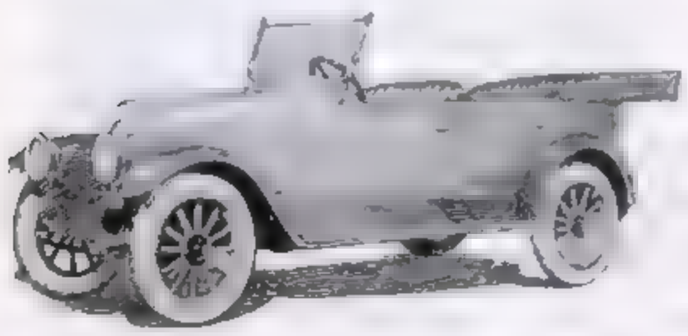

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The easiest-riding, most economical and best road-going car of its type. Has proved its ability to out-distance all others over a day's run. Requires a minimum of attention and routine care, and stands up under the hardest usage. For 5 passengers. $2450.

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The most comfortable car to ride in
The easiest and safest car to handle
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The car that is freest from trouble
And can cover most miles in a day

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PARTS PRICES REDUCED—Franklin cuts motoring upkeep costs still further. Price reductions on parts range from 10% to 40%. Effective at once.

FRANKLIN SIX

(Continued from Page 63)

But restraining himself Jim managed to smile at her.

"It's as I've told you, Myrtle. You sign this paper, and that makes over the ten thousand dollars to me. Then I turn it over to old man Tilford."

Myrtle rose leisurely.

"But I'm not going to sign it," she said; and if she had struck him he could not have been more astounded.

"You're not?" he gasped.

"No, I'm not," replied Myrtle calmly; and she added, "Why should I?"

Jim's mouth was agape as he stared at her. He'd told her why, hadn't he? Hadn't he been telling her for the last fifteen minutes?

"Yes, I know that," she answered; and with the same exasperating quiet she added, "What's that got to do with it?"

Jim managed to blurt out a reply.

"It's because I need the money; that's enough, isn't it? If I didn't don't think I'd ask you."

It was evidently the moment she was waiting for; and still calm she let loose at him a thunderbolt.

"Jim, I've needed money and asked you for it," said Myrtle; "and did I get it, I'd like to know? Just tell me that, will you?"

He looked at her, bewildered. What was she driving at, anyway? Then the light seemed to strike into his dulled, groping mind, and he gave a stifled mumble.

"Oh, so that's the game, is it?" he exclaimed.

Myrtle wet her lips briefly.

"You may call it what you like, Jim," she answered. "That money's mine just as your money's yours; and I don't see why I should give it to you." Then in the same way, the same judicial tone, she added, "How do I know how you'll spend it?"

It was a page from his own book; and Jim gave a start, a jump rather. Recovering himself he said grimly, "Do you mean you refuse?"

Myrtle considered. "I might answer that," she replied, "if I knew how you meant to spend it."

"I've told you," he said harshly, but Myrtle shook her head.

"I don't know anything about business, Jim, of course; but I can't make heads or tails of what you've told me. You say Mr. Tilford wants you to put up twenty thousand in cash, but you have only six thousand; and that amount with my ten thousand makes only sixteen thousand. You still need four thousand; and where are you to get it? How do I know," added Myrtle, "that you won't take my money and try to make it in Wall Street?"

The shot struck, and Jim gave another start.

"Are you going to give it to me or not?" he demanded.

"Perhaps—when you tell me how you're going to use it," she answered sweetly.

It was ring-around-the-rosy—back to the same old point. Jim shut his jaw with a snap, and Myrtle gazed at him a moment gravely.

"Will you tell me, Jim?" she asked.

"No!" he snapped.

"Then I can't give you the money till you do," said Myrtle.

Her voice, too, as she said it, had in its tone the same note that his had had in it when he'd said the same thing to her. Nor did it change when again late that night he went at it. The following morning, too, it had not changed.

"When you tell me how you mean to use it," she said.

He didn't tell her. All he did was to utter another savage growl and go dashing down the street to the 8:18. That seemed, though, to end it. At night he did not refer to the money, her ten thousand dollars; nor did he speak of it the morning following. As a matter of fact, he did not speak much at all.

The next night, however, Myrtle began to note a change in him. His eye was alight, feverish, when he got home; and in the library after dinner he sat buried for an hour or more in the newspaper. The paper was opened at the financial page. The night after it was the same; but his eye instead of looking bright, feverishly alight, now seemed dull and morose. His face, too, had in it a haggard, careworn look she had never seen before.

The sixth day Myrtle began to weaken. She felt, in fact, a little frightened. All the night she had heard him tossing restlessly; she had not slept herself; and at the breakfast table she made a timid appeal to him. His face drawn, he rebuffed her roughly. She was still more frightened at that, and as he hurried down the steps on his way to the 8:18 she made one more effort.

"Jim," she said plaintively.

He turned back to her, his face harsh.

"Well, what is it?" he asked curtly.

"You haven't kissed me," she said; and a laugh, short and metallic, came from him.

"A lot you care!" he said brusquely; and he went striding on his way.

Things couldn't go on like this, she saw; and what's more they didn't. It was that same afternoon that the crash came.

Half past five had struck; and as Myrtle leaned back in her chair, her ears dinning with the accustomed whining wail of the phonograph over the way, the whistle of the 5:38 blowing for the Meadowneck stop abruptly sounded. Instinctively she started from her seat. At the same instant Mrs. Scuddy spoke.

"Game, rubber!" said Mrs. Scuddy.

Myrtle was halfway to the door. From the porch she meant to wave to Jim the instant he was in sight; and for an instant, too, she wished regretfully she had cranked up the car out back and gone to the station for him. The voice of the Wall Street lady recalled to her, however, her duties as a hostess; and she turned slowly back to the table. Devoutly she wished she had never heard of bridge. She wished it even more so when she heard Mrs. Scuddy speak again.

"Gertie, you owe six sixty-five," she said. It was to Mrs. Nimmick she spoke, and as usual Mrs. Nimmick gave a gasp, a squeak. Ignoring it Mrs. Scuddy turned to Mrs. Tobin. "You owe nine eighty, Mrs. T——," announced Mrs. Scuddy; and after the usual exchange of looks and words had ensued Mrs. Scuddy next turned to Myrtle. "Five seventy-five is what you got sunk, dearie," said the Wall Street lady; and Myrtle opened her purse. In it were one five-dollar bill and a dollar or so in silver. It was all that remained from Jim's twenty-five-dollar check; and she dumped it out on the table.

As Mrs. Scuddy made change she also made conversation. Myrtle, though, hardly heard her. Her air preoccupied she was listening to the flivvers streaming by on the Post Road outside. Then all at once she started abruptly.

Mrs. Scuddy was still speaking, and in the midst of a sentence Myrtle caught her up.

"What's that you say?" she exclaimed. "Wall Street? Jim?"

"Sure," nodded Mrs. Scuddy. "He's in at Scuddy's office every day!"

"You don't mean he's dabbling?" exclaimed Myrtle. "Dealing in the market?"

"Sure! Why not!" inquired the Wall Street lady. All men dabbled sooner or later, didn't they? She gave a little laugh. If they didn't, how could Scuddy make a living?

The color went out of Myrtle's face. She knew now the meaning of Jim's restless, sleepless nights. Too often she had watched her own father when he had tossed like that at nights. Myrtle knew, too, the reason for Jim's haggard, drawn face. That wasn't all. It was she who by her stratagem was the cause! It was she who had driven him to gambling in the market! The consequences of that she knew too; and a stifled gasp came from her.

"Ta, ta, dearie!" gurgled Mrs. Scuddy as she and the two others went to the door. "Drop around to-morrow if you're doing nothing."

"Oh!" gulped Myrtle as she shut the door. Her hand went first to her breast, then to her mouth. "Oh, oh!" she choked. She slipped down on a chair. "Oh!" Jim she had egged on to his ruin. He would lose every cent they had in the world, she knew. Worse than that, she knew the passion of agony he would undergo while he was losing it—the gambler's fate. Hadn't it happened to her own father? Thirty thousand dollars was what he had dropped; not much, perhaps, yet all he had; and he had lost all of it in ten days.

"Oh, my soul!" gasped Myrtle.

Minutes passed. They were to her like hours. Then the doorbell rang. Afterwards it rang again; and she started up. It was Jim, of course. Jim had come, and she dared not face him. She forgot, in the stress of her emotion, that if it were Jim he would have a latchkey. With an effort, however, she steeled herself and went out into the hall.

A figure stood outside; and Myrtle's eyes as she opened the door distended in a stare. A moment afterward from her lips came an inarticulate, choking cry. The dead may not come back to life; and Myrtle maybe did not expect that of them. To others, though, it would have been as if a ghost had come out of a gaping grave.

On the doorstep stood Cousin Willy Titus.

"Hello, Myrt," he said affably.

At the same time he gave vent to a prolonged hilarious titter. If a ghost Cousin Willy seemed, in fact, a merry one.

Things after that began to happen in quick succession.

She was still staring at the wraith there before the door when with a resounding rattle a flivver taxi from the station drew up at the walk. Out of it leaped Jim. To the driver he flung a coin; and white and convulsed he came striding up the walk. Cousin Willy, as he saw him, gave vent to another spasmodic titter; but after flinging him a brief, savage scowl Jim thrust his way past Myrtle and into the hall. There, under the light, he turned to her, his face convulsed.

His finger he leveled at his wife.

"I'm onto you!" snapped Jim; and he gave her a scowl also. "You think you're funny, don't you?"

Myrtle thought herself anything but funny. She looked back at Cousin Willy.

"Out West—Spokane," she faltered. "I thought you were out there."

Cousin Willy emitted another titter.

"Not for a year, Myrt. I been right here in li'l' ol' Noo York," he answered.

Myrtle caught her breath. It was no use trying to hide things now, and she flung at him another question.

"Who told you anything? How did you find out?" she asked.

"About me being dead?" inquired Cousin Willy archly. "About me dyin' and leavin' you money?"

It made no difference to her that Jim was still standing in the hall, his face convulsed and his finger leveled at her.

"Yes," she breathed.

Cousin Willy emitted still another gleeful titter.

"It was Bud Jasper," he replied. "Jim here, he wired Bud, askin' 'bout the legacy—tee hee!—and Bud he tipped me off. It was by a night letter," added Cousin Willy.

"Shut that door, Myrtle!" commanded Jim.

Myrtle shut the door, but ere she did so Cousin Willy alertly tee heed his way inside.

"Now," commanded Jim in the same flaming voice, "I want to know what you think you've been up to, Myrtle."

"You mean about the—the legacy?" she faltered.

"Answer me!" thundered Jim; and Myrtle braced herself.

"Don't you yell at me like that!" she said doggedly. "I did it for a reason, a good reason. You wouldn't give me any money. You made me ask for every cent I got off you. You didn't give me a sou unless it had a string tied to it; so I wanted to make you feel how you'd like it yourself. I wanted to make you know how it is to be treated like a child, a slave, a chattel. That's why I did it!" said Myrtle.

"'Ray! 'Ray!" murmured Cousin Willy; and in further applause he made a show of silently clapping his hands.

"You shut your face, you!" Jim snapped at him.

"All right, all right," grinned Cousin Willy; "only I'd be a little polite about it."

Jim did not bandy words with him. He turned again on Myrtle.

"I tumbled to your game the other night. Never mind, though! Do you know what you've done? You've ruined me; ruined your husband! That's what you've done!"

She gave a gasping, frightened cry.

"Wall Street! You've been cleaned out! Jim!"

Said Cousin Willy inquiringly: "Cleaned out? What's that? You ain't been playin' tips, have you? Tips would clean out anyone; a John J. Gould, I wouldn't wonder. Charts is what you should have played. Now charts ——"

"Shut up, you!" Jim again ordered; and disgustedly he added, "What d'you know about Wall Street, anyway, you rube?"

"Huh," said Cousin Willy, bridling now, "I guess if you'd go into Rooker, Burke & Co.'s, New Street, they'd tell you. Just you ask once in there for Bill Titus. It ain't every trader that has a private room to himself!"

(Continued on Page 68)

After driving a month on it try to tear it off.

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Complete outfits, 50 cents and $1.00 sizes

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Another slice! It is so good your guests will want another slice; and will ask—"What brand is this?"

The Morris Supreme cure achieves the delicious flavor. The yellow and black label of goodness is on many other Morris foods—all Supreme.

MORRIS & COMPANY

Packers and Provisioners

(Continued from Page 65)

"A private room!" mocked Jim. "A private cell, you mean!"

"Is that so?" retorted Cousin Willy, drawing it out as if it had been a rope.

"Jim! Jim!" said Myrtle. "How much did you lose? Everything?"

He looked at her, his jaws set. "Yes, everything," he gritted.

She gave another wail. "They cleaned you out? Wall Street?"

He gave a snarl. "Wall Street, no! I didn't lose anything there. I didn't win anything, either. All I lost there was the commissions that bird Scuddy leaked out of me." He laughed savagely. "What I lost," he choked, "was the whole Paugus company. It's the one chance I'll ever have, and I lost it!"

She guessed instantly what had happened.

"They've discharged you?" she cried. "Oh, Jim, Jim!"

Sprawled out on a chair Cousin Willy was now convulsed in a perfect spasm of titters. It was as if he were in an ecstasy of enjoyment over Jim's discomfiture and downfall.

"If you don't shut your face," threatened Jim, "I'll heave you down the stairs." At once Mr. Titus subsided, and Jim again gave his attention to the white and breathless Myrtle. "No, I wasn't fired," he growled. "I resigned!"

"You—resigned?" breathed Myrtle, and Jim gave another savage growl.

"That old stiff Zephas Tilford threw me down. When I didn't take up the option this afternoon he sold out to someone else. I lost the stock, that's all; lost every chance of ever getting it; so I just quit. Do you wish to know any more, Myrtle?" he demanded threateningly.

Myrtle wished to know no more. She was slowly turning away when her eye fell upon her Cousin Willy. Again, as if he'd forgotten Jim's irate threat, her father's relative was writhing in the throes of a deep yet soundless merriment.

Jim strode toward him wrothily, and Myrtle put out a hand to stay him. She wished no more scenes, but Jim struck her hand aside. Confronting Mr. Titus, Jim clenched his fist.

"Say ——" began Jim.

He got no further. Unlinking his tall spare figure from the chair, Cousin Willy rose to his full height of six feet five, and stood towering over Jim.

"Say, young feller," he said, and he was not tittering now, "I'm onto you; I b'en onto you quite a few days too. It's all right of you to tell me to shet my face, me bein' old enough besides to be your father; only that ain't anything. I'm a man, and I c'n stand it. I ain't goin' to stand, though, hearing and seeing you abuse that young girl there, my Cousin Myrt." Shaking a long prehensile finger in Jim's face Cousin Willy added then: "Lottie Jasper, she tipped me off a long while ago the way you stinged on your wife; holdin' out on the pocket money and all that. You may be a good business man; mebbe so, I don't know; but I'll tell you, young feller, business is like charity—a hull pile of it begins at home. Only never mind about that," Mr. Titus said oracularly; "I'm goin' to tell you now who's boss of this here house. What's more, I'm goin' to tell you, too, who's the new boss of the Paugus Knitting Works." He jerked a thumb elegantly at Myrtle. "It's her, young feller," said Cousin Willy. "It's that wife of yours, my Cousin Myrt."

"Are you crazy?" inquired Jim.

Myrtle said nothing. She had long known of her cousin's eccentricities. Cousin Willy now smiled briefly at Jim.

"Not crazy, just a bit queer," he replied. Then he turned to Myrtle. "It was thirty thousand bucks, wasn't it, your pa dropped in Wall Street on account of me? Yes, that was it, Myrt; and I've been meaning a long while to come round and see you about it, only I wasn't just fixed right. Last week, though," added Cousin Willy, "I made a killing. It was in Mex Pete, you know. Pete went up, and I was long three hundred shares. Then, at ev'ry pint up I pyramided. Zowie!" said Cousin Willy enthusiastically, "it was a knockout, a killin'! Say, young feller," he said in an aside to Jim, "play the charts! Play the charts! That's the only way to beat the Wall Street game!"

"Aw, tell it to the marines!" said Jim disgustedly.

"No, I'm tellin' it to you," said Cousin Willy; and reaching into his inside breast pocket he brought forth a crisp, crackling paper. "Just run your eye over that, young feller," he invited.

Jim snatched it from his hand. The paper he had seen before. It was a certificate for eight thousand shares of the Paugus Knitting Works, Inc., and he stared at it agape.

"Turn it over on its back," Cousin Willy prompted laconically. "I guess you know the name there, don't you?" Jim knew it, indeed. "Yeah," added Mr. Titus, "I investigated the concern; and as it was sound and all that and a good investment, I just naturally put those thirty thousand little old iron men to work in it." Turning to Myrtle Mr. Titus said suavely, "Any time you want the cash, Myrt, bring that stock around to me."

Then reaching over he took from Jim's nerveless, shaking hand the certificate.

"There you are, Myrt," said Cousin Willy.

"Oh, Jim!" wept Myrtle.

"Myrt! Oh, Myrtle," faltered Jim.

Cousin Willy at this point removed himself discreetly out of the front hall and dissolved into the recesses at the back of the sitting room. Subsequently, when he returned to the hall, the hall was vacant, but upstairs he could hear the murmur of rapt, hurried voices. Waiting for a moment's lull Cousin Willy raised his voice.

"Hey, Myrt," he called.

"Yes, Cousin Willy," Myrtle called back; and Cousin Willy hitched about embarrassedly on one foot.

"Say," he said, "if you've got beefsteak and enough fried potatoes lyin' round loose I wouldn't wonder if I'd stay to supper—that is," he added hastily, "if you was to invite me."

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Westinghouse

MANCHU BLOOD

(Continued from Page 15

silence concerning their engagement. The old man, conceding the point, smiled a thin smile of acquiescence.

II

AT HALF past seven Ling called at the Sacramento Street residence where Gay lived.

"I have come early," Ling said to the girl, "because I have good news to tell you, and the Messenger of Happiness must be granted deliberate audience. To the quacking ducks and to old Sang's cackling hens, to the babble of all the voices in Ross Alley, to the howls that come from the rooms of the Chinese dentist—to all of this I have listened for more than a year. From the medley came a song, and into this song I have melted the sweetness of your voice and the wild happiness that love has brought to me. To-night, in New York and in all the cities of the East, a million people listened to this song. A letter came this afternoon with a royalty check for ever so many dollars. I traded the dollars for this ring, and now"—a diamond gleamed, held fast in the violinist's long fingers—"I give you this, with all my love, as a waiting stone which you shall wear until our wedding day."

The girl extended her hand whereon she wore the jade band that old Sang had given her, and then in a sudden access of confusion she withdrew it.

"I am —— Wait —— I am to be the ——"

Ling misunderstood her reluctance. "You are to be my wife," he interrupted.

He reached for the girl's hand and removed the jade ring from her finger. He replaced it with the diamond solitaire. "There! That is done."

He took her in his arms and kissed her surrendered lips.

"A delicious American custom! And see—I will wear this jade bauble on my little finger, so that while I play my love songs to-night it will inspire me."

III

AT EIGHT o'clock that night a tired old Chinese lady, guarding two daughters who craved American music, sat in the front row at the Lily Bell concert and saw upon the violinist's finger a flat jade band. When the musician had responded to his third encore the watchful mamma in the front row blinked her keen old eyes in amazement. "The empress' ring! The Circle of Heaven—on the finger of this fiddling mongrel!"

When she had taken her daughters home she made haste to spread the news. "The upstart boy who sells fish and bad eggs at Sang's grocery store is wearing the Circle of Heaven."

At eleven o'clock old Sang, enjoying a five-cent cigar and good luck at dominoes with half a dozen of his cronies in the apothecary shop run by the Benevolent Horned Toad Association, heard the news. He waited until he had confirmed the item of gossip from two or three additional sources and then in the night he made his way along the shadows of Ross Alley until he came to an open door lighted by a single gas jet. On the light's globe was painted the symbol signifying *Sai-Moon*, the West Door—the exit from life.

Against the dark wall to his right were three steel mail boxes. His groping hand found the third one of these, and then his fingers touched a nail head which protruded from the wood paneling directly beneath it. He pressed this nail head four times, and without further ceremony shuffled silently up a long black stairway. When he had reached the third floor of the silent house a doorway to the left of the landing lay open before him. He entered it and closed the door, and then into the dimly lighted room he spoke his own name.

Immediately thereafter a shadowed corner of the room was suddenly peopled by two men.

The old man approached them. "It is Sang," he said, half aloud. "I have work for you that must be accomplished this night."

Thereafter for five minutes the trio, heads together, indulged in a sharp whispered conversation.

From a purse in his pocket Sang counted out ten gold pieces.

"You are paid in advance," he whispered. "See that your work is as good as the gold that I give you."

He groped his way from the room and down the long stairway.

At midnight in the opium room back of his shop he lighted the single gas jet. He saved the match and applied it to the wick of the little cooking lamp beside which lay his opium equipment. His fingers were trembling when with the little steel hook he retrieved a shred of the black gum from its container. With the third deep draft from the ivory-tipped pipe his nerves quieted.

For more than two hours he lay on the couch quietly waiting for an expected guest. Somewhere in the front of the store the sound of a clock striking the third hour of morning was followed by the tinkle of the alarm bell which announced the opening of the street door.

Sang sat up on the edge of the couch and called softly into the darkness, "Back here! I am waiting for you."

The shuffle of padded shoes, and then the doorway of the opium room framed the sinister form of the night's visitor. The man was a Chinaman and his face was marked with the scars of evil. His eyes glittered as he looked at Sang.

"The gods of luck attended my work," he said. He handed a tin tobacco can to the old Chinaman. "Here is—what you demanded."

Sang took the tobacco can and glanced inside of it. He snapped the cover back in place and reached again for his purse. This time he counted out twenty gold coins.

"You have done well. Here is the balance of payment. Divide equally with your companion."

He closed the heavy door of the little room behind the departing visitor, and now in this dark sanctuary his old body surrendered to a paroxysm of trembling which delayed the tranquillity that finally came with the curling smoke of opium.

Prone on the couch, with his eyelids quivering in their last resistance to the narcotic, he glanced again into the tin tobacco box. His lips hardened and the kindly lines about his mouth were suddenly gone. With the next deep inhalation from the warm pipe came relief from the anguish which had possessed him.

For three hours the little room was free from the black devils that the gods of evil send to torture the souls of men.

IV

WHEN the last curtain fell on the Lily Bell concert, Gay waited for Ling to join her. The final number that he had played was the Moon Song, and the voice of his violin had been filled with the triumphant accents of his answered love.

Alone in the silent hall the girl waited for the violinist, and then, becoming impatient, she sought the passageway leading behind the scenes.

The place was dark and deserted. She retraced her footsteps and on the sidewalk in front of the building she found the janitor gossiping with a policeman.

"When did Ling leave?" she questioned. "The violinist?"

"I haven't seen him. He may have gone out through the stage door."

The girl turned directly toward her residence, and alone she walked the midnight thoroughfare to Sacramento Street.

She lay awake for a while, torn between the conflicting emotions of three incorrect surmises. She tried to sleep, but sleep would not come to her, and when the morning hour arrived for her journey to Sang's grocery store her eyes were heavy with the dregs of the night's fears.

When she arrived at the shop Sang called to her from where he stood waiting at the fish counter. "Come with me," the old man directed. "I have something for you."

The girl looked about her. "Where is Ling?" she asked.

"He will be here presently. Follow me."

Sang led the way to his opium room and while the girl halted at the door the old man lighted the gas jet. He attempted to save the burning match for its second duty, but before it reached the wick of the opium lamp the trembling of his hand had extinguished it. He struck another match. He lighted the wick of the opium lamp and then, while the girl waited, with a deliberation demanded by his nervousness, he cooked a pill of opium in the flame of the lamp.

On the low teakwood table beside the couch lay the tin tobacco box which the midnight messenger had delivered.

The old man inhaled deeply of the fumes of the bubbling gum and then turned to the girl.

"Only a fool or a woman attempts to defeat the will of the gods of the Seventh Heaven. Sometimes the woman succeeds."

The characteristic gentleness which she had known so long sounded in his words. He picked up the tin tobacco box. He held it for a moment while he indulged himself again with the drug of dreams.

"The bonds of our engagement were yesterday locked with the key that is in this box. Last night the lock was broken." He opened the lid of the tobacco box. "Yesterday I gave you this ring." He handed her the open box. "Now I give it to you again. It is my will that you keep it."

With a final drag at the opium pipe Sang retreated into the sanctuary of his dreams. A silhouette of his distorted face, cast by the yellow flame of the opium lamp, lay black against the wall.

Gay looked into the tin box. She saw the emperor's ring. The green jade band was stained with two smears of blood where it encircled the severed finger of the violinist's left hand.

In the darkened blood Gay sensed the mode of the musician's fate and the end of her happiness.

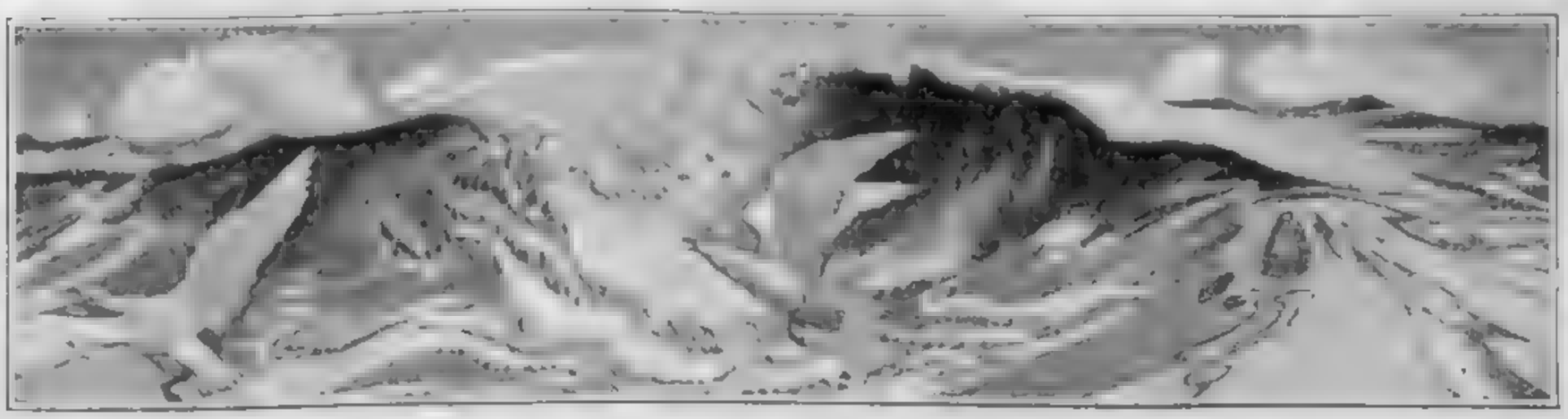
A look of horror on her face gave place to a mask of hatred. "Manchu!" she whispered. "North Tiger!"

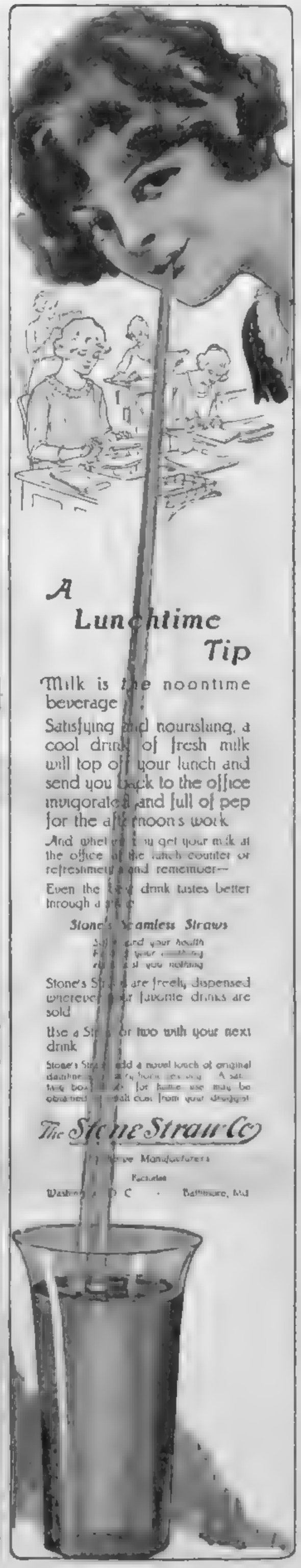
She turned to the gas jet beside the door. She extinguished the light and then turned the valve full on.

She stepped from the dark room and locked the heavy door behind her. Before she had gained the front of the store the flooding gas had drifted deep below the ceiling of the opium room.

The girl fixed the heavy grille in place and closed the front door of the store. She walked quickly down the street.

At the corner of Jackson Street she met Ling. She called to him, but her words were drowned in a crash that marked the union of the flaming opium lamp and the gas which flooded the little room wherein old Sang had balanced the ledgers of virtue.




A
Lunchtime
Tip
Milk is the noontime beverage
Satisfying and nourishing, a cool drink of fresh milk will top off your lunch and send you back to the office invigorated and full of pep for the afternoon's work
And when you get your milk at the office or the lunch counter or refreshment stand remember—
Even the best drink tastes better through a straw
Stone's Seamless Straws
Stone's Straws are freely dispensed wherever your favorite drinks are sold
Use a Straw or two with your next drink
The Stone Straw Co
Washington, D. C. Baltimore, Md

"Personalized Style"

—the art of choosing lines that best become your figure

OUT of Paris every season come fresh fashions and new modes. Poiret, Callot, Paquin, Jenny, artists with cloth and silk, create modes to make fair women fairer still. But these great French designers never yet have said, "Here is a beautiful new costume. Let all women wear it who court style in dress."

For though it may have beauty and richness and may observe the newest features of the mode, real Style it cannot have unless it suits the individual figure.

You may happily possess a figure of average proportions—a figure that presents no special problem of size and contour. But even so, some styles become you more than others; certain lines set off your figure at its best.

Every figure has its possibilities and true style is merely playing up your possibilities. The French say, "Style is style only when it suits the wearer."

Designing for the type—the Printz technique of "Personalized Style"

This principle has been developed into a technique of design for the American woman—"Personalized Style."

Printz designers have long recognized that different figures known as average have different needs. Thousands of figures have been studied and the possibilities of each figure type skillfully worked out. So among the many Printz models you will find a variety of interesting suits and coats which in line, proportion and fabric are becoming to your figure.

In this style conception, the extreme has no place. Dignity, beauty of line and fabric, perfection of tailoring detail—these are the groundwork of Printz designs.

Lines make the figure—and true style consists in wearing only that which is becoming to your own type and figure

Printzess
Printz

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The new Spring models for varying figure types

All that is beautiful, all that is chic in Spring and Summer designs will be found embodied in one form or another in Printz coats and suits for spring. They have that style leadership which goes with the ability to adapt the best that Paris gives to the needs of the American woman.

But further, in Printz coats and suits, the season's accepted styles have been adapted to widely varying figure types that the individual silhouette may have correct and becoming lines.

The Printzess shop in your city is prepared to help you apply the Printz technique of style in choosing the suit or coat best adapted to your individual requirements of type and figure.

You will find there a selection of charming models in many fabrics adapted for both street and sports wear. Particularly interesting are those developed in Trelaine —the new fabric which has enjoyed a remarkable New York premiere. Coats, suits, dresses, capes and knickers of Trelaine—exclusive Printz designs—are found only in Printzess shops.

Printz models are on display in New York exclusively at James McCreery & Co., and by one leading store in practically every city. If you do not know which is the Printzess shop in your city, write to us and we will send you the name together with a copy of the new Spring Style Book, featuring the Printz conception of "designing for the type".

THE PRINTZ-BIEDERMAN COMPANY
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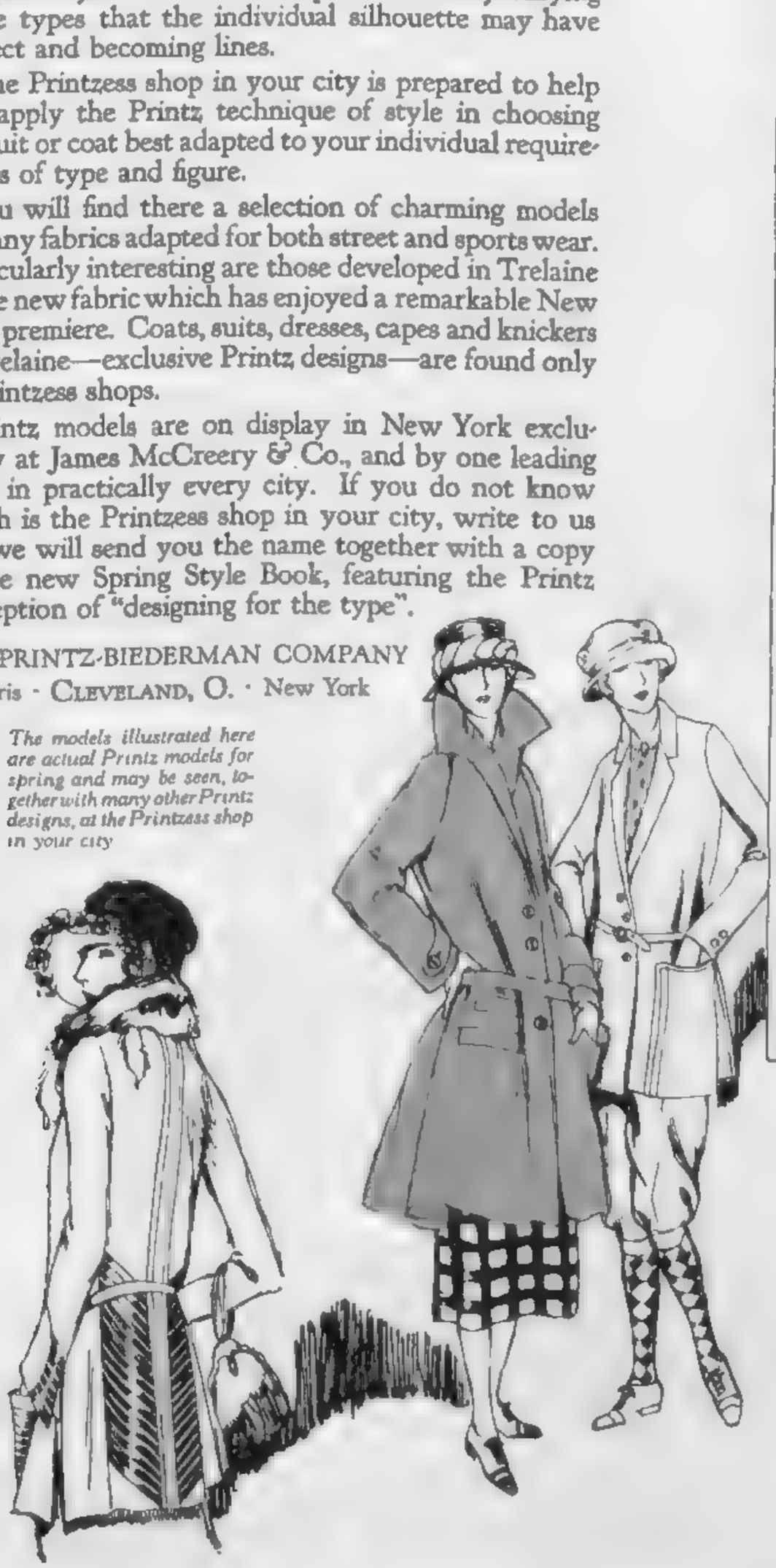
The models illustrated here are actual Printz models for spring and may be seen, together with many other Printz designs, at the Printzess shop in your city



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A Swartwout Metal Building makes an attractive private garage that will harmonize with your home and grounds.

At last the perfect metal building

Erected in a few hours. Rigid and rust-resisting. Adaptable to hundreds of uses.

AN ENTIRELY new idea in metal building construction—the *interlocking joint* which eliminates every objectionable feature of old-type metal buildings.

This interlocking joint insures a metal building strong, rigid and durable, simple and light in construction, quickly erected or taken down, weather-proof, fireproof, rust-resisting and inexpensive.

Swartwout Metal Buildings are permanent or portable. They can be built up into any shape or size merely by the arrangement you make of Swartwout standard sections. They are made of rust-resisting metal, heavily galvanized, that will outlast any other kind of common galvanized steel. Good-looking as well as long-lasting.

The patented joint locks itself together, forming its own frame. It requires no fastenings. This does away with the usual heavy structural iron frame and unsightly projecting bolt heads. It minimizes labor of erection. One man and a helper can easily erect a Swartwout Metal Building in one day. Hammer, screw driver, and pliers are the only tools needed.

Send for catalog and prices

If you need a small building for any purpose whatever, before you buy or build by old-fashioned methods send for the Swartwout Book of Metal Buildings. Dealers, realizing their value and advantages, are rapidly stocking them, throughout the country; but if there is no dealer in your town, we will ship direct immediately upon receipt of order. Use coupon below.

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Garage
Pattern Storage
Gate House
Hose House
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A CASE FOR THE STEAM LOCOMOTIVE

(Continued from Page 23)

were in steady growth and development. For the past twelve they have been at least in hiatus.

Oddly enough it was just about twelve years ago that the steam locomotive upon these railroads reached its apparent ultimate size for any sort of practical operation—120 feet in length and a little over 800,000 pounds in weight. The width and height for many years past have been held by tunnel and other clearances pretty rigidly at approximately ten and fifteen feet, respectively. Finally, at about 120 feet, the practical limit of length also was reached; even then there had been created an engine that not only could not be handled upon the longest of turntables at the terminals but upon curves of even a fairly stiff degree of radius. Also the limit of the human fireman—the shoveling of fifteen to eighteen tons of coal in four to six continuous hours—had been reached.

These 120-foot locomotives were available only for long and fairly straight stretches of track and could not be turned, and a weight of 400 tons not only represented a fearful strain upon the bridges but a constant and a fearful pounding upon the very best of track. So here then, in 1910, was the seeming height of the American locomotive, a pinnacle that had been scaled in a long endeavor to cut down operating costs to the utmost.

A seeming height, it was. Was it, in fact, the real height of efficiency? I doubt it.

The 400-ton locomotive was, in the main, the same locomotive that George Stephenson had first built and operated away back in 1825; it was but an enlargement of that Stourbridge Lion that first had dug his heels into the iron at Honesdale, Pennsylvania, in August, 1829, and so proclaimed a new era in American civilization. A few things had been added, yet they really were mighty few. An engineer out in Sandusky, Ohio, put a bell upon the boiler, George Westinghouse came along about half a century ago with the air brake, someone else devised the injector, there were some other very minor improvements; and that was about all. Aside from these and a few slight rearrangements of its working parts the American steam locomotive of 1910 was very much the same, even in appearance, as its ancestor, let us say, of about 1840, only bigger. Eighty years is a long time. It ought to have afforded a large opportunity for development. Apparently it did not.

Mechanical Staff Work

About thirty years ago some smart German engineers first devised a plan for bringing the steam from the boiler into the cylinders at such an intense heat that its full energy would not be immediately dissipated upon entering them and the steam partly turned into water. Technically this last is known as saturated steam. The superheated-steam idea was a good scheme and an apparent economy. Yet it was ten or a dozen years before it penetrated to this side of the Atlantic; to be exact, just twenty years ago. Europe has 14,000 applications of another locomotive improvement that is just now coming into use in our dear old U. S. A. So it goes.

If a successful monorail installation were to be made in Patagonia, your average railroader would read of it in the columns of his beloved technical paper and then smile patronizingly as he said, "Very interesting, that. But of course it wouldn't do for us."

Our railroads long ago failed to work out any scientific scheme for intelligent or organized study of the mechanical or scientific progress in their field. The United States Army has long possessed its staff—the extremely competent group of men who, detached from the grind and drill of daily operation or detail, make constant and exhaustive study into every sort of military possibility, from the complex mechanism of the newest guns from Krupp or Schneider or Armstrong overseas, to the right kind of shoe for the marching soldier. The railroads of this country should have such a staff. Very few of them have ever even attempted such a forward-looking device, and in consequence they have suffered.

Contrast this attitude with that of the automobile manufacturers of this country. In a situation that is nothing if not competitive they have coöperated almost from the beginning and almost universally for the betterment of the machine itself. This plant or that, devising and perfecting a new kink for the improvement of the internal-combustion gasoline engine, has thrown it into the common pot for the benefit of its competitors. I have known an automobile manufacturer to spend months on the perfection of a cylinder block, and then to drive it in mad haste over the Indianapolis speedway hour after hour at more than a hundred miles an hour.

"Why was that necessary?" was the inquiry made of him. "You do not expect your cars to be put through any such grueling test as that?"

He laughed as he replied, "No, but some user of this car some day is going to get stuck in second speed on some stiff muddy hill, and if the valves act gummy he is going to have it in for this car."

Eventually this particular manufacturer had the valves working to his taste. When he had perfected it, in keeping with his agreement he threw the new cylinder block open for the use of his fellows. There was no secret about it, no patent. They were quite welcome to use it. And some of them did use it.

More than this, the automotive industry, as it now likes to call itself, is not content to let the individual manufacturer do all the work upon the development of the machine. It has centralized bureaus, technical experts and engineers who are working at all times for the interests of the industry in general. The development of the marvelous Liberty motor of war days would not have been possible without such a centralized organization.

Possibilities of Improvement

Such a plan never has been even attempted in the history of steam-locomotive development. There the individual manufacturers have gone it alone. And they are quite frank when they tell you that there is not the slightest financial inducement for them to carry forward a really scientific work of development. Their output is sold generally in quantity lots, like potatoes by the peck. And in the present-day poverty of many of their customers—comparative poverty, at least—they assert that the margin of profit is held to a figure that permits of little or no staff work upon their part.

Remember, if you will, that for seventy years the steam locomotive grew in size only; aside from the air brake—which in reality was not a distinctive locomotive improvement—hardly a single fundamental improvement had been made since the days of Stephenson to make a pound of iron and a pound of coal and a pound of water do more work. Yet, with our supersized locomotive reached, the operating genii of our American railroads demanded more power and still more power. The longer trainload, and the heavier, apparently was their only way out of the demands that came down upon them from higher up for still more operating economies.

Then slowly, and after a very great delay, the railroad executives began casting about through their mechanical departments to inquire what, if any, progress was being made in intensive locomotive improvement, either overseas or right here in America. The mechanical departments reported quickly. There really were several possibilities. Listed, these ran about as follows:

The superheater, that German device that we have just seen, for bringing the steam into the cylinders at such an intense heat as not to permit it to waste itself quickly in water vaporization; a device accomplished chiefly by the use of special flues in the boiler, through which the steam is twice passed its entire length. That done, it comes into the cylinders superheated and not saturated as in the old-time engine.

Here is an economy the fullness of which cannot be scented at a moment's notice Yet its installation upon a thousand locomotives of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad

(Continued on Page 77

Purposely Made for Every Purpose

Why the *Gloss* is in Lucas TINTED GLOSS Paint

The only advantage in using cheap paint is in the lesson it teaches. It is human to make mistakes, but un-American to make the same mistake twice.

One of the good elements most commonly eliminated or reduced in cheaper paints is *Pure* Linseed Oil.

Lucas Tinted Gloss Paint contains an exceptionally high quantity of Pure Raw Linseed Oil. The liquid portion of Outside White, for instance, is composed of 95% Pure Raw Linseed Oil and 5% Pure Turpentine Dryer.

A high percentage pure linseed oil product such as *Lucas Tinted Gloss Paint* dries with a rich gloss and retains it for a longer time than cheaper or inferior products that soon go "flat," then powder, crack and break down completely.

Lucas Tinted Gloss Paint covers over 400 square feet two coats on smooth surface. Cheaper paints do not cover half that surface. Therefore, *Lucas Tinted Gloss Paint* costs less to begin with and lasts longer. So it costs less to use *Lucas Tinted Gloss Paint* per square foot and less per year of service and is worth more in beauty and in checking decay and deterioration. For when you "Save the surface, you save all."

Lucas quality is fundamental in *Lucas Paint and Varnish* Products. It's the result of seventy-three years' experience. Likewise seventy-three years' success is the reward of making quality products.

Write Dept. 13 for full information on any painting, decorating or refinishing you may contemplate; also copy of folder, "Suggestions for Home Decoration."

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Long-Bell

TRADE MARKED LUMBER

These two attractive homes are from the Long-Bell Home Plan Service. There are more than sixty others all equally interesting. The upper picture is Long-Bell Plan No. 360. The low one is Long-Bell Plan No. 323. Ask your retail lumber dealer to show you the entire service. If he hasn't Long-Bell plans write us and we will give you the names of dealers having this service.

Southern Pine Lumber and Timbers

Creosoted Lumber, Timbers Posts, Poles, Ties, Piling Wood Blocks

California White Pine Lumber

Sash and Doors

Standardized Woodwork

Gum and Oak Lumber

Oak Flooring

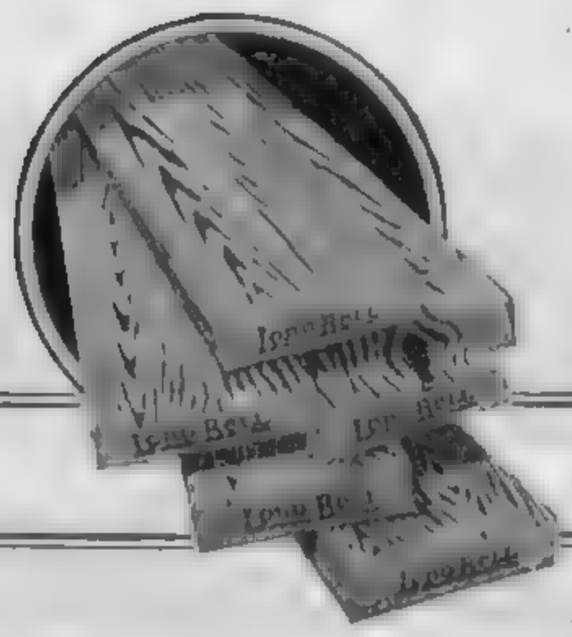
IS THERE any expenditure, any sacrifice, that brings returns equal to the building of a home of your own? What could be finer, what joy greater for any man than to see his family happy and contented *permanently* under a roof of their own!

Truly, a home is "an investment with dividends finer than gold."

Take the first step today. Go to a retail lumber dealer. Ask him to show you the Long-Bell Home Plan Service. Select a home design that fits your needs and learn from the lumberman how economically Long-Bell homes can be built.

Modern machinery, faithful adherence to high standards of workmanship, strict observance of the grading rules and dependable service have enabled The Long-Bell Lumber Company to apply the word Quality to its products —and these products bear the Long-Bell trade mark.

Ask Your Lumberman for LONG-BELL Brand.



The Long-Bell Lumber Company

R. A. LONG BUILDING Lumbermen since 1875 KANSAS CITY, MO.

(Continued from Page 74)

alone has resulted already in the saving of 750,000 tons of coal a year—an appreciable dividend upon the railroad's stock.

The brick arch in the firebox; a sort of second cousin to the superheater. Its name to a large degree indicates its nature. An arch thrown across the forward end of the firebox has a very great tendency to insure the complete combustion of the fuel before the heat reaches the flue tubes of the boiler, and hence achieves a great economy in coal or oil consumption. Its use came with the development of the maximum width of firebox in the newest types of American locomotives, which, in turn, was accomplished when the locomotive had been lengthened and a pair of trailing wheels placed just back of its drivers.

The feed-water heater, an allied device for quickening the production of boiler steam, and so effecting a further economy in coal consumption.

The booster, in reality a miniature locomotive, attached to those two trailer wheels just back of the drivers, and giving to the biggest locomotive at its starting or other points of real stress the accelerating power equal to that which 50,000 pounds of additional locomotive alone would give. Yet the booster, as ingeniously geared from its two cylinders to its driving power as the engine of a high-grade automobile, weighs but 3600 pounds all told, a mere nothing in comparison with the energy that it gives off. Its application and removal are almost automatic. The engineer, when he is in need of its assistance, either at starting or upon a steep grade, puts its additional power into play by a quick twist of a tiny lever at his side.

The Paris-Calais Run

"Humph," interrupts my friend, the old railroader from out in the West, "I suppose you think that we are going to get engineers of the caliber to handle all these fancy claptraps that you would put upon the engines?"

No, old railroader, not for a minute. We have those engineers already in America; nine out of ten of the men who are handling our locomotives in the United States are quite capable of handling all these devices and a considerable number in addition. Even overseas, where, broadly speaking, the type of individual railroad employe is not supposed to be so high as in this country, the enginemen to-day are used to all these modern devices, the hall-marks of the really modern steam locomotive. A keen-minded American who has known and loved locomotives all his life went over to France not many months ago and rode in the cab of one of those high-speed engines that haul the expresses of the Northern Railway from Paris to Calais, 180 miles, in three hours and thirty-five minutes—a remarkable daily performance—and had his eyes opened.

In the first place, the cab was immaculate. I might almost add "of course." I rode, myself, in the cab of a British locomotive after the armistice. Had there been a war just across the narrow English Channel recently ended over there? The rolling stock of the British railways certainly belied that fact. Their locomotives were clean, bright, freshly painted; they were not rusty, dirty or leaky. They had had upkeep, continuous upkeep, even through the fifty-one heartbreaking man-shortage months of the Great War. That showed for itself.

The cab of the engine in which my friend rode from the Gare du Nord to the Calais pier was more than immaculate; it was intricate. There were levers here and levers there, gauges high and gauges low. It looked more like the control board of a fair-sized steamship than that of a locomotive. There was a variable exhaust nozzle, a control here, a control there; the locomotive itself a four-cylinder compound engine with all the improvements that we have just seen—and then some more—and 180 miles to be made in 215 minutes—which is faster than almost any American train goes to-day. Faster by twenty-five minutes than the fastest train between New York and Baltimore, 185 miles; faster by thirty-one minutes than the fastest express between New York and Providence, also 185 miles.

Somewhere between Paris and Amiens the fireman was taken slightly ill. With hardly a word between the two railroaders in the cab they changed places; the fireman stood his intelligent trick at the throttle; for more than an hour the engineer fed the firebox, part coal and part briquettes. There was 15 per cent of briquettes in the tender and a bonus to the engine crew for any fuel saving that they made upon the run. Moreover, the names of the engineer and the fireman, printed upon neat, small brass plates, were inserted in an especially showy place on each side of the engine cab; a good deal as Mr. Underwood, of the Erie, once began naming his best engines after the men who habitually ran them, painting their names in large conspicuous letters upon the engine cabs where in other days locomotives bore the names of presidents, governors, railroad directors, and all others who sought a brief temporal glory. The French plan is best in that it permits a flexibility in the assignment of the locomotive; the American plan is best in that it confers an even greater and more permanent distinction upon the engine driver. I wish you could have seen old Harvey Springstead as I saw him about ten years ago, the first day he drove the Harvey Springstead into the old Erie terminal in Jersey City. Warren G. Harding accepting a lovely sprig of flowers from the prettiest ten-year-old girl in Marion, Ohio, could not have been a prouder man.

When the fleet engine of the Chemins de Fer du Nord—French for their Northern Railway—came to its first and final stop out of Paris upon the Calais pier sixteen men attacked it with brushes and cloths and hammers and wrenches and what else I know not. Yes, sixteen. My friend counted them.

They told him that in the days before the coming of the Great War there had been thirty-two. The fleet locomotive had a real inspection while the little engineer and his fireman repaired to the nearby Café de la Gare and enjoyed their *déjeuner* and their small bottle of wine.

Sixteen men went to that engine! Four would have been a goodly force for the average American roundhouse or terminal shed, and the engine probably would have waited two or three hours for its inspection. One of the crimes against the American locomotive is the lack of care or of attention that is given it. Think, if you will, of an engine on a first-class railroad being discovered so badly out of order in regard to the setting of its valves that a very few hours of repair work upon them brought an immediate saving of 25 per cent in its fuel consumption! Is not that being penny wise and pound foolish?

Needed Improvements

I have digressed, and without apology. We were recounting the actual devices for the improvement of the steam locomotive—the superheater, the brick arch, the feed-water heater, the booster. None of these, in their essentials at least, are patented devices. Any good locomotive builder can use them freely. He only awaits the word of the purchaser of the locomotive. Neither is there any patented monopoly in the mechanical stoker. Two or three very good types already are on the market, and if you wonder at their efficacy let me suggest that some good warm summer's day you go down into your own cellar and shovel seventeen tons of coal across it—from one side to the other—in four or five hours. Sleep overnight—preferably, if you wish to complete the illusion, on a rough hard bed—and the next day shovel all that coal back again—in four or five hours. Then ask yourself whether, if you were a locomotive fireman, you would feel that there was any real need for a mechanical stoker.

There is no monopoly, either, in the plans for more and more substituting light reciprocating locomotive parts of alloy steel in place of the old-fashioned heavy cumbersome ones of carbon steel, which hold their place almost through tradition alone. Our American locomotive to-day is far too heavy. The automotive men—the group of men who in real coöperation have perfected almost every detail of the American motor car—again have pointed the way. If a balanced crank shaft is valuable to a rubber-tired locomotive upon a concrete highway, should any additional refinement be accounted an impossibility upon the flanged-wheeled one of the steel highway? The possibilities of intensive development of the steam locomotive upon these lines alone seemingly are almost infinite. If Mr. Henry Ford, with not only the skill and experience of his own marvelously ingenious mechanical mind but the expert staff that he has always at his elbow, can succeed in bettering the American steam locomotive radically I think that the American public will be tempted to call him blessed. If Mr. Ford can only succeed in putting better bearings under our railroad cars his name should be accounted sacred in our railroad tradition. The axle bearing of the average railroad car in this country—particularly the freight rolling stock—has not been improved or changed in more than half a century. It is practically the same now as it was in 1860—a swabbing of cotton waste and grease set in a box upon the axle end; a device forever becoming dry and hot and blazing forth into flame. Contrast such an archaic thing with the axle bearing of the modern motor car or motor truck—ball bearings, or, in the case of heavier vehicles, roller bearings. A Detroit specialty concern installed these on a big Michigan Central box car not many months ago, and two men pushed the car down a siding with no vast effort.

If these things can be done and have been done, why are they not being done to-day?

The answer is simple: Tradition and cost. If I were to let my friend, the old railroad operator out there in the West, interrupt he would tell me that this last alone renders them quite out of the question. To which I should reply: "If you were buying an automobile would you rather have an automobile or a wheelbarrow?"

A few weeks ago we were discussing the electric locomotive in these pages. Without going in detail into its mechanical niceties we said that the average cost of one of these big units to-day is $175,000—to say nothing of the proportionate cost of power house and wires, without which, of course, it is quite useless. The average cost of the largest-size steam locomotives here to-day is anywhere from $40,000 to $75,000, which represents a real drop since the peak prices of the days of the war.

Going Backward

But this is not the point. The point is that the average railroad executive buys the electric locomotive upon the say-so of the manufacturer. If it cost $275,000 and he was convinced in his own mind that it was a necessity to him he would not stagger at the price or attempt petty economies by trying to buy it stripped of every efficiency device.

The average railroad executive does not buy steam locomotives that way. Oh, no. He says: "Give us ten million dollars' worth of new engines. I want them good engines, the best engines that you have ever built." And then he adds: "How many do we get to the peck anyway?"

Quantity, not quality. It is one of our besetting American sins. How much. Not how good. How much? Nothing about refinements.

The builder takes down his blue prints. The same old engine that he has been building for years past. No staff has worked to perfect that old-fashioned machine. He figures rapidly—his opponents are figuring against him—and finally shoots in his bid. The railroad can buy a lot of locomotives for $10,000,000, a goodly quantity for one-tenth of that figure—if it is not too fussy about the details.

After which will you wonder when I say that no steam locomotive in the United States to-day represents anything like the ultimate possibilities of the machine itself? That is not true of the electric locomotive, where the last unit turned out from the shops is almost sure to be the best ever built.

Let me illustrate: It is now a good ten years since a most efficient passenger locomotive was finished in this country to turn out a cylinder horse power per hour from 16.5 pounds of water and 2.12 pounds of coal, and weighing but 121 pounds per cylinder horse power. A few years later an equally efficient freight puller was made, creating one cylinder horse power per hour from 15.4 pounds of water and 2.06 pounds of coal, and yet weighing but 88.9 pounds per cylinder horse power. These were built several years ago, please remember. Since then many, many locomotives have been built that were not nearly so good. Some of these have been retired to light service already. Why?

Why are not these engines of 1910 not only being equaled but bettered by the engines of 1922? Why does it ever become necessary to scrap locomotives within half a century of their construction? There is

(Continued on Page 80)

When it's time to unmask

IS it an occasion for you of joy or dread misgivings?

Whatever the emotion is, however, one cannot always hide behind a friendly mask. There are times when even the most subtle aids to beauty fail to conceal a faulty complexion and it is revealed in all its blotchy redness, oiliness, or otherwise unwholesome condition.

But for the woman who is really anxious to improve her skin there is no need to suffer such humiliation. Resinol Soap is a positive aid to a fresher, healthier complexion.

Use it night and morning—gently working its creamy lather well into the pores with the finger tips. It rinses easily, and leaves the face smoother, softer and tingling with that freshened feeling which indicates returning skin health. *Try it today—and see.*

Sold by all druggists and toilet goods dealers

Dainty trial size cake free on request. Dept. 6-D, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol Soap

The MORE they Cost—the harder they fall when they go up against this marvelous NEW

Cole *Eight Ninety*

This New Cole Model Eight Ninety is ready to actually out-perform any car in America today. This challenge is made to dealers as well as to owners. No car ***at any price*** is barred—the more they cost, the ***harder they fall.***

We are prepared to show:
—quicker get-away
—more power in high on the hills
—more speed on the straight-away
—surer, quicker and quieter brakes
—better cooling
—more miles per gallon of gasoline
—easier handling
—better balance
—the most beautiful and aristocratic car on the American market today ***at any price.***

No Car on Your Automobile Row Can Outlast This New Cole 890

It is made of the very finest materials and put together to ***stay put.*** In many cases Cole motors have run hundreds of thousands of miles without a penny of replacement expense and without missing a shot.

The big redesigned and reinforced frame will never break, bend or sag. As a result, no Cole 890 will ever get rattly or loose jointed.

No Car at Any Price is Better Engineered

The best engineering practice known on two continents is used throughout in the Cole chassis, from the big, plus-capacity radiator back to its husky, unbreakable rear axle.

Well known cars selling at twice the price of Cole do not embody many of the desirable advanced engineering features which you find in the *Cole Eight Ninety*—*constant clearance pistons,* for example.

Cole's improved rear axle is the finest, most expensive construction found in any car. It is so husky and made of such fine steel that no amount of abuse has the slightest effect on it.

This same standard of design and liberal margin of safety prevails throughout the entire chassis.

Another thing you will never get in *Cole Eight Ninety*—you will never get *squeaks,* because every car is carefully lined between body and frame with thick strips of cork.

Cole Eight Ninety is good for hundreds of thousands of miles. Is anybody else offering you such serviceability for $2485?

You Will Never Bounce Out of Your Seat in Cole Eight Ninety

Do not be afraid to make this test. Open up" and hit the bumps—hard. You will be amazed at the smooth, velvety roadability of this great car.

This one single point of superiority in the *Cole Eight Ninety* is turning sales for it all over the country.

Practically Nothing for Upkeep

With any decent kind of care *Cole Eight Ninety* will run a hundred thousand miles at practically no maintenance expense. The motor does not get out of adjustment or tend to carbon. It can never get loose-jointed or rattly. You can't break it up. "Just give her fuel and drive your head off" is the Cole service department's advice to every new *Cole Eight Ninety* owner. Wouldn't it be a relief to own a car like that?

Twenty Thousand Miles on a Single Set of Tires

is not unusual with Cole. We have a pile of letters two feet high from owners who have enjoyed that much or *better.* These letters are available to any one who wants such a remarkable statement confirmed.

Twelve to Fifteen Miles on a Gallon of "Gas"

While many Cole owners claim far more mileage than this, we have made due allowances for their enthusiasm, and will only state what we know any Cole owner will experience. The car is also extremely economical on oil.

"The Lowest First Cost and the Lowest Upkeep

that you will find in any high grade car" is the repeated statement of Cole owners from coast to coast. When you become a Cole owner you will be making the same boast yourself—it's remarkable how a Cole owner boosts the car of his choice.

Your Cole Will Never Be an Orphan Car

because the factory behind it is one of the strongest in the world. The Cole Motor Car Company does not owe a dollar. It has no preferred stock or bonds and it has a strong cash *reserve.* In its whole history it has never passed a discount. Ask your banker—*he knows.*

Not a Stunt Car But a Wonderful Day-In and Day-Out Performer

The harder headed a man is, the more he swears by his Cole. He knows that it will take him anywhere, bring him back on time, and that no one can ever humiliate him in any kind of a test, or by comparing bills from the repairshop.

And Every Woman Who Sees Cole Eight Ninety Raves About Its Beauty

Take your wife or your sister to the nearest Cole salesroom and watch the expression on her face when the beauty of the Cole models on the floor hits her. She will clasp her hands and exclaim almost breathlessly—"I have never seen such a superb car—anywhere."

If Your Present Car is Not a Cole, the Reason is Obvious—You Do Not Know the Cole

When do you want us to make good on this challenge? We're ready any time. Call up the nearest Cole dealer. He has a new *Cole Eight Ninety FULL OF "GAS" AND READY TO GO.*

Meanwhile, write us for *"Twelve Reasons Why"*—and you will receive a personal letter from us telling more in detail why your next car should be a Cole.

Notice to Dealers

It is far easier to SELL this remarkable car than to COMPETE with it. If you want to make money in 1922 and happen to be in open territory, write us—or, better still, *wire.*

COLE MOTOR CAR COMPANY

INDIANAPOLIS, U.S.A.

$2485

F. O. B. FACTORY

This Book

Contains photographs of 50 modern small homes, with their floor plans, selected to offer the utmost in comfort, convenience and good looks *at the least cost.*

Attractive Homes that can be Built Economically

AN IMPORTANT part of the Southern Pine Association's service is to make it easy and convenient for the public to obtain home building information. To that end, we have issued this book, "Modern Homes." We are distributing it free. Write today for your copy. Select a home that meets your ideas of comfort and convenience, show it to your retail lumber dealer and he will obtain from the Southern Pine Association the plans and specifications and will assist you in figuring the cost of the home complete.

Write today to

Southern Pine Association

NEW ORLEANS LOUISIANA

This is one of the charming designs from the Southern Pine Association's free plan book, "Modern Homes"

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not one of their bearing parts that is not capable of infinite replacements; after which it is merely a question of lubrication.

I saw, not many months since, under the trainshed of the passenger station at Tours, France, a copper-sheathed boiler locomotive of the Paris-Orleans Railway which bore the date of its construction, 1857, proudly upon its neat sides. It still was an efficient little locomotive, handling a small job fit for its small size, and handling it very well indeed. The oldest locomotive that I personally have known to be in constant service in the United States was an engine belonging to a paper company up near Potsdam, New York, which had been built by the Taunton Locomotive Works for the Union Pacific Railroad in 1860, and then sold to the Central Vermont in the following year. Rebuilt several times, it was still in service in 1919. This engine was very much of an exception, however. A twenty-year-old engine in this country to-day is a veteran. The famous 999 of the New York Central, which was built at the West Albany shops by William Buchanan with loving care and much handwork, and which in 1893 was exhibited at the Chicago Fair as the fastest locomotive in the world, in 1903 was handling a plug milk train. Already it has been retired as a sort of museum piece.

Why are our steam locomotives thrust aside in this way? Why are they not built universally to their highest possibilities of development? Why are they not given the mechanical refinements that experience has shown to be well worth while?

Once again—tradition and cost.

The first of these some day is to be eliminated. And as for the second, the best way to economize is to introduce methods that lead toward economy. When the Lackawanna system spent some $14,000,000 a few years ago in rebuilding and perfecting about forty miles of its main line between Scranton and Binghamton it was said by some smart folk that only a road as extremely wealthy as it could go into such frills. Well, last year the operating economies effected to that company by this improvement—and this improvement alone—came to some 12 per cent of the expenditure, while the money itself was secured at 4 per cent. I should like to ask Mr. Underwood, of the always poverty-stricken Erie, if that carefully managed property would not have been in receivership and helpless a full decade ago if it had not been for his great grade revisions on his main line east of Youngstown, Ohio.

Paying for Results

To save money upon our American railroads it frequently becomes necessary to spend it, and to spend it generously; but always wisely of course.

We measure the expenditure properly by the results. An improvement to a locomotive costing as much as $10,000 to buy, and even as much as that to maintain each year, is a good investment, is it not, if it saves $50,000 a year? The superheater, the brick arch, the booster and the feed-water heater together vastly increase the power of the steam locomotive. To gain their equivalent in locomotive itself the average Pacific-type freight puller of, let us say, eight big drivers and with extra-length boiler tubes—nineteen or twenty feet—would have to have not less than fourteen driving wheels, and boiler tubes of the almost incredible and impracticable length of thirty-six feet. Is that graphic enough for the layman to understand? Can you understand this about the booster alone: A reasonable stretch of level railroad division, say, 125 to 175 miles. It is good low-grade line and an engine of even moderate capacity ought to handle a 3000-ton freight train over it easily if it were not for that nasty little hill halfway down the line. A chain is no better than its weakest link. A railroad division is no easier than its stiffest hill. This particular one means that the maximum trainload on that division may never exceed 2700 tons.

Now we put the booster on—that little miniature locomotive for the trailing wheels that we saw a few minutes ago, built like an automobile engine and having the same gritty driving power. When the engineer comes to that nasty hill, in goes the booster and up goes the 3000 tons of train over the hill, just as easy apparently as if it were coasting on a down grade.

One of the most famous passenger trains to-day in America is the Twentieth Century Limited, running between New York and Chicago, 979 miles in a flat twenty hours. It began as a single train of moderate length, some seven or eight Pullman cars and a diner. To-day it almost always consists of at least two sections, each of ten to twelve heavy steel Pullman sleepers, and diners. In figures, the weight increase is close to 215 per cent. This train might still make the run through from New York to Chicago in eighteen hours, as it did when it was first created some twenty years ago.

A prototype of it once went through in fifteen hours and fifty-six minutes. But safety and some other sensible conditions have interfered to bring its pace to the more moderate twenty hours, which it performs with a remarkable regularity.

Moreover, it remains the fastest long-distance train in the world, and so upholds the sporting tradition of the American railroad. Yet it is rather exceptional. In recent years we have slackened our train-running times appreciably in the United States. The Empire State Express, which once ran from New York to Buffalo, 440 miles, in eight hours, now takes nine for the run. The New Haven now takes five hours and ten minutes to go from New York to Boston, 229 miles, yet once it proposed to do the trick in an even four hours.

Slackening Speeds

In those days we were running a sort of international speed race with our British cousins in particular. And they were competing within their own ranks. Rival roads on either side of Great Britain all the way from London up to Aberdeen, its northernmost large city, were at each other's throats. The London and North Western and the Caledonian working together operated a train from London to Perth which on the greater part of its run was scheduled for operation at 49½ miles an hour and which was given but two hours and five minutes for the 117¾ miles between Carlisle and Stirling. Finally it came to a point where these roads—the so-called West Coast Route—had a regularly scheduled train from London to Aberdeen, 540 miles, in eight hours and thirty-two minutes. This is 100 miles farther than from New York to Pittsburgh on the Pennsylvania, or New York to Buffalo on the New York Central. The fastest time between New York and Pittsburgh is nine hours and thirty-five minutes, and between New York and Buffalo a flat nine hours; the New York Central does not have to cross a high mountain range with its consequent heavy grades. It is 578 miles by the shortest line from New York to Cleveland. The fastest time upon one line to-day is thirteen hours; the other, an even fourteen hours. It is but 475 miles between San Francisco and Los Angeles, yet the best express between those cities takes thirteen hours and a half for the run.

In fairness it should be stressed that the remarkable British schedule run of 540 miles in eight hours and thirty-two minutes no longer exists; war and the same factor that lengthened the running times of the Twentieth Century and the Broadway Limited—safety—have also slackened it. But it remains an exceedingly fast train. We have seen the Paris-Calais express. The best regular express train between Paris and Marseilles, 617 miles, makes the run in twelve hours and thirty-three minutes. And last year I rode from Paris to Rheims, ninety miles over the war-racked Eastern Railway, in just two hours, minus sixty seconds.

From what were unquestionably excessive speeds upon the passenger trains of our railroads of the United States we have permitted ourselves to lag toward the other extreme. There seems to be no good reason on earth why it should take a minimum of seven hours and forty-five minutes to-day for a Pullman service train to go from Chicago to St. Louis, 284 miles across a level country; or of eleven hours and thirty minutes from Chicago to Kansas City, 451 miles, across an equally level country. One of the best ways in which our laggard steam locomotive may begin to redeem itself is by speeding up its heels a bit.

In the meantime the Twentieth Century is a fast train, a fearfully fast train. If you do not believe this, ride sometime in the cab of its middle section—when it is in three—down west of Buffalo. It is as close work as upon a speedway. The red tail lights of the first section are visible ahead of you; the gleaming headlight of the

(Continued on Page 83)

Get This Quality Mirro Pan Today!

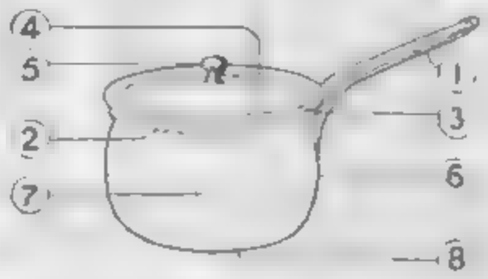
You can obtain this regular $1.45 Mirro Aluminum 3-Quart Convex Sauce Pan, complete with cover, for only 89c, if you act quickly.

This is an introductory offer, to acquaint you with the beauty, convenience, and durability of Mirro Aluminum cooking utensils. We know once you use a Mirro utensil you will never use any other kind.

Mirro ware is heavy and durable. Its price is moderate. Every woman can afford to use Mirro because of its economy in first cost and long service.

Compare any Mirro utensil with a similar article of any other make. Compare the thickness and hardness of the metal, the beauty of design and finish, the many features of convenience, and the price. Mirro's low price is possible because of volume production and latest improved manufacturing methods.

Go to your dealer today and get your pan at the special 89c price. (In extreme South and West, 98c, regularly $1.60.) If it happens he is out of stock, ask him to order one for you, or send $1 (89c for pan and 11c for postage and packing) direct to factory.



1 Cool, smooth, hollow-steel handle with thumb-grip for easier, safer handling. Eye for hanging.

2 Tightly rolled, sanitary bead, free from dirt catching crevices.

3 Inset cover prevents boiling over—conserves heat.

4 The bead of cover is upturned, and thus protects against steam and liquid.

5 Rivetless, no-burn, ebonized knob—always cool.

6 Convex sides prevent contents from pouring off when liquid is drained. Smooth, rounded edges are easily cleaned.

7 Beautiful Mirro finish: rich, lustrous, silvery. Always sanitary. Cannot rust.

8 Famous Mirro trade-mark stamped into the bottom of every piece. Your guarantee of excellence throughout.

Aluminum Goods Manufacturing Company
General Offices: Manitowoc, Wis., U. S. A.
Makers of Everything in Aluminum

MIRRO ALUMINUM REFLECTS GOOD HOUSEKEEPING A. G. M. CO.

Every Mirro Utensil Bears This Imprint

MIRRO ALUMINUM
Reflects Good Housekeeping

You Benefit by a Decision Now!

You plan to invest in a new heating system later in the year? Good!—but remember that in the fall you will also have the family's winter clothing and foodstuffs as well as the fuel to buy.

And there will be many raw days this spring when you and your family would be thankful to have the chill quickly taken off the house without the bother and expense of a needlessly big fire.

Why not see your dealer regarding the immediate installation (or reservation, if you intend to build) of a Round Oak Pipeless Heating System? Among other immediate, attractive inducements he can offer more liberal terms now than later.

Furthermore, you can save fuel all spring and enjoy real comfort by accepting his proposal.

Your heating problem will also be satisfactorily settled for more than a generation to come—*at a continuous saving!* You benefit every way.

The adjoining extracts from letters typically express the enthusiasm of those many thousands who rely upon this easily installed system.*

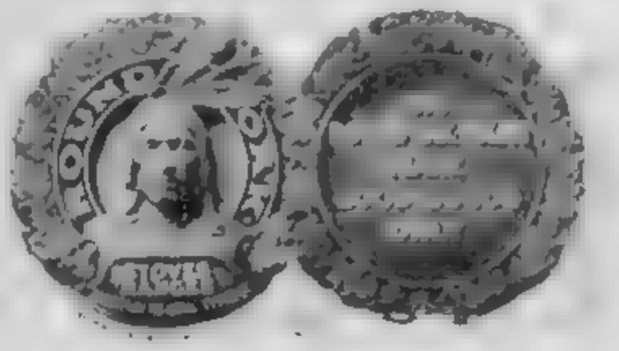
See your Round Oak dealer this week; get his attractive offer. Or write us for the information.

THE BECKWITH COMPANY, Dowagiac, Mich.

"Round Oak Folks" *Established 1871*

ROUND OAK
PIPELESS HEATING SYSTEM

Just one good store in a city or town handles genuine Round Oak products, all of which embody traditional Round Oak quality and patented exclusive features: Round Oak *Porcelain* Coal Range; Round Oak Three-Fuel *Porcelain* Range; Round Oak Boiler-Iron Chief Range; Round Oak Three Fuel Range; Round Oak Ironbilt Cast Range; Original Round Oak Heating Stoves; Round Oak Pipeless Heating System; Round Oak Moistair Heating System; Round Oak Ironbilt Furnace—for pipe installation. Write for literature on any of these products, whose satisfied purchasers now exceed two million and a quarter.



*Names and addresses of these and many other satisfied users, together with their letters in full, sent on request

A Few Sticks and Good-Bye Chill!

Our house is the old-fashioned style. The Round Oak Pipeless keeps us more comfortable than we have ever been and I burn less coal. In late spring or early fall, an armful of old papers or a few sticks of wood takes away the chill.—From letter No. 5509.

Requires Half the Attention

In cold weather we formerly had to close some rooms. Now we have an even heat in all rooms and halls and burn at least 25% less coal. The Round Oak Pipeless requires about half the attention we gave our other heater. Our cellar is cool.—From letter No. 5516.

No More Chilly Corners

With a Round Oak Pipeless there are no more chilly corners and rooms to enter. We find it very convenient to start a little wood fire to take the chill from the whole house. We heated 6 rooms with 4 tons of coal last winter.—From letter No. 6508

More Comfort, Less Fuel

I cannot speak too highly of the Round Oak Pipeless. My house has seven large rooms which are very comfortably heated through the entire winter season with the smallest amount of fuel I have ever burned before.—From letter No. 1569.

Simple to Care For

The Round Oak Pipeless installed in my home has given splendid service keeping nine rooms comfortably warm with a very small amount of fuel. The care of the system is simple and easy, and I am very much pleased with it in every way.—From letter No. 6573.

Heats 10 Rooms on Wood

We installed a Round Oak Pipeless in our ten-room house and ran it with wood during the entire winter. There was no time but that every room was comfortable. It is a pleasure to recommend this heating system to anyone wishing an economical one.—From letter No. 4575.

Absolutely Dustless, Says Housewife

Our Round Oak Pipeless is absolutely dustless which makes it a great pleasure for the housewife. It is with greatest pleasure I write to express our sincere satisfaction. We think it is a great convenience and a wonderful investment.—From letter No. 3500

Consumes Little Fuel

I cannot praise the Round Oak Pipeless too much. It warmed nine rooms, the first winter, with eight tons of coal, and last winter, warmed nine rooms with six tons of coal.—From letter No. 1518.

Quickly Takes Off Chill

The Round Oak Pipeless responds and takes off the chill so quickly that it is a joy in the late spring and early fall. Also during severe weather it provides an abundance of uniform moist heat in every room with a great saving of fuel.—From letter No. 3571.

Hard House to Heat

After many attempts to heat my home with the ordinary hot air furnace had failed, I wish to state that my house has been heated comfortably by the Round Oak Pipeless for the first time since it was built.—From letter No. 2519.

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third shows plainly behind. Seconds count. Minutes are as hours.

Sometimes the sections of these trains multiply tremendously. On a night recently, within but three hours, seventeen sections of these through New York-Chicago, New York-Detroit and New York-Cleveland trains passed through the trainshed of the Syracuse station, changed engines there. They were huge trains, averaging ten Pullman sleepers, in addition to baggage and mail cars. To haul 170 sleeping cars an average distance of 700 or 800 miles was a strain upon power. Moreover, it was the sort of strain that your electrician calls peak load.

How, for instance, has the typical locomotive of the Twentieth Century Limited and these other great trains been so improved as to keep the trains that they haul up in the topnotch of American passenger carriers? The answer is easy: By the constant application of every proved device for the improvement of that machine. Come to figures, once again: A certain well-known railroad, which is thoroughly sold on this idea of the improved locomotive, in the past twenty-five years steadily has increased its average revenue tonnage per train from 400 to 1700 tons over the old-time figures. Its maximum is now close to 3200 revenue tons. In this same quarter of a century this railroad shows 238 per cent increase in the weight of the train and 66 per cent increase in the average speed. To-day it thinks nothing of hauling a 5000-ton train at a steady rate up hill and down dale of twenty-five miles an hour.

Our steam locomotive a laggard? Only when you do not give it a fair opportunity to show its real worth. Already we have gone far enough in this country to gain a clear idea of its possibilities once it is really brought up to date upon all our railroads and all our trains. At the present time hardly more than one-third of our locomotives are so equipped.

A moment ago I said that two things had held back the development of our steam locomotive—tradition and cost. Have I not now settled the question of cost as far, at least, as it may be settled in these pages, by showing the great economies to be effected in the use of an efficient engine; economies, roughly speaking, averaging 25 per cent in the operation of the locomotive? Now come to the problem of tradition.

Lengthening Runs

The extreme easterly forty-three miles of the main New York-Boston line of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad was, up to thirty-four years ago, a separate railroad—the Boston and Providence, extending between those two cities. From the old Park Square Station in Boston down to the station in Providence and back again—eighty-six miles—was a day's work for one of its locomotives. On some of its suburban runs the engines did even less. They were pampered bits of mechanism.

Last year I rode from New York to Cherbourg in a giant steamer and spent many hours in what is the finest engine room upon all the seven seas. The tireless engines, the racing shafts never ceased their impetuous speed for six days and for six nights. If necessary, and if the fuel had been available, they might just as easily have maintained the pace for twenty-six days and twenty-six nights; even longer. It all comes to proper lubrication and attention—and nothing else.

A twenty-four-hour continuous test of an automobile is as nothing; a 500 or 1000 mile test of its engine, without resting, these days, mere child's sport. You do not think that after you have driven your own car ninety miles you must rest it before you set it in service once again. If you could not drive it, upon necessity, twice or three times that distance without resting it, you probably would feel like selling it.

Yet there are many ninety-mile engine runs left in the United States to this day; some of them, like those between New York and Philadelphia, are matters of operating convenience that cannot easily be changed. Tradition holds others. One hundred and fifty miles still remains a typical division in the minds of many conservative railroaders. And a real boast of the progressive manufacturers of the electric locomotive is that their machines can easily run two such typical divisions without either rest or inspection. Only it should be borne in mind that when the inspection finally is made it must be, like that at Calais, of the most thorough sort.

Very recently the New York Central instituted the experiment of combining as a single engine run the former two runs between Albany and Buffalo, 300 miles. The Santa Fe has cut its separate runs from Chicago to the Pacific Coast from twelve to six. There seems to be no very good reason why the New York Central should not run a locomotive from Harmon—the edge of the New York electric zone—right through to Chicago, 946 miles. Or two engine runs on the Santa Fe between Chicago and Los Angeles, 2246 miles. The vast roundhouse economies of such a course are obvious. Down in the Southwest, the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railway already has a 700-mile run and is planning one of a thousand miles. The long engine run is simply a question of proper rewatering and refueling facilities. Obviously the crews could not make runs such as this. I have known an engineer to take a special through from New York to Buffalo on the Lackawanna or the Erie—not far from 400 miles in either case—and not relinquish the throttle for the entire distance. But that was a stunt. I am talking of regular performance, day in and day out.

Three-Cylinder Locomotives

It is easy enough to change the crews, however, at distances of approximately 150 to 175 miles. But there is no reason why the engine should be changed. If an 11,000-horse-power ship racing a couple of 250-foot shafts can keep it up continuously for six days and 3000 miles there is no reason on earth why a well-equipped locomotive should falter at the same performance.

There is no inherent reason, whatsoever, why the steam locomotive should be a laggard, unless men themselves so desire. The paths for its possible development have not been followed to their ends. Men, this very day, are engaged in plans for the placing of a third cylinder to its mechanism; the possibilities of the brick arch, the superheater and the feed-water heater now have brought its steam producing up ahead of the mechanism that consumes it. The opportunity is ripe for the further perfection of this mechanism.

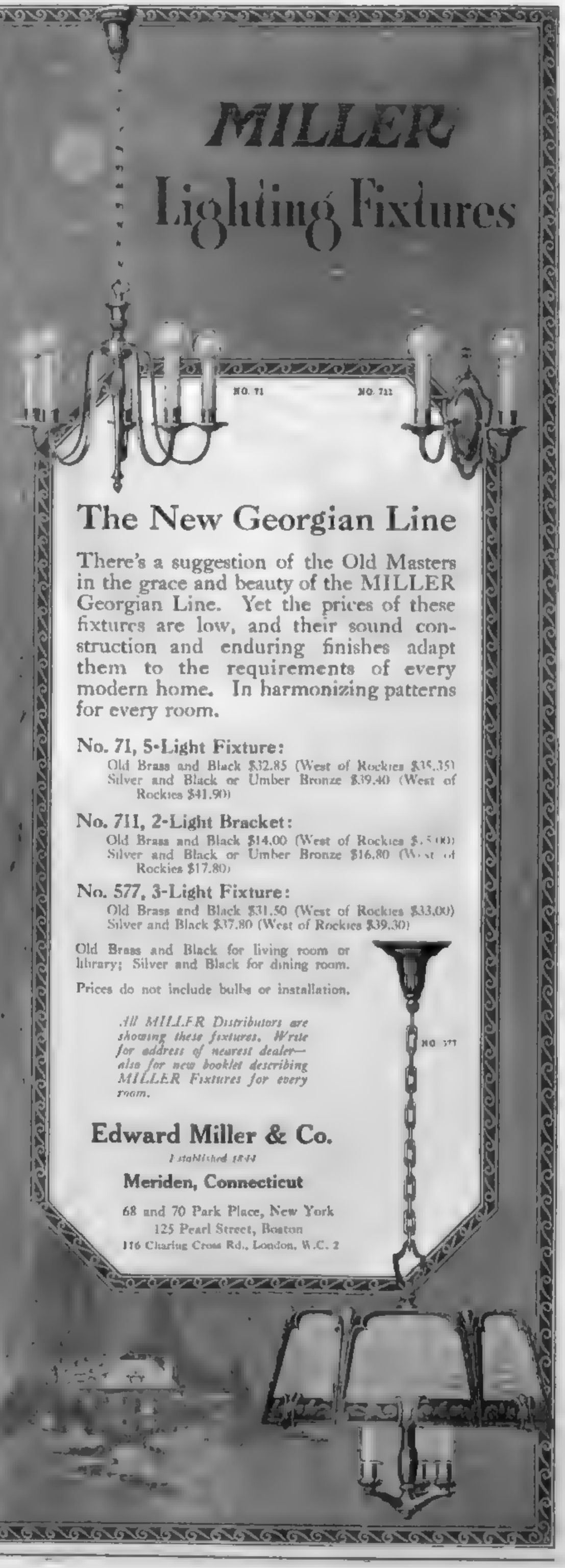
For many of its earlier years in this country, and right up to the present time in England, the steam locomotive was, in builders' phrasing, inside connected—the cylinders and driving rods being placed within the frame and under the boiler. Gradually this type of engine was abandoned upon this continent. Despite the trimness of its appearance—your foreigner always lays great stress upon the appearance of his locomotive—the important driving mechanism was so hidden as to render it comparatively inaccessible for repairs.

And so we came here to placing the entire driving mechanism upon the outside of the locomotive, where it could be easily reached and taken down.

There is a movement to-day toward the creation of a locomotive that shall be both inside and outside connected. There is hardly room for two cylinders within the frame. There certainly is for one. And with the retention of the two outer cylinders there presently will be created a locomotive which, with all its improved steam-creating powers to boot, will quickly take highest place in both speed and energy. More operating economies will be effected, new records established.

MILLER

Lighting Fixtures



The New Georgian Line

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NO-LEAK-O
Piston Ring Company
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Seven years of continued success

NO-LEAK-O PISTON RINGS

THE SECRET PARTNER

(Continued from Page 26)

clear out. If I'm going to be cast for the rôle of a brown bear I'd better be picking my tree."

King sat without response. He neither looked nor moved. And Pink continued: "Seriously, business aside, you ought to make that trip some day. I'd like to take you over one of those mountain tops up there on the Great Divide on a clear day. It's the nearest thing to heaven that I know. And sleep? Why, that air fairly drugs your senses!"

He stopped, seeing King's face twist with a sudden spasm of pain.

"Sleep!"

King murmured the word softly, as if to himself. He sighed. His heavy, slightly empurpled lids drooped down over his cavernous eyes, closing in his restless, chafing spirit. His face twitched a moment, then became still. Pink studied the impassive mask before him, his heart torn between pity and scorn. For perhaps a full minute King slumbered, his head sagging toward his breast.

Then he opened his eyes; his irids widened. He regarded the young man fixedly for a space, and said in tones which Pink had never heard before: "Was I asleep, my boy?"

Deeply moved, Pink stammered: "Yes, sir, I think so."

"It must have been those mountain tops of yours. By George, if I believed there was sleep out in those hills ——"

"There is!" cried Pink, catching fire. "I can lead you to it! I know a place where I'll guarantee "

King shook his head, his somber eyes gleaming with irony.

"I've been guaranteed sleep before now, and by men who are supposed to be top-notchers in their line."

"Did you follow their advice?" demanded Pink shrewdly.

"I've done practically nothing else all summer. I had a doctor on board with me who's an expert on neurasthenia. I took along a famous eye specialist, and then to complete the vicious circle I corralled one of those highfalutin psychoanalysis birds who figure out your dreams. They played with me all this summer, and I never slept worse in my life."

The door opened and the secretary entered with a sheaf of papers which King took and ran through rapidly.

"All right," he announced briskly. "Chapin and the others have signed already. Mr. Sloane," he continued, still briskly, "you'll observe that Chapin, Pym, myself and a few others have taken some stock in this concern, and I've reorganized it along lines which I feel are for its best prosperity. You'll probably want to have a look at these documents before you sign on the dotted line."

"Yes, sir, two or three looks, if you don't mind."

"Look as hard and as long as ever you like," replied King good-humoredly. "And if you look long and hard enough you'll realize that your best interests in the long run—mind you, I say in the long run—lie in signing those agreements as they are drawn. Jackson, show Mr. Sloane to a private room where he won't be disturbed."

"I think," said Pink, rising, "that I'd prefer to go through them at home."

He found his heart beating furiously, and he realized with a flash what was the matter with King—he killed people's wills. It had required a desperate effort on his part to rise, to oppose that quiet, formidable will.

"Take them home by all means," agreed King dryly. "And if you don't like the terms—for I can see you've got something in your craw—remember two things: First, you're a free agent and you're not obliged to accept those terms. Second, if you want money these days you've got to pay for it. That's all. But don't keep those bankers too long on their knees. They're not used to it."

Arrived at his own room, Pink sat down and went carefully through the terms of agreement. They were even worse than he feared. By imperceptible degrees he had veered around to the point where he was willing to pay and to pay high for the use of money to enlarge his plant. But this arrangement snuffed him out. He was not even a figurehead. They had made him a fourth vice president. First came King, president of the reorganized company; then Chapin, vice president; then Chapin's right-hand man; then Pym; and then—God save the mark!—down at the foot of them all the founder of the company, Pinkney Sloane.

"They'd have thrown me out altogether if they'd dared," he muttered bitterly. "But they're afraid something might go wrong with those patents and pontoons, and in order to guard against that they've made me Lord High Custodian of the Spittoon!" He sat, deadly pale, gnawing his lips as he went over and over the terms which sheared him of power but left him heavy responsibilities.

Finally he rose and went out into the street, despair in his heart. For hours he tramped the pavement, heedless of a light, dry snow which, falling shadowily, touched the angles of his hurrying figure with a silhouette of ghostly white. His rage, as he walked, mounted, bitter as gall. He went over and over the situation from the beginning, fighting his way step by step as one fights fantastic battles in a nightmare. Once momentarily he came to himself in a deserted square beside a dry stone fountain, speaking aloud to the naked, dim forms of trees as if he were defending his case before a court of justice.

When at length he returned to his room, shivering with cold and staggering from fatigue, he found himself resolved on one step—he would break off relations with Klaggett King. With this decision fixed, he mounted to his room and, standing with his hat on, in his snowy clothes, he took the terms of agreement, tore them foursquare, thrust the fragments into an envelope, addressed, sealed and stamped it, descended to the street and posted it in the corner box.

This done, he returned and somberly prepared for bed. As he reached up to turn out the gas jet his eye caught a glimpse of something white under the door. He stooped and picked it up. It was a letter from Celia. The envelope bore the wet imprint of his snowy heel where he had trodden it down as he entered the room. He brushed it off carefully with his handkerchief, and opened it, standing beneath the flaring gas jet.

It began with two words, one of two letters and one of four, with a girlish dash between. And those two words, with their sweet confession, melted the heavy frozen lump that was his heart and warmed his blood like wine. What followed was just as good. He raced avidly through the four pages to see their general tenor, after which he sat down to a more leisurely perusal and to luxuriate in those particular portions which he characterized as sweet spots. It was his first real love letter from Celia. Notes he had received before—precious, gay, absurd little nothings; Cupid's pinfeathers, he called them; as alluring as Celia herself, but containing nothing to sustain a hungry man. They were, in fact, mere teasers. But in this letter Celia, as if she sensed his need, let herself go. It was a whole divine meal. He sat long, King and his company forgotten, wrapped in dreams.

It was well for him that he received this reënforcement of the spirit, for in the next few days he found himself ground between the upper and the nether millstones of necessity, and with no visible means of extricating himself. He was roused the next morning at an early hour by Annie, who announced he was wanted on the telephone. And when, a few minutes later, he placed the receiver to his ear he heard his foreman's anxious voice:

"Say, major, can you get down right away?"

"Sure! What's up, O'Connor?"

"It's that dirty little shrimp, Di Palma. He's locked us out."

Pink whistled.

"Is he down there now?"

"You bet—big as life and snarling like a cornered wildcat. The men started to rough-house him and he bellowed for a cop. Said you hadn't paid your rent, and I don't know what all. I wanted to hand him a couple on the jaw just for good luck, but I figured that mightn't do you any good. Shall I, anyhow?"

"Not yet," laughed Pink. He thought a moment deeply. "O'Connor!"

"Yes, sir?"

"Dismiss the men."

"I've done that already, major. I told them you'd square things up with them all right. But they know that. I told them

(Continued on Page 87)

Immaculate Floors

UNDER radiators, into nooks and corners—nowhere can dust and dirt hide from the Fuller Wonder Mop. Its soft, fluffy strands gather and hold dirt until shaken out. It may be washed and put through the wringer—losing none of its dust-absorbing qualities. Both sides are always ready. It's light and convenient to handle.

We are the largest buyers of brush material in the world, therefore, get better quality at lower prices.—So do the users of Fuller Brushes. Genuine Fuller Brushes carry the Fuller Red Tip Tag and the Fuller trade mark on the handles.

They are never sold in stores. A staff of 3,000 representatives demonstrates them in the home. Every Fuller Man is expert in household efficiency, courteous, worthy of the House behind him, welcomed everywhere. There is a Fuller Man living in your vicinity. If you want him to call, write us. May we send you "The Handy Brush Book"? It's free.

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69 USES—HEAD TO FOOT—CELLAR TO ATTIC

See the *New* Red Star features

Thick juicy steak quickly done on the Red Star OIL Stove

Two rings of hot gas flame, instead of one, and the added heat of its red-hot burner produce the ideal heat for steak on the Red Star Oil Stove.

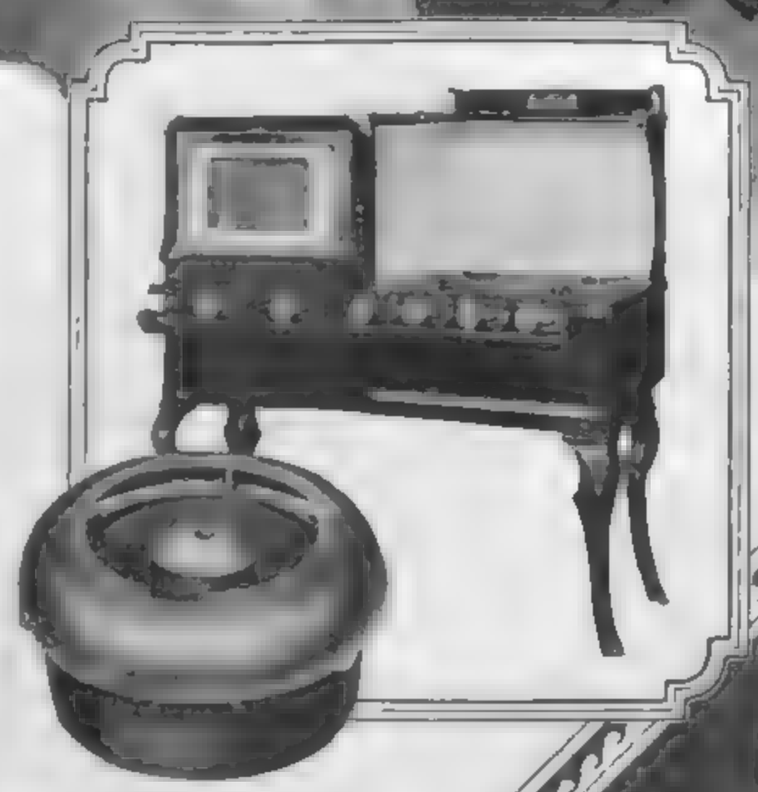
The Red Star is not like any other oil stove. Has no wick or wick substitutes. Burns gas which it makes from kerosene, gasoline or distillate. Cooks anything a city gas range can—according to the time called for in best recipes.

Now this wonderful oil stove has been given *new refinements*, that add to its beauty, cleanliness and efficiency, and it has been *substantially reduced* in price. There are Red Star models and sizes to suit every kitchen.

The Red Star is both sanitary and beautiful. Its lustrous black metal, pure white porcelain and shining nickel trimmings will be a delight to you for years to come.

Your local furniture or hardware dealer will be glad to demonstrate these new models and show you why they are the greatest Red Star values ever offered. See him soon. Also write for Red Star Book of Cooking Tests.

THE DETROIT VAPOR STOVE COMPANY, Detroit, Michigan



This is the all-metal Red Star burner. Weighs 8½ pounds. No wicks. Gives two rings of flame instead of one. Red-hot burner adds more heat. Saves 25% of fuel cost.

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RED ★ STAR
Detroit Vapor
OIL STOVE

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that a little rotten egg like Di Palma couldn't get away with a regular guy like you. It was then they started to rough-house the wop and he yelled for the police."

"Fine-o!" grinned Pink. "I'll be right down."

"Can I tell the wop you're coming down to fix him?"

"Sure! Scare him out of his hide."

He took a cross-town car and arrived on the scene to find O'Connor and the policeman, seventy-two sunshiny inches of blue-eyed Irish brawn, in close and jovial confab; while the little Italian, his eyes glowing like those of a cornered rat, stood on guard before the padlocked door.

"There's the boss!" exclaimed O'Connor as Pink swung lithely down from the car. "Now, wop, watch out!"

Pink ignored the savage, glowering little man, and addressed himself directly to the guardian of the law:

"Officer, this man has no legal right to lock the door of this house."

"And that's what I told the dirty little shrimp!" cried O'Connor triumphantly.

"It's true, I owe him for the rent. But he can't dispossess me without due process of law. He can't take the law into his own hands like this. Where's his writ? That man's guilty of a misdemeanor right now. I've a good mind to have you run him in for it."

The officer's keen blue eyes glimmered with enjoyment as he said: "And I guess you're right at that, major." He winked broadly at O'Connor, stepped over to Di Palma, prodded him good-naturedly in the ribs with his stick, and said: "Show me your writ, Spaghetti."

But Di Palma, it appeared, had no writ. He explained in a venomous burst of broken English that this was his house and he had a right to lock it when he pleased. The officer listened to the tirade with calm judicial contempt.

"Shall I run him in, major?" he inquired at the close.

"Yes!" cried O'Connor.

"No!" said Pink with a laugh. "Just tell him to open that door and then make tracks out of here."

Di Palma unlocked the door with fingers that shook with rage.

"Mr. Di Palma," said Pink, "I'm going in after my private papers, and after that you're free to lock this place up and plaster dispossess notices all over the shop, and I shan't say a word."

"I'm going to sue you!" promised Di Palma thickly.

"Sue and be hanged!" replied Pink cheerfully. "But you get out of here now or I'll break every bone in your body."

The little man backed away precipitately, shrilling venomous threats.

"You're dead wrong, major!" counseled O'Connor's earnest voice at his ear. "You'd ought to run him in when you got the chance. He's a trouble-maker. I can tell it by the red danger lights in his eyes. He'll hurt you if he gets a show."

"Oh, shucks!" said Pink lightly. "Di Palma's all right. He's just scared pea-green that I'm trying to do him out of his rent."

They entered the office, and Pink squatted before the safe and began to empty papers into a wire basket. He looked up at his foreman and said soberly: "You'd better look out for another job."

O'Connor's fresh face paled.

"What?" he faltered. "Why, major, is it—are you ——"

"Busted? I don't know—yet. If I'm not busted I'm pretty badly cracked."

"Well," said his foreman with a forced laugh, "it never rains but it pours."

"Why?" demanded Pink, quickly rising. "Does this thing hit you?"

"In a way," acknowledged O'Connor with a troubled face.

"How?"

"My wife's gone to the hospital—first baby. I sold off our last Liberty Bond. I figured it was all right, because ——"

"I see," said Pink soberly. "You thought the Sloane Salvage Company was going to make good. How much have you got invested here?"

"Not much—nothing to raise a howl about. And I'm not squealing, major."

"Just how much cash have you got, O'Connor?" demanded Pink quietly.

O'Connor mentioned the sum. Pink breathed relief.

"Well, that'll hold you until I can find a job. After that I'll turn over my pay until we get past this kink."

"Not on your life! But, major"—his eyes were eager—"do you suppose you could find me a job along with you?"

"I'll see what I can do. What I'd like"—Pink's voice warmed—"is to take charge of a diving crew. Some of that apparatus is as old style as Noah's ark, and if I could study the practical workings for a while. Well"—he stuffed the papers into his pocket and moved toward the door—"we'll see. Don't bother your wife about this."

"Not likely!" grinned O'Connor. "She thinks the Sloane Salvage Company is the greatest little concern on earth, and that you and I have the Carnegie-Schwab outfit nailed to the mast and screaming for help. She keeps track of every wreck that goes down on the whole floor of the sea. Talk about the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow! It's not in it with the wealth Minnie's figured out for us that's lying at the bottom of the sea. What do you think is the last idea she's got in her head?"

"Don't know," muttered Pink, to whom this turning of the knife in his wound was raw agony.

"Why, that we'll lift the Lusitania!"

"And why not?" cried Pink sharply. "Other firms have figured on it. Why shouldn't we?"

"I'm willing," murmured O'Connor with a laugh.

"But you don't believe it can be done? O'Connor, listen to me. The day's not far off when we'll think no more of salvaging wrecks underseas than we do now upon the land. I don't say I'll raise the Lusitania or any other ship, but some man will."

The two men, shoulder to shoulder, moved out into the street. Pink signaled a car and, with a final "I'll telephone if I find something," sprang aboard.

It was while searching in his pocket for his fare that he brought forth, in much surprise, a wad of two tightly twisted bills which had not been there before. Smoothed out, the greasy little strangers introduced themselves as two five-dollar bills.

"And they wonder," murmured Pink, "why God loves the Irish!"

In due course of time involuntary petitions in bankruptcy were filed by two sets of creditors against the Sloane Salvage Company. One of the creditors was Di Palma, with a claim for two months' rent and the accounts of the two firms to which Pink was most heavily indebted which the shrewd Italian had bought in—in all, a sum totaling upwards of four thousand dollars. The second creditor, represented by a legal firm of international reputation, was Klaggett King, whose bill for services rendered amounted to two thousand dollars.

Pink had tried to borrow money on his own prospects in order to dam the flowing tide of adversity, and he discovered, like many a better man before him, that to need money desperately is the best means of scaring it away. The temperature in those small rooms with "Private" marked on the glass door, where to cold, saurian-eyed financial Brahmans he explained the nature of his errand, fell so rapidly that Pink, regaining the street, turned up his overcoat collar, concluding it was about to hail, and was amazed to find the sun still up in the sky and doing business at the same old stand. The black-frost belt began at the bank's revolving door.

The bottom fact was that Pinkney Sloane, under the powerful protection of Klaggett King, and Pinkney Sloane, impecunious young inventor with a financial ax to grind, were two different persons. And that difference was demonstrated with brutality and dispatch when he tried to borrow money or sell stock.

In Gilmore's office, whither he had turned in the crisis, he fared little better. Gilmore's partner, Coleman, was on the Continent, his return uncertain. Nor was Pink at all certain that Coleman shared Gilmore's enthusiasm for the Sloane Salvage Company. Nevertheless, he sat down and wrote him a letter, disclosing his quandary and asking for a loan. This letter, forwarded to England, had borne no fruit, and in due time the Sloane Salvage Company went into insolvency, and a receivership was appointed by the court. Whereupon Pink gloomily chucked the entire affair out of his mind, and no longer dammed but damned the flowing black tide of adversity.

After a short delay he had found work for both himself and O'Connor with a practical wrecking man and salvage master who operated in the harbor.

(Continued on Page 89)

What is Prosperity?

Prosperity is a condition of sound business health.

In the last eight years, business has experienced stimulation and reaction, underproduction and overproduction, high wages followed by unemployment, extravagance and want, quick wealth and wreckage.

These were symptoms of economic fever, not evidences of business prosperity.

They brought home again to business the fundamental truths that credit is not capital, that opportunities are not resources.

Real prosperity is nearer than it has been for several years because business has pretty generally returned to the simple, economic laws upon which prosperity is based. America is saving instead of wasting, investing instead of speculating, paying off old debts and employing credit soundly.

The National Bank of Commerce in New York expects a steady progress toward better times because of a growing tendency in business toward conservatism, economy, efficiency and hard work.

National Bank of Commerce in New York

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits
Sixty Million Dollars

Two Hot Tips for Motorists

from Happy Van the Gilmer Man

ONE— A Walloping Price Reduction— And Another Boost in Quality

Gilmer WOVEN ENDLESS FAN BELTS

Old Price		New Price	
Flat Type Belts	$1.00	All Flat Type Belts	60¢
except Fords	.50	Except Fords	35c
Maxwells	1.25	Maxwells	75c
Round Type Belts (for "V" grooved pulleys) with this exception	2.00	All Round Type Belts (for "V" grooved pulleys)	$1.50
Chevrolet "490"	1.50	Except Chevrolet "490"	1.25

"WHEN hens work overtime," says Happy Van, "down goes the price of eggs. When the American motoring public buys so many Gilmer Belts that we have to get busier than a one armed paper hanger—down goes the price of Gilmer Belts. And the Gilmer Belt you get today is a better belt than ever. The same improved manufacturing methods that wallop the price have boosted the quality. The saving goes to you."

TWO— A New Bounce Absorber the GILMER Bull Dog

Easier on the Motorist—Easier on the Pocketbook

"ANY good shock absorber can eat up the big bumps," says Happy Van, "but this new Gilmer Bounce Absorber acts so quickly that it takes the curse off the little jounces as well.

"Take a cobbled street, for instance—or a rough country road. While some shock absorbers are just getting ready to commence, Gilmer is swallowing those little jolts, one after the other, as slick as a greased eel. Little bumps can't come too close together for a hair trigger action like Gilmer. That makes it just the thing for Fords.

"'Cause why? Gilmer is the simplest, quickest acting piece of mechanism you ever saw. It hasn't got a lot of 'works' to get set. It starts taking up a bounce the very instant it hits it.

"And that simplicity says a lot more than easy riding. It spells low cost and long wear. It means easy installation and instant adjustability to the right tension for every car's spring—every driver's *own* idea of comfort. And best of all—Gilmer needs no 'babying,' not even oiling or cleaning. Ask your dealer to tell you how Gilmer will make *your* bus ride sweeter."

For Denver and all points West
For Ford Cars
Full set of four - $16.00
Pair (front or rear) 8.00
For All Other Cars
Full set of four - $26.00
Pair (front or rear) 13.00

For all points East of Denver
For Ford Cars
Full set of four - $15.00
Pair (front or rear) 7.50
For All Other Cars
Full set of four - $24.00
Pair (front or rear) 12.00

L. H. GILMER CO., Philadelphia

(Continued from Page 87)

Pink found work, and thus some ready cash, not a day too soon. For the same evening he received from Celia, who had loitered another month on her homeward route, visiting friends, a wire to the effect that she would arrive with her mother in town the following Sunday at noon, and suggested that he lunch with them at some quiet place downtown. What he was going to say to Celia about his affairs he had not as yet decided, but what he was not going to say was extremely clear in his mind. Around his transaction with her father he drew a circle which was the dead line of discussion beyond which he did not intend to pass.

But Celia had no use for dead lines, and the first moment she clapped eyes on his thin cheeks and hollow eyes Pink was in trouble.

She saw him first, inside the gate, and waved her hand. After that her eyes never left his face until she was in his arms. The first heart-beating moments over, she drew back, still in the circle of his embrace, and studied him with wide, intent eyes.

"Why, Pink!" she breathed in soft concern. And after another look, "Why, Pink!" this time with a catch in her voice. "You've—changed!"

"What's wrong?" laughed he. "Do you mean I'm not the man you took me for? You want to be let off?"

"What have you done to yourself?" she demanded. "Have you been sick?"

"Oh, that! Well, I caught a cold and it sort of hung on. All right now. I'm fine as silk."

And he gave a cough to prove it.

"I don't like your looks at all!" she reproved him severely. Still within the curve of his arm, she turned. "Mother!" she said over his shoulder. He started and swung swiftly about. "This is Pink."

Mrs. King extended both her hands, and Pink, rather pale, took them in his own. They looked at each other—looked, smiled and were friends. What Pink saw was a gracious, attractive woman, thin, almost translucent, with shadowy eyes and a tender, smiling mouth. The mouth was Celia's; so also was the vivid changeability of her face as her thoughts raced inside of her. But Celia had a strong, rosy vitality, a supple strength, comparable to his own. Beside her, Mrs. King was like a wraith—a beautiful, pale, tender wraith, with lovely twilight eyes. And now those lovely twilight eyes were laughing.

"Do you look at everybody like that?" she demanded.

"I—I don't know," stammered Pink. "You're so like Ce—Miss King."

"Mother knows," interrupted Celia, laughing. "You needn't Miss King me to her."

It was not until they were ensconced in a big, smoothly rolling limousine, with its delicate feminine appointments, and he was seated between the two women, Celia nestled up so close to him that the gray fur of her collar tickled his ear, Mrs. King leaning back in her corner, scrutinizing him with her grave twilight eyes, that Pink spoke the sober thought of his mind.

"This," said he, "is so unreal that I just can't get hold of it. I'm afraid if I shut my eyes and open them again you won't be here."

"Try it!" mocked Celia. "Mother, shut yours too! I want to come real to Pink."

Lucinda obediently closed her eyes and turned her face away.

"Yes, this is realer," she heard Pink murmur after a longish pause. "But even at that, it seems more like Paris than here."

"What do you mean?" cried Celia, springing away. "I didn't know you in Paris. Do you mean that you ——"

"No, no!" chuckled Pink. "Of course not! But don't you remember the taxies at twilight—kissing time—how they used to speed up and down the Champs-Elysées like mad, and always the same thing going on inside—a man and a girl, and always that man and that girl were—ahem! One night I counted twenty-five. It was a great life if you weakened a little."

"Pink!"

His chuckle deepened into a laugh.

"Now you're coming real at the rate of a mile a minute. But I didn't know you were that kind of a girl."

"What kind?"

"The kind to whom you can't mention the historical fact that Cleopatra was not an affliction to the eyes. Are you?"

"I—I don't know. So long as you keep them historical ——"

Pink laughed. Suddenly he said: "By Jove, I forgot! What about your alleged engagement to that elderly spinster, Pym?"

"Nothing."

"That's about what I thought."

"May I open my eyes?" asked Lucinda.

It was in the middle of luncheon, served at Lucinda's command in the quiet corner of an excellent little restaurant in a side street, that Celia exclaimed suddenly, apropos of nothing: "But, Pink, you've not mentioned a single word about the great and only Sloane Salvage Company, Inc. Mother, do you know that Pink has a perfectly wonderful inventor's brain?"

"S-t! Can that!" He raised a threatening index finger. "If you start that I'll start something that'll make you blush for a week. Now come on! Once as I was walking down the Rue Royale ——"

"All right!" Celia laughed as she hauled down her flag. "Though nobody cares about your old Rue Royale. Tell us about your agreement with father."

"That's rather a large order."

"Is it settled?"

"Just about."

"Satisfactorily?"

"To whom?" he countered with a grin.

"To—us! To the Sloane Salvage Co. and Co."

Pink turned to Mrs. King:

"Do you know anything about my business with Mr. King?"

His voice was easy, but there was a hard light in his eye.

"Not the details," she murmured, looking rather carefully at her fork. "Of course, Celia has chattered. My husband said something about you to me one night, but that was at the beginning. No, I don't know what it's all about. But I occasionally read the newspapers."

Pink's heart gave a great leap like a hooked trout, and then seemed to rush suffocatingly into his throat. She had read, then, about the bankruptcy proceedings!

He sat silent, staring at her with eyes so full of misery that she reached out, laid a covering hand on his clenched fist and chafed it softly as she continued: "I'm not much of a business woman. You'll have to tell me all about your wonderful invention some day."

"I'll send you a prospectus," said Pink, managing a rueful grin.

He continued to look at her, intensely grateful for her discretion. She knew—at least she knew something—and she had not told Celia!

"My husband," she continued with a soft gravity that Pink adored, "is ill. Just how ill he is he himself does not realize. So you can imagine"—she looked deeply into his eyes—"that I don't trouble him with questions." He nodded. "That letter to him from silly Miss Tauser upset him quite dreadfully. He thought you were working behind his back."

Pink drew a deep breath, and mentally cursed Miss Tauser and all her works.

"But I don't see ——" he began.

"Neither do I," broke in Lucinda quickly. "I only say that it complicated things."

"What things?" demanded Celia, glancing alertly from one to the other.

"Well, your vacation, for one thing," evaded Lucinda, smiling. "For your father wirelessed me to go out and bring you home directly."

"Mother did give me a fright!" explained Celia. "She swooped down on me the week after you left, and the first thing she did was to fade little Tauser right out of the landscape. I never saw momkins really furious before."

"I knew she was silly," murmured Lucinda, "but I didn't know before that she was bad."

"And so Mr. King thinks I was trying to abscond with his daughter?" muttered Pink grimly. "No wonder he hates me."

"Does he hate you?" Celia pounced swiftly.

"He doesn't love me," evaded Pink with a grin.

"Oh, well, father doesn't love anybody except momkins," pronounced the girl easily, "and he only loves her once in a very great while."

If Lucinda heard this heresy she made no sign. She sat thinking deeply, her eyes staring off, her chin in her hand.

"You children," she said finally, "will have to promise me one thing."

"I will," said Pink.

"What is it?" demanded Celia with a rebellious lift of her chin. "Now, mother, you've got to be on our side!"

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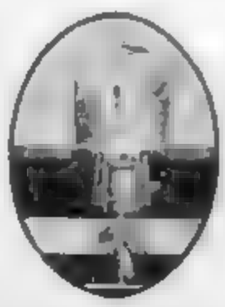

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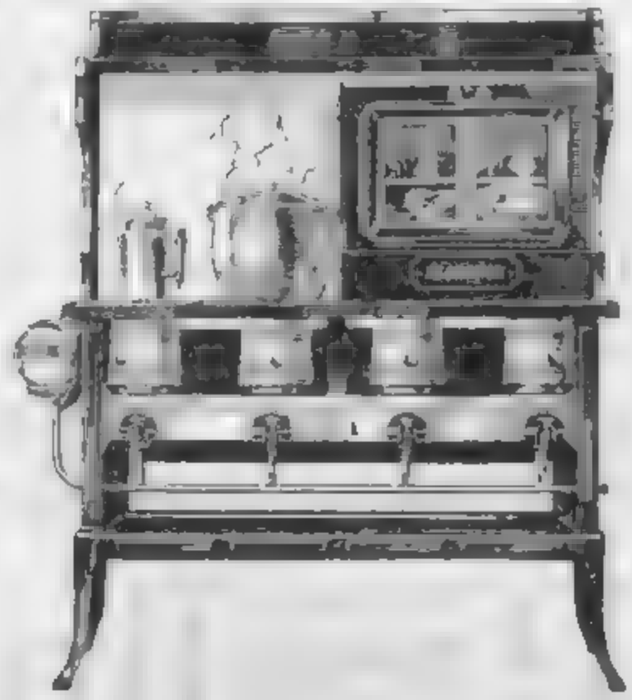

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"Of course, I am, sally! But just at present"—she stopped to pat her daughter's hand—"at present I'm going to ask you and Pink to promise me not to see each other until—well, until I give the word. Your father is ill, and I won't bother him with trifles."

"Do you call us trifles?" cried the girl indignantly.

"I call anything trifles in comparison with your father's health."

Celia's mouth was mutinous. Her eyes, very blue and wide, telegraphed to Pink the message: "You hear? What did I tell you out on the ranch? He's hateful and obstinate, and yet she adores him. She'd sacrifice us like a flash. But you can't help loving her, can you?"

And Pink flashed back the response: "All right! I get you! But you are mine and I am yours, and nobody can alter that. Yes, she's adorable."

Celia nodded, her eyes diamond bright.

Lucinda, glancing up, caught the silent interchange and laughed.

"You babes in the wood!" breathed she. "Do you promise not to see each other until I can work out something? I"—she faltered, and for the first time a trouble or a doubt or a sadness showed itself in the twilight shadows of her eyes—"I want to help you."

"Don't bother about that," muttered Pink huskily, squeezing her hand. "There's no use cry-babying over spilled milk. Much obliged just the same."

They rose from the table, and Lucinda said: "I'm going to drop you two chicks in the park for a stroll. I'll meet you in the Egyptian Room at the museum in an hour."

In the park they strolled for a while in silence. The trees were bare and leafless, and a thin crust of snow covered the grass. The air was clear and fine. Occasionally Pink stole a quick side glance at the girl by his side. She walked gracefully, with a swimming, undulating movement, as if she were breasting an invisible flood. Her cheeks were a vivid rose. Walking beside her, so thrillingly alive, so mysterious and dear, Pink had a sudden sense of ecstasy, of conscious communion with the spirit of life, such as he sometimes experienced when he swam far out to sea and then floated, eyes closed, upon the buoyant breast of the deep.

The corrals of the spotted deer appeared around the curve of the path. Suddenly he laughed out.

"Well?" queried Celia, smiling deeply too.

"Come on!" exclaimed Pink. "Let's go and ask the keeper about the new baby peccadillo. I read in the paper about him. They say he's a cute little beggar."

"Baby peccadillo?" murmured Celia innocently. "I don't think I ever heard of one before."

"Well, I've never seen a live one," admitted Pink. "But my idea—subject to correction—is that he's something like a baby kangaroo."

"You're sure you don't mean peccary?" mused Celia thoughtfully.

"Lord, girl, a peccary's a pig! Come on! We're losing time."

Celia paused, screwing up her pretty brows.

"Peccadillo—pec—pec—— Why," she suddenly burst out, "that's not an animal at all! It—it's nothing but a word!" She looked at him reproachfully.

"Well," chuckled Pink, "it ought to be an animal if it ain't. Baby peccadillo—can't you fairly hear him chew?"

They found a secluded spot and sat down on a bench in view of the lake. Pink, who sensed impending danger, was all for carrying the conversation back to the ranch. But Celia asked no difficult questions. She sat very still, nursing her cheek in her hand, while he rambled on, or sat silent, wrapped in the warm contentment of her presence.

Presently, as if the time were ripe, she leaned forward and breathed rather than spoke, "What is it, love?"

Under the freighted tenderness of that word Pink felt the very moorings of his soul tremble and give way. He paled, but he did not yield. And Celia, when she caught the pinched bleakness of his averted face, did not press him.

That night in his room, thinking over the tremendous pulling power which Celia had suddenly exerted with that single little word, Pink decided sagely that love rendered women strong and men weak. He decided, moreover, that now he knew what Delilah had said to Samson when she wished to discover the secret of his strength. She had bent over him, with a mouth like Celia's, and breathed "What is it, love?" And Samson, overborne by the linked sweetness of her tones, had replied: "Enchantress of my heart, it is—my hair!"

Whereupon the enchantress of his heart had scalped him in the night as he lay dreaming of her charms. So deep an impression did Celia's voice make upon him that all during the next week at intervals in his work out in the harbor he burst into sudden song, bellowing in a melancholy barytone: "Enchantress of my heart, it is—my hair!"

And occasionally, being absorbed or distraught, he would unconsciously alter one word and troll out: "Enchantress of my heart, it is—thy hair!" Which, as O'Connor remarked, made some sense of the blasted thing.

Upon reflection, Mrs. King mitigated somewhat the severity of her sentence, and permitted Celia and Pink to see each other occasionally. But their meetings were brief and unsatisfactory. Celia, who still remained at home, not having fulfilled her threat of a downtown apartment, had resumed her work at the hospital and had her two hours off daily. But Pink, down upon the water front or out in the icy winds of the harbor, could not possibly get away in the daytime. To Celia he had explained that he was conducting some practical experiments in connection with a heavier deep-sea diving suit which he was working upon, and this statement was strictly true—as far as it went. But he could see plainly that it did not go very far with Celia.

In his brief interviews with her, held in the bare little reception room of the hospital, smelling of disinfectants, he could not disguise from himself the fact that she was constrained and cold. But she asked him no more questions.

After one of these bleak interviews, Pink, lonely as a lost soul, betook himself to Gilmore's office to inquire after Coleman. He had decided that he would consent to any kind of arrangement, even to Coleman's taking over the whole concern, if by so doing he could wipe out his indebtedness to his men and refund the value of their stock. But Coleman had not returned, and if he had received Pink's letter he gave no sign. On the off chance that it might have been lost, Pink indited a second brief note, in which he made an appointment with Coleman as soon as the latter should return.

The case of the Sloane Salvage Company took its slow, routine course through the courts, and judgments were rendered against Pink, who awakened one fine morning to find himself insolvent, with the date set twelve days distant for a public auction sale of the company's property—patents, stock, machinery and pontoons.

During that final week he did not dare go near Celia. After he had attended the final obsequies of the Sloane Salvage Company he supposed he would be obliged to confess—something. How little should be told her, or how much, he did not at present know—and did not greatly care. Upon one thing, however, he was gloomily resolved—to release Celia from a further engagement with him. For Pinkney Sloane, president of the Sloane Salvage Company, with the nest egg of a fine fortune in his possession, had vanished off the boards. And the Pinkney Sloane, unshaven roughneck in charge of a salvage crew in the icy slush of New York Harbor, who had taken his place, was not a fit mate for the daughter of Klaggett King. After a somber survey of the subject from all aspects and angles he decided that the best thing to do, after Fate in the shape of the auctioneer's hammer had knocked his hopes on the head, was to leak noiselessly out of the landscape.

Years later, perhaps, after he had retrieved himself and was a doddering old man, if Celia were not yet married—— Ah, but she would be married! The Celias of the world always married!

Luckily he had few spare hours to brood. Life that week on the New York water front was a lively affair. It kept the young bankrupt absorbed from morning until night. Barges and ferryboats and tugs and little harbor craft collided, sprang aleak or stranded or blew up their boilers; and Pink and his salvage crew were in heavy demand on all sides at once, sweating in their oilskins despite the icy blasts as they toiled to release a stranded vessel or to reduce to a minimum the jettisoning of a valuable cargo. *(Continued on Page 93)*

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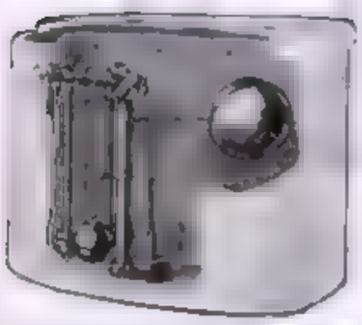

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SUNOCO

MOTOR OIL

(Continued from Page 50)

One night as he sat dog-tired on the edge of his bed Annie knocked to announce the arrival of a lady downstairs, and before he had more than time to rise the lady herself was at the door.

It was Mrs. King, more pale and shadowy than ever.

"Mr. Sloane," she began at once, and her voice sounded old and worn, "I am in trouble, and I have come to you for help. Have you seen Celia?"

He shook his head.

"Not for days," he replied somberly. "This work ties me up hand and foot, and at night I'm dead with fatigue."

She listened with a strange, bleak, brooding look that dismayed him to the heart.

"I want you to come with me to see her—to-night—now. She's left home."

He could only gape in mute consternation.

"Where has she gone?" he demanded at last, stupidly.

"To the hospital. She telephoned me just before I left."

"But why did she ——"

He broke off abruptly, with a shrewd suspicion of what had occurred.

"She read in the paper the notice of the sale at public auction of the property of your company," replied Mrs. King. Her absolute quietude was like the intense calm in the heart of a storm. "Afterward she showed it to me and accused me—well, of all sorts of wild, bitter, untrue things. But until I read that notice I never even dreamed that things had gone so badly with you. I knew, of course, there was some difficulty; but when I spoke to Klaggett he said—he said ——"

Her voice broke and she could not go on.

"Never mind," he soothed her gently. "He probably said there was a temporary snag, but things would right themselves soon."

She threw him a grateful glance.

"That's exactly what he did say!"

"Well, it's true," observed Pink with grim humor. "It covers just about every case in life."

"I hated to trouble him just now," she continued, still with that same soft steadiness of voice, as if bracing herself to some stern inner ordeal, "for he is ill—nobody knows but myself how ill he really is! And when he gets those nervous fits and does not sleep he goes frantic. He fights—and fights—and fights—everybody—everything. And so I have not bothered him about all of this, for I thought it was more important that he should weather this crisis. You must forgive me if I have made a mistake, but I knew that a word from him could straighten out the difficulties, and I trusted that when he was better he would see some things differently. It's not that he hates you, or—or wants to crush you. It's only that it maddens him to be opposed. He must have his own way."

"I believe that!" admitted Pink dryly. "Klaggett King is not the only one who likes to have his own way. It's a pretty universal failing. But when he lets that desire get the upper hand of him, when he makes a secret partner out of it and tries to break everybody who doesn't bow down to him"—he stopped, and then finished with harsh abruptness—"well, he's broken me. I'm done for. What about Celia? I suppose she opposed him too."

She nodded.

"It was a dreadful scene. You know what Celia is. Where she loves, you can twine her round your finger like a silk ribbon. But Klaggett freezes her into stone. She accused him of trying to ruin you. They both said wild, terrible things. And finally, just as she was, without a hat, she ran out weeping and slammed the front door so that it rattled every window in the house."

"When was that?" demanded Pink briefly, reaching for his hat.

"About an hour ago. But she telephoned me she was safe, and stopping the night at the hospital. She says that day after to-morrow she has to appear in the police court."

"Wha-at?" gasped Pink, astounded.

"She drove her own car, and—well, you see, she was frightfully angry, and so I suppose she drove faster than she realized, and a traffic officer stopped her and gave her a summons."

She smiled at him—a faint, humorous, comprehending smile, while Pink laughed outright.

"I want Celia to come home," she continued. "I have promised her father that. If Celia won't listen to me you must persuade her."

"I'll do my best," he promised shortly.

They descended to the waiting automobile, and after she had given the hospital address to the chauffeur and they had seated themselves inside she went on, still with that soft steadiness of purpose that distressed him to the heart:

"There's one thing more. When the effects of your company come up for sale Celia swears she's going to bid against her father and buy them in."

Pink's hearty laughter floated out into the night.

"Some live kid!" murmured he.

"But she mustn't! I forbid it! And I want you to promise me to buy them in yourself. I"—she spoke rather hurriedly—"I will provide the funds."

"No!" said Pink loudly.

"Please," she began desperately. "Are you going to turn perverse on my hands too?"

After that she broke down altogether and sobbed softly behind her veil. He comforted her as best he might.

"See here," he said at last, "that sale isn't due for four days. To-night our business is to find Celia. After that—well, we'll plot out something."

They found Celia at the hospital, locked in her room. Pink sent up three notes in succession, each stronger than the last, before she consented to descend to the reception room where he awaited her. Finally she came, pale, hard, wearing her dark Maid-of-Verdun fighting expression. At the door she stopped and looked at him, so beautiful, so fierce and pale that despite himself Pink laughed.

"Where is your sword?" said he.

At that she turned sharply away, and then with a dry sob flung herself into his arms.

"How could you? Oh, how could you?" she wept.

"How could I what?" he whispered, holding her close.

"Keep it all a secret from me."

"How could I not?" asked Pink simply. He drew a deep breath. "But I'm rather glad you know!"

In ten minutes he had her inside the car with her mother, and she had leaned out, gay yet dewy-eyed, to wave him a last good night. He walked back to his room through the starlight happier on the whole than he had been since he left Hunter's Ranch.

That night Lucinda did not attempt to sleep. Her mind, finely attuned to the changing moods of Klaggett King, seemed preternaturally watchful and alert. Somewhere back in the dim hinterland of her consciousness sounded a warning note of danger, like the muffled note of the buoy bell on a dark sea. She slipped into a soft gray robe and prepared to make a night of it.

Celia she had tucked into bed with many soft, dewy hugs, and a promise reluctantly wrung from the girl to look in upon her father in the morning and present him with a penitent kiss. It was an outward token of submission, and beyond that at the moment Lucinda did not bother her head. She had graver burdens on her mind. She paced broodingly up and down the room, picking up first one object and then another with unseeing eyes. A bottle of milk and an opiate stood on her night table.

Finally she switched off the lights and threw herself down on the chaise longue. Whether she dozed she never afterward knew. It seemed to her she was only thinking more deeply, more intensely of Klaggett King when that horrible choking cry rang out in the middle of the night. With terror hammering at her heart, she flew down the corridor, flung open the door and switched on the electricity.

The sudden flood of mellow light revealed Klaggett King standing in the center of the room, his head thrown back, choking, and his face convulsed as he clutched with both gaunt hands at his throat.

"It's the dream!" said she to herself, and she felt oddly relieved, for the dream was an old friend. She crossed to his side and took his arm.

"Klaggett!" she cried, and she shook him gently. "Wake up! Look at me! It's the dream, darling! It's nothing but that silly old dream!"

He stood, solidly planted, legs braced wide apart, his heavy penthouse brows blackly bent, staring austerely before him. His big face with its strong shadows, all blacks and whites, was deathly pale, and

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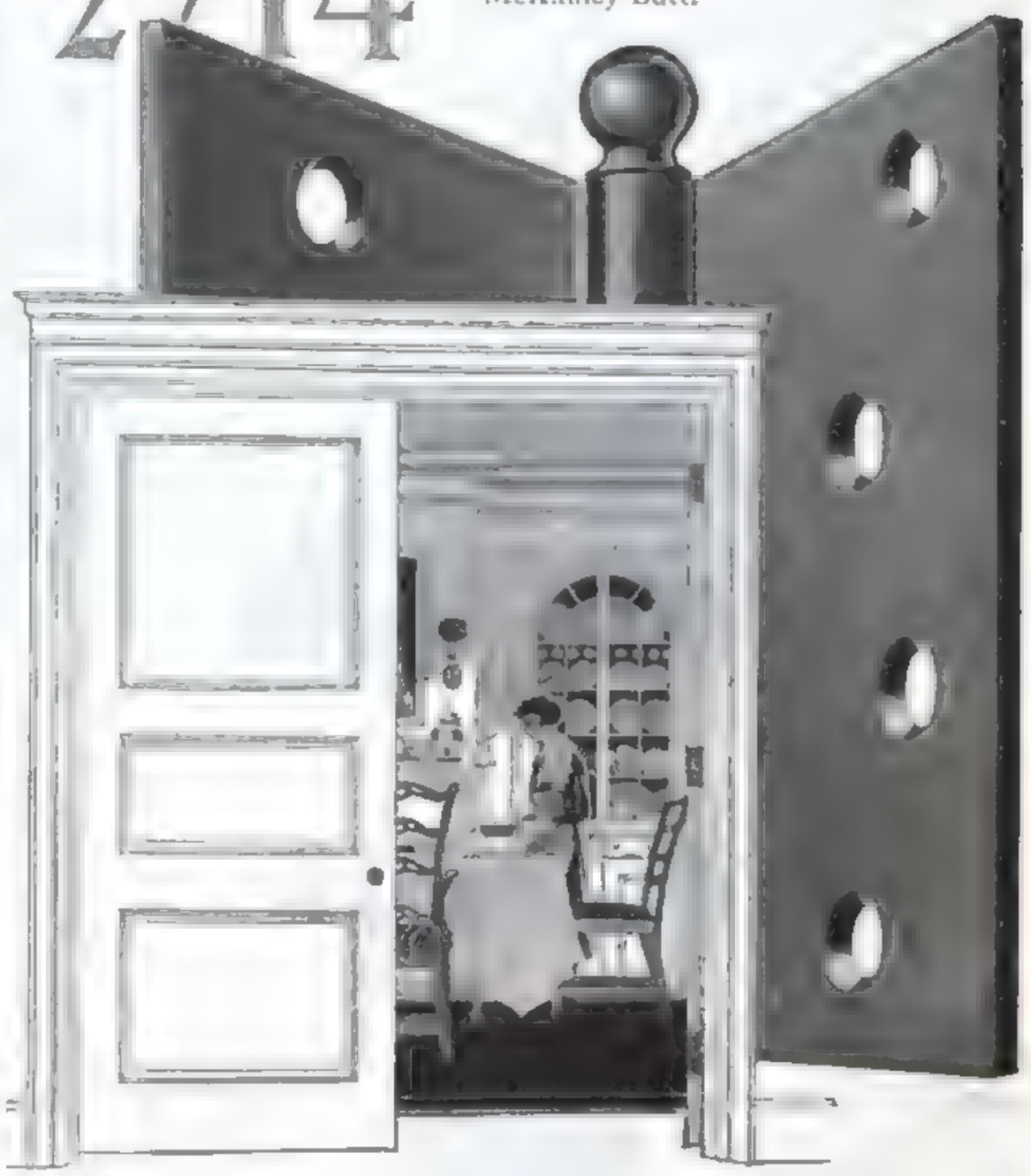

The doors to good cheer and fellowship

Always there is the stir of expectancy as the dining-room doors swing quietly open and there comes the cheery call to dinner! Here is where tongues are loosed and merry laughter does its part to aid digestion. There is no thought of silence—yet what a discordant note would be struck if every time something was brought from pantry or kitchen the door squeaked, or stuck to the jamb and had to be bumped open!

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his colorless lips were twisted off into a crooked smile, dreadful and piteous to behold, half of triumph, half of anguish. A damp sweat beaded his temples.

He kept on looking past her, smiling a faint, harsh, bitter smile—brooding, somber, remote. That dark, austere look of triumph mingled with malice, mingled also with—was it wonder or wistfulness?—froze her very heart.

At her repeated cry of "Klaggett!" slowly, without moving his head or his body, he slued round upon her his deep, inscrutable eyes.

"I got him! Killed him deader than Cock Robin!" His tones were quiet, almost casual. "I always knew I should, sooner or later. You know, I told you, Lucinda, I've never seen his face before. The blackguard always ran away, and it was always dark. But I've suspected—oh, yes, I've suspected! So this time, after I took him by the neck and strangled him——"

He staggered suddenly. Lucinda placed a supporting arm about him.

"Darling," she cried with a sob in her voice, "come to bed! You're still frightened and shaken from that silly old dream!"

She was shaking, herself. She strove to laugh, but her voice broke with a horror she could not conquer.

"Stop staring away like that! Klaggett! My love! Look at me!"

He seemed not to have heard. His dark eyes burned austerely before him, as if fixed on some inner scene. He still panted, with strange, sobbing little noises in his throat. But his eyes were terribly alive.

"It was night—on the beach—in the sand dunes—as before. I can still hear the pounding of the surf. It roars in my ears. I came upon him suddenly from behind and gripped him by the throat and throttled him. And after that I turned him over to look into his face. Lucinda, that fellow I've hunted all these years and killed tonight in my dream—had my own face on him!"

"But that's not strange, beloved. That's what always happens in dreams. We're always turning into somebody else in our dreams. That's what makes them so absurd. Come to bed! Come, I'm going to put you to sleep!"

Still panting stertorously, his big twitching face ghostly white, he consented to be guided back to bed. Lucinda drew up the sheet over his heaving chest, and with her handkerchief she wiped the damp perspiration from his brow. At one corner of his mouth was a small fleck of foam. He lay, gnawing his lip and staring past her into the tranquil brightness of the room. With one arm she held him gently, murmuring soft, quieting sounds, while with the other she reached out to the push button which connected with Renée's bed chamber and pressed it long and violently.

To King she said soothingly: "Darling, I'm going to give you some hot milk."

She rose, and to Renée, who, in slippers and dressing robe, had noiselessly entered the door, she motioned with a hand toward the bed. "Watch him!" she breathed softly as she passed. "Don't let him rise." Renée nodded. His bright, sympathetic Gallic eyes took in the whole situation at a glance.

But when Lucinda returned with the steaming glass of hot milk containing the opiate, Klaggett King waved it aside. A repeated attempt to administer it roused him to such a dangerous pitch of passionate violence that Lucinda abruptly desisted, and soothed him, as of old, with voice and hand. In ten minutes he was raving—shouting, laughing and waving his arms.

After that, for days he lay on his bed and fought grimly, not for his life but for his sanity. Only Lucinda knew how gallantly he fought, and she fought with him every foot of the way. And Klaggett King sensed her, heard her and knew she was fighting by his side. He cried out to her a thousand times a day in a voice sharpened by anguish, by fear, "Lucinda!" And Lucinda's voice—soft, confident—would reply, rallying him gayly, "Hello, Klaggett!" and King would glare at her, darkly doubting, from the deep red-rimmed caverns of his eyes.

The doctor who had been hastily summoned—the same famous alienist who had gone with King on his summer cruise—professed himself not surprised. To Lucinda, pale and composed, who attended him in King's dressing room, he explained the case. He called it psychic shock, caused by the killing of the dream adversary at the culmination of months of sleeplessness, which, he admitted bluntly, would have driven a less stubborn man than King stark mad long ago.

There was in particular one phase of King's mental struggle which exhausted Lucinda terribly. In this phase King conceived himself to be hanging perilously to the outside circumference of a vast fiery wheel which whirled faster and faster and faster through the nightly firmament until it was a mere great flashing blur of white light. He told Lucinda about this stupendous wheel which whirled him madly through the cold, black interstellar spaces of the night. It whirled very fast, and he hung on, dizzy, breathless or screaming with fear and pain. He called it his Ferris Wheel, and he insisted that Lucinda should ride with him too.

"Of course I'll ride with you!" said Lucinda. "But I warn you that when it goes too fast I shall ask the captain to stop the ship and let me get off and walk. You know, darling, I'm not much good on those old whirling things."

And holding him tightly clasped in her arms, he would whirl away on his monstrous wheel, until suddenly he would scream in mad panic: "Lucinda! I'm falling! I'm falling off!"

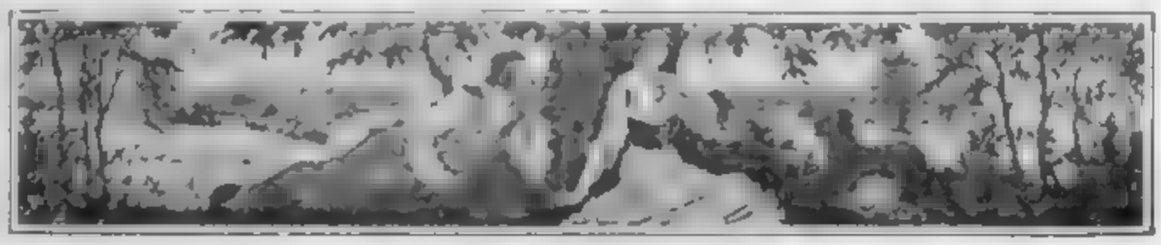
Then Lucinda would press her warm lips to his and cry: "Stop! Stop the wheel, captain! My husband and I want to get off and walk." And then she would laugh shakily, perspiration beading her brow: "It's all right now, dear. It's stopped. You can get off."

But finally a night came when he slept—not solidly, but in patches, and turned restlessly in Lucinda's arms. The next night he slept halfway around the clock. At the end of a week, by the doctor's advice, they departed, just the two of them, on a cruise—a cruise during which King spent most of the long lazy hours snoozing in his deck chair, a book upon his knee. Inside a fortnight his brain, the keen, caustic brain of Klaggett King, was as right as rain. Of the dream and the slain dream adversary, by tacit consent they did not speak. If King made any analysis or personal application, moral or philosophical, he made it to himself and to himself alone; and Lucinda was well content that it should be thus.

The killing of his dream adversary was synchronous with a defeat in the business world, for in the end Klaggett King did not gain control of the Sloane Salvage Company. Before the auction sale Coleman arrived from London, called Pink on the telephone at eleven o'clock one night, and as the result of the conference which took place the following morning the Sloane Salvage Company became consolidated with the firm of Gilmore & Coleman, and Pink came into possession not of a fortune but of a chance to make good. He and Celia were married upon Klaggett King's return.

Pink has not yet raised the Lusitania, but he is doing a lot of figuring on her, along with a dozen other firms. She lies—if you want to know—on her starboard side at a depth of two hundred and eighty-seven feet. Pink intends to cradle her with five hundred lifting chains, attach one thousand balloons—five hundred on a side—pump them full of air, after which he declares there is no power on earth that can keep the Cunarder down. All of which Celia, her eyes blue as hyacinths, will tell you proudly at tea. But if Pink is there he will bend forward and hiss in a warning undertone, "S-t! As I was walking down the Rue Royale——" and Celia shuts up like a well-trained little clam.

(THE END)



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Agents Busy Making Demonstrations and Sales

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The cost of the Vacuette is only about half what you would really expect to pay for such an efficient sweeper—and this first cost is your last—no current to pay for with the Vacuette. And if you wish you can pay on easy terms a little every month. A small down payment puts the Vacuette in your home.

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We want you to see its wonderful work before you make a decision one way or another. See dust and dirt vanish as if by magic all into the bag—none scattered—none left as with ordinary sweepers or suction devices. Simply marvelous, you will say, just as 150,000 women have already said.

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Until recently we have sold the Vacuette only in certain sections because the demand from those parts alone kept our factory working to the limit of its capacity.

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A COMPLETE LINE OF RAINCOATS *A type for every need*

SAMSON AND ONE PHILISTINE

Continued from Page 11

erudition and polish before his genius as an athletic-club amateur had started him on his upward career in the ring. Thenceforward his claim to be called "Gentleman" had never once been disputed. And he had cultivated assiduously the arts and graces that went with it. His was the right not only to "Gentleman" but to "Perfect Gentleman." It meant everything to him.

On his arrival at the Beauville Country Club, early on Saturday afternoon, Gentleman Jack Torrance was attired as became his title. He looked like a cross between a theater program's "What the Man Will Wear" and a stage duke in a road company. He was very beautiful.

Torrance was not due to reach the clubhouse until nine o'clock that evening, an hour before his scheduled bout with O'Shaughnessy. But he was a gentleman. He welcomed the chance to mingle with other gentlemen and with society-page ladies. He had read the newspapers' society sections with much assiduity and he knew all about Beauville. It was the chance of a lifetime to commune with aristocrats of his own sort. He resolved to take full advantage of it.

A snub-nosed valet lugged his huge and ornate suitcase and followed respectfully behind him as Torrance emerged from the station taxi and made his way to the clubhouse desk. One or two sport-clothed men and women in the lounge turned to stare at him in frank wonder. Not since the Beauville Minstrel Show had the sacred precincts been honored by so resplendent a spectacle.

Teunis Verplanck III strayed into the clubhouse with Marise on the way to Broad Acres after a round of golf. He halted in dismay and stood watching the champion. Torrance advanced in lordly fashion to the desk. There he was confronted by the ancient chief steward, who was as much a personage in his way as was Miss Letitia Verplanck herself, and equipped with quite as lofty a dignity. He gazed in frozen horror at the fighter, taking in every detail of the latter's costume, from the flecked tie and its three-carat diamond to the pearl-buttoned white spats and patent-leather, spike-toed boots.

"I'm Gentleman Jack Torrance," announced the champion, speaking in a beautifully refined tone, yet allowing his voice to range as far as the amusedly surprised knots of idlers. "I am to engage in a boxing encounter here this evening. Is my room prepared for me? I wired from New York. Or at least my valet did so for me. He attends to all such details."

"Oh!" whispered Marise rapturously in Teunis' ear. "Is he real? Is it actually happening? Isn't it delicious? I ——"

"Have you a card from any member of the club?" coldly inquired the chief steward.

"Card?" repeated Torrance, losing an atom of his assurance. "Why, no. I was invited here, however. Here is the letter of invitation. Addressed to my manager. And here is my personal card."

"A gold card case!" breathed Marise, enthralled. "I've seen them in show windows. But I don't believe any other man ever bought one. Isn't he gorgeous? But I like his heavenly talk best. Oh, I do wish he'd go on saying things!"

Teunis, fidgeting, paid no heed to her delighted whisper. The chief steward glanced over the letter which Torrance proffered. Then he handed it back.

"I know," said he. "You are to box here at ten. I suggest you go down to the inn, just outside the park gates, and take a room there till then. I am sure the committee will pay for it, since you've mistaken the hour you were due."

"Thank you, my good man," snapped Torrance, "but I prefer to stick on—to remain here. Assign me to a room, please. A sunny room. With bath, of course."

"Nobody can get a room or other service here," patronizingly explained the chief steward, speaking as if to some defective child, "without a card from a member. Of course you wouldn't be likely to know that, Mr.—Mr. Torrance"—with a confirmatory glance at the engraved slip of pasteboard and an apologetic look at the bystanders—"and I am sorry for the misunderstanding. You will find the rooms at the inn very comfortable. And ——"

"Look here!" rasped Torrance, his outpushed under jaw beginning to creep aggressively in the direction of the steward. "Look here, you! I'm Gentleman Jack Torrance. I don't go chasing down to inns and barrooms and such. I'm a gentleman and I stay where gentlemen are. Send for the president of this club! Send for him, on the jump! I don't mean to deal with flunkies any longer. Send the president here."

"Colonel Barstow is in Paris at present," stiffly returned the chief steward, beckoning up a page. "But I will send for some member of the house committee if one of them happens to be here. And ——"

"And I'm to be kept standing on one foot like a mangy messenger boy!" raged Torrance, the more hotly for a grin on the face of the advancing page. "I'm to be kept here till someone decides whether I've got a right to stay or not? Like hell I am! I'm Gentleman Jack Torrance. I'm welterweight champion of the East. I'm boxing here for charity to-night. There's nothing worth while in it for me, except to oblige these folks who won't let me be in their club. Nothing doing, gran'pa! I'm back to civilization by the next train."

He wheeled about, his manner losing as much of its exquisite polish as had his voice and diction. Waving the snub-nosed valet imperiously to follow, he strode doorward.

"Oh!" cried Marise as the rest stared movelessly at the departing celebrity. "Don't let him go! Don't! Stop him, Teunis! Please do! We were only able to sell all the tickets at that highway-robbery price because we guaranteed that the welterweight champion would surely box. You remember what happened at Brompton when the club there promised Denny Renard would box for them and he didn't show up! They couldn't sell a hundred tickets at half price for their next bouts. Oh, *please* stop him, Teunis! Besides, he's so heavenly when he doesn't forget how he is supposed to talk. Make him stop. Do anything at all. Only ——"

Thus it was that the indignantly departing champion was confronted by a thoroughly uncomfortable and bashful youth who stammered at him: "Excuse me, Mr. Torrance! I'm awfully sorry such a blunder has been made. The entertainment committee is new to this sort of thing, and a lot of the most important details get neglected. I shall be very glad indeed if you'll let me put you up at the club here for the day. [God help me when the house committee finds out about it!] My name is Verplanck. If you'll wait a moment I'll see at the desk about your room. Won't you sit down?"

Torrance paused. The other's honeyed words and deferential bearing soothed him inexpressibly. Yet something was due to ruffled dignity. So he registered hesitancy. Also he peered at Teunis with a puzzled air of question, as though trying to place Verplanck in his memory. Marise saw the hesitation. On impulse she came toward the two.

"This is Mr. Torrance, isn't it?" she asked, beaming on the dazzled fighter. "It was ever so good of you to come here to box for us. We're all tremendously excited over it. We ——"

"Thank you, Miss—Miss ——" declaimed Torrance with his very best air. "The pleasure is all mine, I assure you, Miss—Miss ——"

"Durham," she supplemented, after his second well-modulated pause of inquiry. "I ——"

"Pleased—delighted to meet you," murmured Torrance. "I shall endeavor to make the bout as entertaining for all of you—and for you in particular, Miss Durham—as—as my antagonist will permit me to do so. I shall be glad to overlook the flunky's mistake and remain," he added to Teunis.

Torrance was in his element. He hoped he was impressing as thoroughly as he was impressed. Teunis took him by the elbow and piloted him to the desk. As they went Torrance bowed impressively over his shoulder to Marise.

Then he said to Verplanck, "'S a funny thing—an odd coincidence—but when I saw you first I could of sworn you were a man I saw last year over at Paterson; at a fight. Of course I see now there isn't any likeness at all. A man—a feller—of his caliber would never be in a resort of gentlemen, like this. But just first off ——"

"Yes?" said Teunis worriedly as he beckoned the indignant chief steward.

"Yes," pursued Torrance, once more his sunshiny self, under the dual influence of Teunis and Marise, and waxing expansive. "Yes. I never saw him but the once—this feller I spoke of. At a fight. In Paterson. I went there for curiosity. I had heard about him. A queer feller. They brag he's the strongest man in the ring. A Sandow. A freak. But he won't try to work his way up. Just takes on a fight—a good tough one, at that—now and then, for amusement, they say. This night I speak of he just played with the other feller, like he might play at boxing with a kid. For a couple of rounds. Then the other feller took a chance at fouling him. And the feller I am speaking of got riled. And he hit out just once for the jaw. And when I went home they were still working over the chap he'd put out. They say he started up Boston way somewheres. He —— But"—with a return to his best manner as he misread Teunis' misery for boredom—"why converse on shop when we are just gentlemen together here? Can you tell me at what hour dinner is served in the dining hall? I wish to dress in time. I can change into my ring apparel half an hour before the bout. Thank you for coming to my rescue so opportunely just now."

Teunis and Marise trudged up the hill toward Broad Acres.

"When the house committee gets that bit of idiocy of mine," Verplanck was lamenting, "I'll make the acquaintance of the governors—as a body—for the first time since they elected me. Cheery prospect, isn't it?"

"Nonsense!" she reassured him. "Why, it was the only thing to do, Teunis. It was the only thing to save the performance to-night from dead failure. He was really going. He was awfully angry. So angry that he lost nearly all his lovely vocabulary. He ——"

"I suppose it isn't any of my business," said Teunis sulkily, "but I do wish you hadn't come up and spoken to him. An ordinary pug is bad enough. But a gentleman pug is ——"

"—— is a man who has given hard blows and taken hard blows," she supplemented with sudden warmth. "A man who has won his way by primal battling and by risking disfigurement and perhaps death. A man whose muscles are hardened by something more virile than golf or polo. There's a lot to admire about such people! I think that's why everyone is so crazy just now about fights and fighters."

Teunis, with all a lover's sensitiveness, read reproof in her impulsive speech. He said nothing.

And she went on, as if more to herself than to him, "We've traveled a long way from the primal man. Sometimes I wonder if we haven't traveled too far."

"By way of Harvard?" he asked pettishly.

"Perhaps," she answered, resenting his cranky tone.

"I'm sorry," he grumbled.

And after the manner of nearly engaged lovers the theme served them as basis for a blissfully miserable misunderstanding.

It was nine o'clock when Miss Letitia led her guests into the clubhouse lounge. A number of other Beauville people had already gathered there before going on into the big ballroom, where the ring and auditorium had been fitted up. Teunis paused just outside the lighted doorway to speak to someone who had accosted him.

Close beside Teunis and the other, as they chatted, passed a group of men. They wore sweaters and caps, for the most part. They were the fighters and their handlers sent up by O'Roon for the preliminaries. With them was Terry O'Shaughnessy, proposed opponent for Gentleman Jack Torrance. He and his handlers had come on the same train as the preliminary fighters, the train on which Torrance had been expected. Torrance's two seconds were with them.

The talk had run on Gentleman Jack's unexplained absence. One handler had suggested that Torrance had not found the smallness of the stake worth the amount of advertising, and that he had backed out.

"They've likely sent some sub for you to box," he was saying as they passed along the clubhouse veranda. O'Shaughnessy glanced up. In the bar of light, an overcoat hiding his dinner jacket, stood Teunis.

"See?" said the handler, catching sight of Verplanck at the same time. "It's just like I said. There he is. They've sent Samson Burke. Lord help you, Terry!"

But Terry O'Shaughnessy went on the aged principle that the Lord helps those who help themselves. He took one long look at the unseeing Teunis. Into his memory raced visions of two fights he had seconded, in both of which Samson Burke had been his principals' antagonist. In one the luckless fighter opposed to him had received two broken ribs during the first round. In the other the victim had suffered compound fracture of the jaw.

Terry O'Shaughnessy wheeled about in the darkness and made his hot-foot way toward the railroad station. He had been hired as a chopping block, not as a candidate for crippling. He was through.

Teunis, unsuspecting, passed on into the lounge. He did so just in time to see Gentleman Jack Torrance descending from the upper regions, clad in the magnificence of evening clothes.

Torrance had spent much time on his costuming. Also he had eased the loneliness of the after-dinner hour by several hearty swigs from a gold-mounted flask in his suitcase. He was not in full training. He had no fear as to his ability to handle O'Shaughnessy, according to rehearsed arrangements. And in the glory of his new surroundings the drinks promised to set him wholly at ease among his fellow gentles. And the drinks kept their promise.

The first face he recognized as he descended into the lounge was Marise's. He crossed over to her with his most cordial manner.

"Good evening, Miss Durham!" he exclaimed, taking both her hands in his, to the crass horror of Miss Letitia and the approaching Teunis. "It is a real pleasure to see you again. I shall fight the better to-night for the knowledge that your eyes are on me."

He had read that line in a newspaper short story. This was his first real-life opportunity to use it. So he mouthed the words with much unction, still maintaining his grip on the embarrassed girl's hands, and incidentally giving her the full benefit of strong whisky fumes.

"I think there is some mistake!" said Miss Letitia, in terrible majesty, as she bore down on the luckless Marise.

"Not at all," replied Torrance airily, turning to greet her. "Miss Marise and I are acquainted. I'm delighted to meet you, too, madam. I'm Gentleman Jack Torrance, as of course you know. I ——"

Teunis came to the rescue.

"The dressing room is all ready for you," said he, maneuvering to put himself between Torrance and the two women. "Perhaps you'd like me to show it to you. Then if there's anything more you need there, for your comfort or ——"

"I'm very comfortable where I am, thank you," refused Torrance. "Perhaps you'd like to take a little turn with me on the veranda, Miss Durham, before I dress for the bout? There's plenty of time. And the moonlight is ——"

"Please!" expostulated Marise, drawing back, frightened, as he sought in gallant fashion to slip her arm through his.

"Come, come!" exclaimed Torrance, maintaining his loverly hold on her elbow. "Don't be frightened! I hope I am gentleman enough to know how to treat a lady who trusts herself for a moonlight stroll with me. I —— *Hell!*"

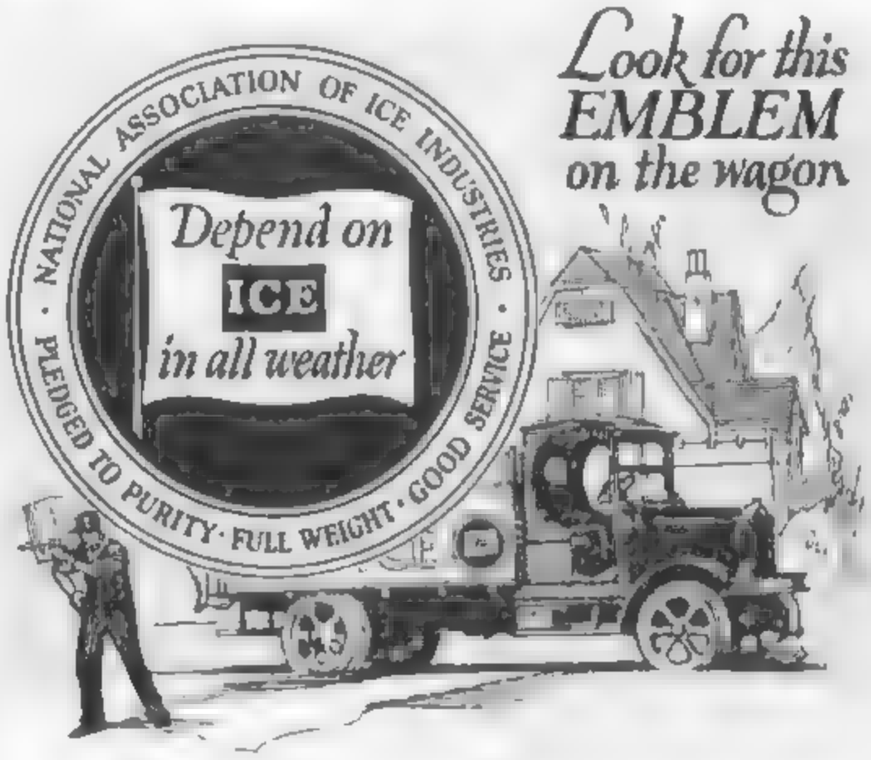
The interjection was wrung from his very heart. Stepping forward, and stumbling with apparent awkwardness, Teunis had brought his right heel down with agonizing force upon the instep of Torrance's gracefully outthrust left foot. And this, be it known, may be classified as a major anguish.

Miss Letitia swept Marise before her, well out of reach. The girl was nursing a hurt arm, where, under the stress of his tortured instep, Torrance's fingers had momentarily tightened before relaxing their hold in order to menace the gawk who had stumbled against him.

It was some minutes afterward that Verplanck sought out and found his great-aunt and Marise in one of the other rooms. They were holding a lodge of indignation. The old lady turned ferociously on Teunis as he drew near.

"I wish—I wish," she sputtered—"I wish I had had your body trained from babyhood instead of your mentality. I wish you were a gladiator, a coal heaver, a—a—anything that could give that unspeakable creature the beating he needs. Look at this little girl's arm!"

Teunis looked. Reddish-purple spots were visible under the gauzy sleeve where



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Torrance's muscular fingers had nabbed the tender flesh in his instant of anguish. At the sight Teunis' face went a bit white, then more than a bit red. Little dents came into view at his nostril corners. But he said nothing. He stared dumbly. Then, in the very middle of Miss Letitia's denunciation, he walked away.

The two women were still wondering at his abrupt departure when he came back.

"I took you at your word, Aunt Letitia," he said, his voice still somewhat muffled, and the dents not yet wholly gone from his nostrils. "I ——"

"You didn't thrash him?" demanded the old lady incredulously; while Marise swallowed her yearning to cry and stared at his unwontedly grim face in bewilderment. "You didn't ——"

"Not yet," he made terse answer, "but I'm going to. That sort of thing isn't on the free list"—nodding at the blotched arm. "Give me time. The chairman of the entertainment committee told me a few minutes ago that Torrance's man hasn't shown up. At least, he came; and then lit out. The committee was on its head with worry. I just stepped back to tell them I'll sub for O'Shaughnessy. That's the simplest way I can think of to follow your orders to thrash him."

"No!" gasped Marise tremulously. "No! Why, Teunis, he'd—he'd kill you! He is a prize fighter. It's—it's perfectly gorgeous of you to want to do this, to punish him. But you mustn't think of it. You mustn't! It was my own fault, to begin with. I ——"

"I've boxed off and on, now and then," said Teunis, uncomfortable and fidgety. "And I'm in fair shape. Even if I wasn't I'd take the chance. It's worth it. I ——"

"You are perfectly right, Teunis!" declared Miss Letitia, righteous indignation stirring her cultured soul to its romantic dregs. "It is a splendid thing—a knightly thing—for you to do!"

He blinked at the irate old lady. Miss Letitia was transfigured. The foul affront to her cherished Marise had swept her many miles from her wonted ultraconservative moorings. She saw and realized nothing except that an impossible boor had grossly insulted Marise, and that her own adored nephew had volunteered to punish the offender. Of Teunis' ability to chastise the brute Miss Letitia had not the remotest doubt. He was Teunis. That was enough. He could do anything he set out to do.

But Marise was buoyed up by no such faith, bred of early-Victorian fiction. She was profoundly unhappy.

"Please!" she kept begging. "Oh, you mustn't! The committee won't allow it. He is a professional bruiser. He ——"

"He is 'a man who has won his way by primal battling,'" quoted Teunis unkindly. "'There's a lot to admire about such people!' You said so yourself. There!" he broke off contritely. "That was a rotten thing to remind you of. I'm sorry. Don't be scared. He won't harm me. And the committee is tickled to death to have even a poor dub of an amateur save them from calling off the main bout. All four of the prelim boys are too light. Stop looking as if you wanted to cry. It's all right, I tell you."

But it was a crushed and trembling Marise who took her place in the de luxe ringside box at Miss Letitia's side and watched with sick suspense the sprightly preliminary bouts. She was athrob with terror for the man who so rashly had volunteered to face the rugged welterweight champion of the East, to wipe out an injury to her. Yet through her distress there was a glow of mighty pride in the foolishly heroic deed.

Miss Letitia felt none of these keen emotions—save only the worshiping pride in her boy. She was watching with critical interest the tame preliminaries, so utterly different from the murderous prize fights of her fancy. She was almost sorry Teunis was not going to punish the abysmal brute by some means more drastic than by dancing about him and slapping at him playfully with those pillowlike gloves.

Then the preliminaries were over. A hush fell. A door opened and, followed by one of the handlers, Teunis Verplanck came into the hall. He was greeted by a ripple of applause as he entered the ring. He was popular at Beauville and his sporting offer to save the main bout from cancellation had met with universal approval. The referee—a fight-loving member of the club—had had secret instructions from the committee to interfere in case Torrance should at any time show signs of demolishing the plucky novice. The champion, too, had had tactful instructions.

Then came a real salvo of handclaps as Gentleman Jack Torrance strolled in. He was clad in a purple-satin bathrobe, bought for the occasion, and he vaulted the ropes with infinite grace, standing afterward in midring long enough to bow sweepingly to left and right before going to his corner.

"Look!" exclaimed Miss Letitia as the men stripped to jerseys and tights and stood poised for the stroke of the gong. "Isn't Teunis like a Greek god? He makes that huge beast look like an anthropoid ape by contrast."

Marise did not answer. With horror she was watching the difference in the aspect of the two. She was faint and dizzy. She prayed, very hard; and she clasped her hands together until her gloves split. Then sounded the gong.

Gentleman Jack Torrance danced to midring smilingly. He had a definite plan of campaign, and it was not the plan outlined by the committee. This bungling amachoor had spoiled one of Torrance's finest scenes. He had blundered in and heeled him just as Torrance had gotten the little s'ciety queen going; just as he was beginning to make a hit with her and her crowd. The amachoor had wrung from him an explosive oath and subsequent coarse language, and had crabbed his gentlemanly act and had made the girl run away in terror.

That was going to be paid for, with big interest. For a round or two he was going to make a show of the dub, for this gold-shirt crowd; and then he was going to knock him cold. If convenient he was going to slam him clean through the ropes into the box where the little queen and the old hen and four other snobs were sitting. Into the fray, with this charitable plan in view, danced Gentleman Jack Torrance.

But to his surprise the amachoor knew how to box. Teunis met his fancy rush with an unspectacular but effective left counter which rocked Torrance back on his heels. Before Torrance could recover from this surprise Verplanck had landed smartly to heart and wind and had slipped back out of range of a flailing left swing.

Wherefore Gentleman Jack settled down to box. For two rounds there was as pretty an exhibition of give-and-take and of footwork as any spectators could ask to see. The crowd was delighted. To its amazed joy Teunis seemed to be holding his own on almost equal terms with this professional. The applause waxed more and more enthusiastic.

Torrance, with true ring psychology, realized the plaudits were not for him but for his slippery opponent. His wrath blazed hot. It was time for the climax. In a third-round clinch he ventured to glance down at Marise. She was not applauding. Her dainty face was drawn and haggard with fear.

Gentleman Jack thrilled at the sight. This little s'ciety queen was not rejoicing in the amachoor's prowess. She was afraid—yes, actually afraid Torrance might be worsted. For she alone of all the throng was not looking pleased. Good!

As the referee stepped between the fighters Torrance bestowed on the unhappy Marise a highly reassuring wink. The wink was personal and intimate. It drew a hundred pairs of eyes to the box. Marise shrank back. Miss Letitia did not. The old lady jerked her lean body forward as if it were galvanized. Clear and furiously indignant her imperious voice was launched at her nephew.

"Teunis!" she commanded. "Stop that silly dancing and slapping! Thrash him!"

Teunis, half hearing the exhortation, glanced instinctively toward the box. Now to look into the audience during a round is foster brother to suicide and is own brother to defeat. Before Verplanck could recover from the brief lapse, Torrance had taken full advantage of it. His left fist caught Teunis flush on the jaw with all Gentleman Jack's whalebone force and science behind it.

Verplanck's head and shoulders were the first part of him to hit the rosined floor. There he lay, sparks and pinwheels flaring across his jarred mental vision, while a scared hush overspread the audience. Then a woman, far back from the ring, screamed. A mumbling whirlwind of sound swept the hall. The referee forgetting his secret instructions stood excitedly over Teunis and began to count.

(Continued on Page 100)

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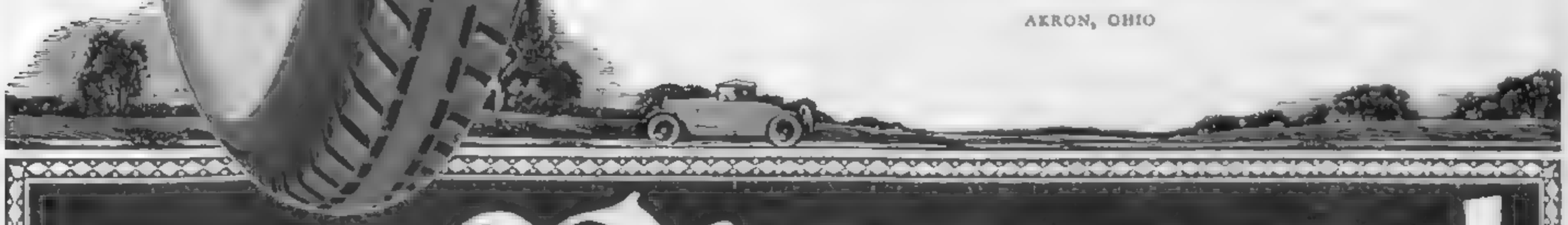

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HONEST ALL THROUGH

ROCKLAND, MASS.

(Continued from Page 98)

At the count of four Verplanck recovered enough of his senses to know what was going on. At the count of six he was reeling to his feet. Torrance rushed at him. Then the clang of the bell ended the third round.

Teunis lurched back to his corner, where the handler wrought over him with skilled care. As Verplanck's mind cleared, hot rage surged through him. He had not fought. He had boxed. The committee had told him, just before he stepped into the ring, that Torrance had had orders to make this a friendly bout, and not to slug.

Thus robbed of the hope of punishing his foe, Teunis had perforce been obliged to play the game according to rules. He could not sink to the unsportsmanliness of slugging an adversary who was under instruction not to slug back. At most, Teunis had been able only to hit as hard as such a semipacific arrangement permitted. His one meager remaining hope of chastising Torrance had been to outpoint and wear him down in a way to humiliate the man.

And now, taking dirty advantage of the understanding, Torrance had made a very industrious effort to put him out. In full sight of his adoring great-aunt and the adored Marise, Verplanck had been knocked down—knocked senseless!

He knew how little use the average woman has for a loser, and fiery mortification overpowered him. He stole a shy glance at the Verplanck box. Marise was eying him, her white face alight with pity—and with something that made him catch his breath. Miss Letitia was glaring stonily at him.

As she caught his eye the old lady leaned forward again and commanded: "Do as I told you! Stop prancing about and pawing in that absurd way, and thrash him!"

Then came the gong, and the fourth round was on.

Torrance flung himself at his foe, eager to finish the fight while the effect of his earlier jaw punch was in Teunis' system. This time Verplanck did not meet him blithely foot to foot. Instead he backed sullenly away, crouching low and moving with infinite caution.

Exultantly, recklessly Torrance followed. Long experience told him it is in this way that injured or dazed fighters cover up and strive to remain out of reach until they shall have recovered strength and speed and wind. He was not minded to let the amachoor recover. And he bored in.

Then all at once Teunis ceased to retreat. He blocked a right hook instead of evading it. And in the same set of moves he stopped a left for the jaw. But instead of running into a clinch at this crisis he flung both Torrance's extended arms far aside and outward in a double sweep, leaving the champion momentarily wide open.

This is a feat that not one man in two hundred has the marvelous physical strength to perform against a powerful opponent whose muscles are tensed for blow or for counter. Thus ordinarily no fighter is on the lookout for it. Out flew Torrance's arms, to their owner's dumfounded astonishment, but almost instantly they flew back to guard.

In that fraction of a second Teunis set himself and struck. With the speed of light his right fist shot in, through the fast-narrowing space left in Torrance's guard. The eight-ounce glove caught Gentleman Jack's chin point with a report like the bursting of a paper bag.

Torrance struck the ropes, nine feet away, before he touched ground. Then, half across the edge of the ring, he collapsed like a tossed potato sack and lay there, asprawl.

The house was in tumult. Miss Letitia sprang to her feet, gesticulating with stiff vehemence and shrilling something that went unheard in the din. Marise sat where she was, her eyes aglow, her breath quivering and fast. The referee went over to the spread-eagle form and began to count.

For a few seconds Teunis paid no heed to the count over his adversary. He had gotten a second glimpse of Marise Durham's face and it left him in a whirling daze of rapture. But at sound of the numeral eight he came to himself with a start.

Flinging himself across the ring he seized Torrance's limp body by the scruff of the neck.

At the count of nine he heaved Torrance aloft and held him there.

"What are you doing, man?" shouted the scandalized referee. "Put him down! He ——"

"Not on your life, I won't!" yelled the exultant Teunis. "If I did you'd go on counting him out. You can't count him out while he's off the floor. And I'm going to hold him off it till he comes to, if it takes a year. I ——"

"But ——"

"Don't you see?" explained Teunis, taking a fresh grip on the slowly recovering victim. "Don't you see? If I had let you count him out I'd be the welterweight champion of the East! The disgrace of it would break my aunt's heart. And what do you suppose it would mean to my—to my wife—when I get one? Here, you take a turn at holding him up! I've got an appointment."

HASTE MAKES WASTE

(Continued from Page 16)

a little later, and he wanted to take time to consider them all impartially. He would have taken more time to come to his decision except for one thing—his living expenses were a hundred dollars a month more than his income.

He had, to be sure, been out of business only three months at the time, but the idea that he was cutting into his capital was harassing. He would wake up in the middle of the night and then be unable to go to sleep again for thinking about it. Every time he went downtown and saw his friends working busily at their various enterprises his conscience smote him to think that they were going ahead in the world while he was going backward. His decision came one day, he told me, while he was at home. The monthly grocery bill had just come in and he was in the act of writing a check to mail in payment, feeling pretty blue to think that this was just another gouge into his hard-earned savings. The telephone bell rang; it was the owner of the manufacturing plant on the other end.

"I'm calling up," he said, "to find out what you have decided to do. There's another party considering my proposition."

My friend still had the check in his hand which he had written out for the groceryman; all going out and nothing coming in.

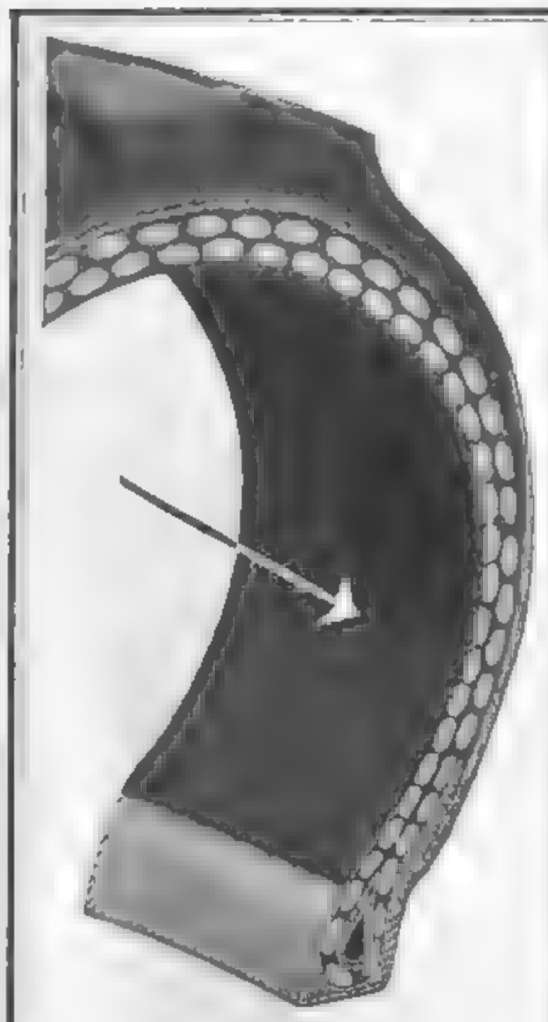
"All right," he said to the manufacturer; "I'll be right down to see you."

He knew when he left the house that he was going to buy. The thought crossed his mind that he had not investigated as thoroughly as he might. The correct thing, he knew, would be to hire an expert to go over the business and make a detailed report of its condition. But the expert would charge at least a couple of hundred dollars, and he had spent too much of his savings already. There was also, probably, a subconscious fear that the expert might find some flaw in the business which would argue against its purchase. He did not want anything to turn up which might be discouraging. He wanted to get into business and stop the hundred-dollar-a-month drain on his capital.

The sale was consummated, and it was not long until my friend found what he was up against without the aid of an expert. The plant's machinery was out of date and he could not produce so economically as his competitors. On account of this handicap he could not sell those firms whose credit was first class, but had to take chances on those who were so shaky that they had to buy wherever they could get credit, even though the price might be higher. A good proportion of the accounts on the books, therefore, were of doubtful value; some of them were of no value at all. At the end of a worrisome year my friend closed up shop and got out, shouldering a loss of more than ten thousand dollars. He dropped a third of his fortune because he couldn't bear to think of losing a hundred dollars a month any longer.

It is a curious fact in business that the man who can least afford to lose is usually the one who will take the greatest chances. My friend risked practically his whole fortune because he was nagged by the thought that he was running behind a hundred dollars a month. He let his temperament run away with his judgment.

Most business men would be surprised to know how cautiously the big concerns of



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the country go about making any change in policy or initiating new plans. Not long ago I was privileged to be present at a conference held by the executives of a corporation whose sales run into the tens of millions and whose product is sold in a dozen different countries. The object of the conference was to determine whether the color of the boxes in which the firm's product is packed should be changed from green to light blue. Half a dozen branch managers had been called in, and several large retailers who handled the product were invited to be present. A miniature store was set up in the headquarters office with shelving and show cases. On one side the display was made in the regular green boxes, and on the other side a similar showing was made, using the proposed light-blue ones.

Everyone present was encouraged to give his opinion, and it appeared that all agreed the light-blue boxes made a more attractive appearance. In all likelihood the change would have been decided on except for the actions of one man, a retail dealer who handled the firm's product in his store in an Eastern city. He was rather a fussy-appearing old gentleman and while the others were discussing the snappy appearance of the pretty blue boxes he put on his reading glasses and went to make a detailed examination. After a few moments he set up an alarming clamor.

"Hey, look here," he cried loudly, "these blue boxes aren't going to do!"

He pointed to some finger prints that showed plainly on the delicate surfaces of the boxes. The person who had set up the display had not been so careful as he might in seeing that his hands were free from dust and the telltale finger marks were the result. The old gentleman went on with forceful explanation.

"These blue boxes aren't going to do," he said again. "The clerks in my store at home are as neat as anyone, but they can't stop to wash their hands every time they reach up on a shelf to get down a piece of merchandise. Let a display like this stay in my store a month and it will look like a junk dealer's outfit! You'd better stick to the old green boxes that stand handling without showing it."

The corporation executives accepted the merchant's advice and discarded the idea of putting out the attractive blue boxes. Afterward I had a talk with the general sales manager of the concern. I commented on the fact that the conference must have cost the concern a good deal of money in paying the expenses of the sales managers and other participants. I figured that the expenses had been a thousand dollars at least. It seemed to me, I said, that it would have been cheaper simply to put out some of the product to the trade in the blue boxes and, if the idea didn't take, to change back again.

Worth All it Cost

"Yes, the conference did cost something," the sales manager answered. "Pretty near twice a thousand dollars. But it was worth the money.

"We had about decided here at headquarters to do as you suggested—make the change, anyhow, and see how the trade liked it. But with a business such as we have, even the smallest change in policy costs a lot of money. We should have had to place an initial order for at least fifty thousand dollars' worth of the new colored boxes.

"If we found at the end of a couple of months that the trade did not like the change we should have had to junk all the blue boxes we had on hand.

"But this wouldn't have been all the loss. We would have lost a certain amount of prestige in the trade by making a change and then having to acknowledge that we had pulled a boner. It was a natural oversight for us here in the factory to forget that busy retail clerks do not always have time to wash their hands between customers, but we should have been blamed just the same.

"Any business that is going to succeed permanently must make its policies as nearly fool-proof as possible. We know in our office that we haven't all the brains and knowledge there is. We have found the safest plan is to consult with other people who may have knowledge that we haven't. As you say, this conference was expensive. It cost nearly two thousand dollars. But by having it we got the well-founded criticism of that old merchant, and through that we saved many times what the conference cost, besides possible loss of prestige."

As the general sales manager spoke I could not help thinking about the difference in methods between his ten-million-dollar corporation and my friend who had hastily invested his money in the manufacturing business because he could not stand the thought of running behind in his personal expenses any longer.

The big enterprises of the country have usually grown big because they plan their affairs carefully, dispassionately. The average small business man too often acts by temperamental impulse. Not long ago I ran across a pretty good example. I had a day on my hands in one of the larger Texas cities and after breakfast I ran across an old friend in the hotel lobby, a traveling salesman who has covered the territory for many years. I was glad enough to accept his invitation to mill around town with him while he called on his trade.

His first attempt to do business ended in disastrous failure. It was in a rather small retail establishment on a side street; the proprietor was standing in the center aisle discontentedly watching the activities of the porter, who had spilled a bucket of water on the floor and was sopping it up with the store mop. The merchant caught sight of the salesman almost before he had got inside the front door, and emphatically forestalled any attempt to enter into business relations.

"Nothing doing," he called out. "I don't even want to think about buying any goods." Then being a kindly man at heart and probably feeling he had been a little abrupt he added: "Of course I'm glad to see you personally, but there's nothing I need."

How Big Buyers Order

The traveling man stood around a few minutes looking over the merchandise on the shelves, finally remarking that there seemed to be a few holes in the stock which might profitably be filled in. The merchant took a few turns up and down the aisle, glaring moodily at the messy spot on the floor. When he responded to the salesman's suggestion it was with the greatest finality.

"I don't want to buy a dollar's worth," he said. "I wouldn't place an order if the goods were offered at fifty cents on the dollar."

The salesman, being a diplomatic man, did not push the matter further, merely mentioning that the weather was fine for business, anyhow, and that he firmly believed trade would pick up wonderfully within a month or two. We left the establishment and made our way to the big department store which was next on the salesman's list.

It was a great establishment, one of a chain of similar places with branches in a dozen large cities. This one occupied an entire block, the show windows filled with alluring merchandise and the interior swarming with customers. The traveling man told me that its annual business was something more than five million dollars and that it had twenty thousand charge accounts on its books. He hunted up the buyer for the department in which his line was handled. That executive was brief and businesslike.

"Yes, we need a few items in your line," the buyer remarked briskly. He consulted a memorandum book which he carried. "I can order about a thousand dollars' worth from you," he continued. "To get my selection I'll have to buy some of the items in half-dozen lots."

In twenty minutes he had gone through the traveling man's catalog and selected what he needed. After we had left the place the traveling man explained how the business was handled. Every department manager, it seemed, was allowed to carry a certain amount of stock; in this case the department manager's limit was forty thousand dollars. He had to make the department pay a profit on that investment. If he couldn't do that it was up to him to give way to someone who could. There was no chance for him to be overoptimistic and buy too much; if on the other hand he felt gloomy and bought too little his sales would fall off and his job be endangered. Win or lose he had to do it on a stock of forty thousand dollars.

On the way back to the hotel a couple of hours later we passed the establishment of the side-street merchant who had been so depressed over the spilling of a bucket of

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WESTINGHOUSE BATTERIES

water on his floor. A well-dressed woman was coming out of the place with a package under her arm, advancing toward her automobile which stood at the curb. The salesman paused thoughtfully.

"I guess I'll go in and see this merchant again," he said.

It was none of my business, but I could not see that anything might be gained by making a second call, and I reminded the salesman that he had been turned down conclusively once. A second visit, I suggested, might result in his being thrown out with physical violence. But my argument had no weight and the salesman entered the place confidently.

From my point of vantage conveniently near the door I could see the merchant looking pleasantly at the cash register which he had just operated. The figures which had sprung into life at the top of the machine indicated that the lady who so recently left had made a cash purchase of eighteen dollars. The salesman approached the merchant genially.

"I just dropped in again," he said, "to see if you haven't changed your mind about buying a little stuff. You know you can't sell merchandise if you haven't got it."

The merchant turned from the cash register to greet this time-worn remark with a pleasant smile. He scratched his head with a lead pencil and looked reflectively around his store.

"Maybe I could use a few items," he said finally. "I guess people aren't going to stop trading with me altogether."

Half an hour later when the salesman left the place he had an order written up in his book amounting to something over four hundred dollars. I congratulated him on his supersalesmanship.

"Oh, that wasn't anything," he said. "A lot of these smaller business men have to be handled that way. Mainly their business moves depend on the way they feel at the moment. You've simply got to catch them when something has happened to make them feel good, and then you can sell them. Otherwise you're out of luck."

The morning's experience was illuminating. The big department store with millions of dollars in resources spent no money without first figuring things out on a mathematical basis. But with the side-street merchant the difference between a slopped-over bucket of water and an eighteen-dollar sale put him in a mood to spend four hundred dollars.

Chain-Store Competition

A great deal has been said and written during late years as to whether the chain stores, operating in almost every town and city in the country, may not eventually drive out the small independent merchants altogether. A good many merchants are themselves worrying about it and wondering if they are going to be able to make out forever against the rapidly growing competition.

As a matter of fact the independent dealer need have no cause to worry if he will observe the rules of the merchandising game as closely as do his big competitors. The chain-store organization has the advantage of buying in large quantities and perhaps saving some money in that respect; but in every other way the independent merchant has all the best of it.

The chain store must of necessity be an impersonal sort of place. The manager of it is only an employe and subject to certain rules. It is seldom that he can get out among the other business men and work up a personal following; many corporations, in fact, distinctly discourage it. There is a rule in some organizations that branch managers may not belong to clubs. If membership in the chamber of commerce is thought advisable it is the firm which belongs, not the manager. Whatever patronage the chain store secures must be on a strict business basis, not on personality.

But the independent business man is not limited in his activities. If he has the price he may belong to every club and lodge in town, making friends with the local spenders. He may become president of the chamber of commerce and get his name in the newspaper almost every day. Everything else being equal, people would rather do business with him than with the impersonal branch of a far-away corporation.

Stern necessity has taught the corporation store that it must give the public its level best in service if it is to survive at all against the superior advantages possessed by the local man. I have heard indignant merchants claim that the public should give local firms the preference no matter whether or not they give equal service; but this attitude must be set aside as coming from a partisan source. The fact remains that when the strictly local merchant runs his business as efficiently and economically as the chain store he does not have to worry about competition.

The past year and a half has been a crucial time for business men everywhere. Mistaken methods that might have got by in flush times have caused many enterprises to come to grief. Recently a clothing merchant in a Middle-West city was closed up by his creditors. The incident caused considerable of a sensation, for the merchant was looked on as one of the coming men of the community. He had a large personal following, he kept his establishment in most attractive fashion and his forceful newspaper advertising was the envy of his competitors. Traveling salesmen held him up to their customers in other cities as a pattern of enterprise. But when the time of settlement came he was found to be hopelessly insolvent. The man appointed by the court to wind up the merchant's affairs explained to me the reason for the failure.

"It was a case of making credit too cheap," he said; "of making it so cheap that the debtors did not take it seriously.

"Of course nearly every business man has to extend some credit; if he doesn't he misses a great many sales. It was not so much that this merchant extended too much credit, it was rather the manner in which he did it. Only a few weeks before the failure I was in his store one day and noticed his methods."

Laxity in Credits

"It was a busy Saturday afternoon and his store was well filled with men customers who were being waited on by a corps of efficient clerks. The merchant himself was right on the job, going from one group to another, with pleasant words for all. He presented in himself an easy air of prosperity, dressed in good taste, his clothes perfectly pressed and his tie knotted in just the right fashion. Any customer looking at him would certainly have confidence in the establishment as a purveyor of correct styles. As I stood there the merchant interposed himself on a transaction that was going on near me.

"A customer was going through the ordeal of selecting a suit of clothes, and the selection evidently had narrowed down to two suits. He was standing inside the wings of a three-sided mirror trying on one of the coats, while the salesman stood at his elbow with another coat over his arm. The merchant, coming up, stopped to speak a moment with the customer, calling him by name and making a pleasant remark about the fit of the coat he was trying on.

"'Why, yes, I like it all right,' the customer responded irresolutely, 'but it's a little more than I expected to pay. That one'—he indicated the garment hanging over the salesman's arm—'is only forty dollars, while this one is sixty. I think I had better not spend quite so much just now.'

"The merchant's cordiality expanded like an opening flower. The idea that a mere sixty dollars should stand in the way of the desires of a customer was an unthinkable situation. His voice had a lightsome, even waggish tone.

"'I have never heard,' he said gayly, 'that your credit wasn't perfectly good for anything you wanted. I should never forgive myself if I saw you go out of the store with that cheaper outfit.'

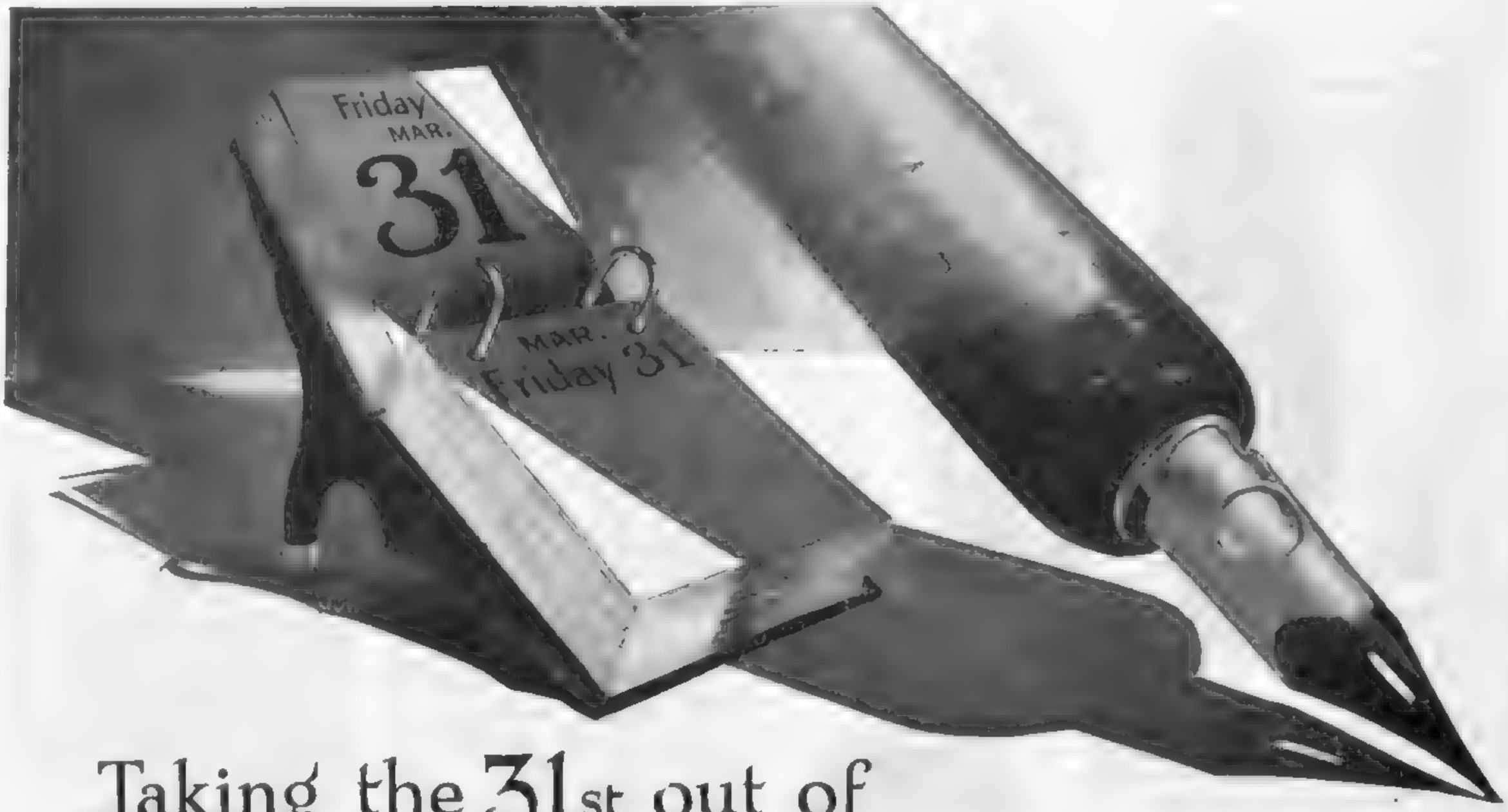
"He turned decisively to the salesman. 'Have the tailor make any alterations necessary in this sixty-dollar suit,' he said, 'and charge it to Mr. Johnson.'

"Then to the customer called Johnson, lightly, offhandedly: 'I'll tell the bookkeeper not to send you any bill. Take plenty of time. Pay for it when you get good and ready.'

"The merchant went off to circulate among the other groups, waving his hand good-humoredly back at Mr. Johnson to accentuate his parting words: 'When you get good and ready, remember. Not before!'

"The customer, somewhat bewildered at being so suddenly shoved into debt, allowed himself to be measured by the store tailor. I knew him for a man who usually paid cash and it is probable that he would have settled on the spot for the

(Continued on Page 104)



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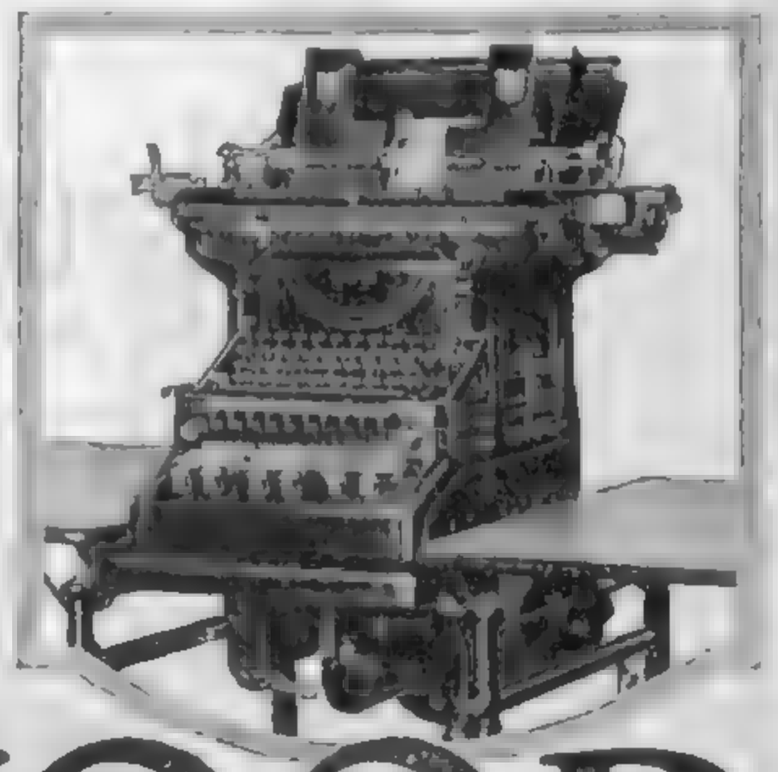

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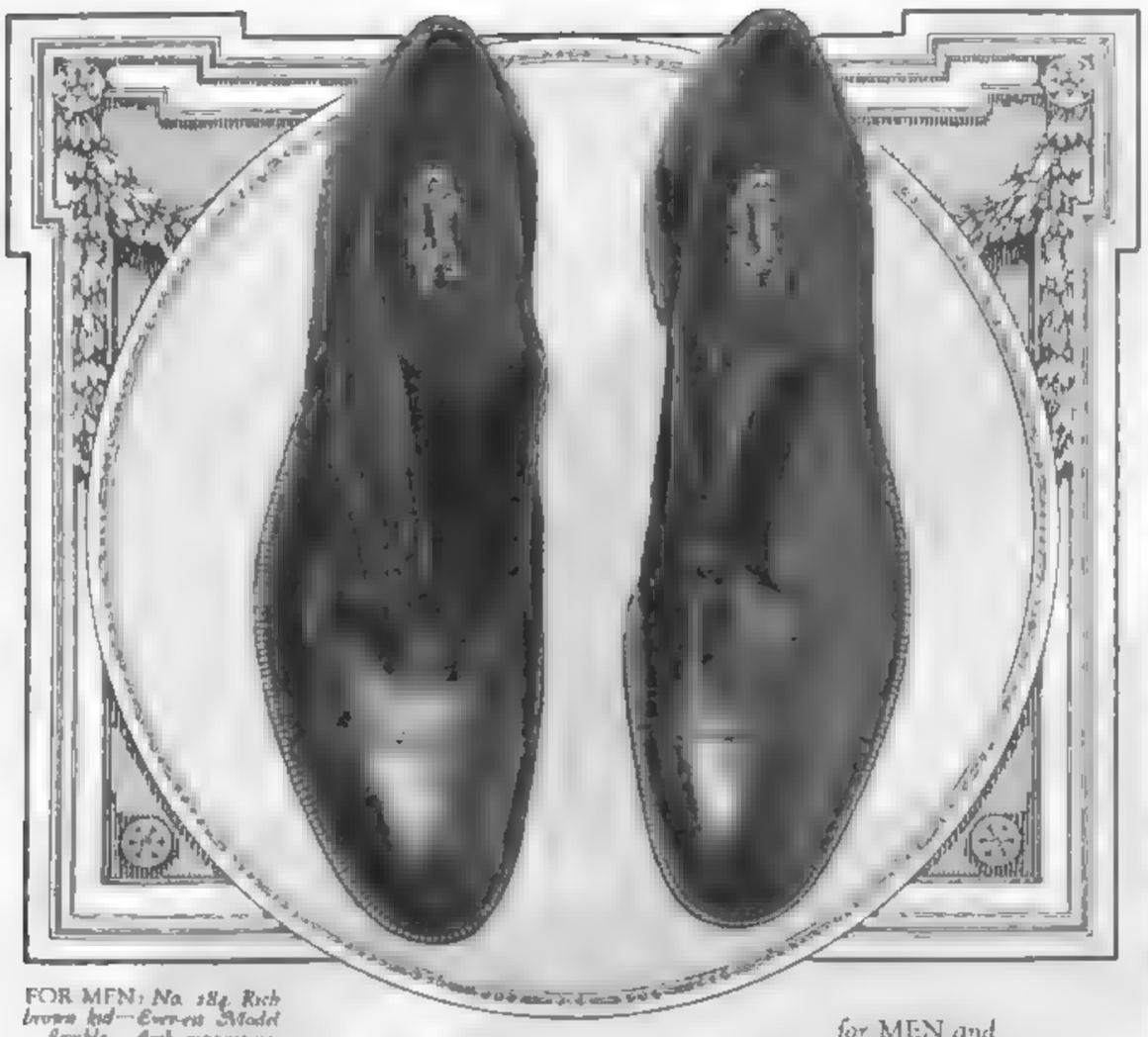

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Ask your merchant to show you the woven BURLAP back

(Continued from Page 102)

cheaper garments; in fact, I saw him run his hand into his pocket once or twice as if to draw out money, but the spell of too easy credit was on him and he changed his mind, eventually going out of the store owing a debt of sixty dollars for which there was no fixed time of settlement.

"When the merchant finally went to the wall and the court appointed me to take charge of his affairs I found the business had been undermined by hundreds of accounts contracted for in just such manner. Many of the accounts were owing by men who were perfectly responsible, but they had been made in such free-and-easy fashion that not many took them seriously. When a person has been told to take plenty of time in paying a debt he usually does.

"The merchant's downfall was brought about by such a strong desire to do business that he shut his eyes to the consequences. But it was more disastrous to the public than to himself. His methods tended to convince an assorted lot of people that debt is a light thing which may be entered into on impulse and with the vaguest ideas as to ultimate settlement."

Many small business men who scatter credit about in hit-or-miss fashion without in the least being able to afford it might profitably study the methods of some of the big organizations. Recently I was in the office of a friend who is branch manager for an Eastern manufacturing concern which makes machines used in bookkeeping and office work. Two of his salesmen came in with orders. One of them had sold a secondhand machine for eighty dollars to a suburban grocer; the other had landed a local trust company for an entire new equipment, the total bill running up to nearly seven thousand dollars.

Both orders were written on the same kind of blank forms, the printed terms expressly stating that the title to the machines remained with the company until all amounts were paid. I remarked that perhaps it was not a bad idea to tie the suburban grocer with such a contract, but I thought it might be dispensed with in the case of the trust company.

"I don't see why," the branch manager answered; "the trust company's money isn't any better than the grocer's."

Attention to Details

I said I realized that all right, but I thought it took a good deal of nerve on the part of the salesman to ask a big institution like that to sign on the dotted line. There might be danger someone would get offended at the idea and throw the business to a competitor.

"Don't you believe it," said the branch manager. "The trust company is run by business men. If you go down there to make a loan they certainly make you sign on the dotted line, and they expect to do the same when they owe money."

He paused to consider a moment.

"I'd like to make a bet," he said, "that the man who sold the secondhand machine for eighty dollars had a harder time to get his customer to sign the contract than the one who did business with the trust company."

He called to the salesman in question.

"Look here a minute, Joe," he asked; "did you have any trouble in getting that storekeeper to sign up after he had agreed to take the machine?"

The salesman called Joe laughed reminiscently as he answered: "Oh, yes, he hollered a little. Told me he thought it was darn funny if his credit wasn't good for eighty dollars when he owned his own building and everything. But finally I convinced him we weren't trying to insult him, and he came across with the signature."

Not long ago I was given some inside information as to the careful manner in which a certain great corporation proceeds with planning to enter a new field. The concern is capitalized at many millions of dollars and operates more than a hundred retail establishments, mostly in the Southern States. The incident in question had to do with the opening of a new store in a town of ten thousand people.

It would, of course, be a small affair in comparison with the average store operated by the concern, which mostly does business in the larger cities, but the negotiations extended over practically an entire year. A field man from the New York office first visited the place and made the initial survey. He walked around the town for a couple of days, talking with the merchants, bankers and other business men, found out how many people the street-car line carried a month, hired an automobile and took trips out in the country to see what sort of farm buildings people had, and investigated in a general way the average store rentals on the main business street. While he was doing these things his assistant stood on street corners and counted the people who passed at certain hours; also, he counted the numbers of automobiles and teams parked around the courthouse square each morning and evening, with a special report for their number on Saturday.

This initial survey was made in October, when business in Southern towns is usually brisk on account of the cotton money. The field man's report seemed favorable, but the corporation does not jump at conclusions. The matter was allowed to rest until the following May, at which time Southern towns are ordinarily at their dullest, and then an official of the concern paid a visit to see how things looked. His opinion also was favorable, and a month later the firm's lease man was sent to the town to see what arrangements might be made for suitable quarters.

Here occurred somewhat of a hitch. The property owners of the community, buoyed up at the idea of the big corporation wanting to do business in their midst, were inclined to boost prices. A hundred dollars a month was the highest rent paid by any of the merchants already in business, but the lease man could get no suitable property priced to him for less than a hundred and twenty-five. He got short options on a couple of places at that figure and reported to his company what he had done.

When to Spend Money

The final decision was left to the corporation's district supervisor, a man who has run its branch stores in half a dozen different towns and knows the ins and outs of retailing. He is the one who told me the story, and I will quote his own words.

"I considered the town a reasonably good field for us," he said, "but not unless we could be on an equal basis with everyone else. The company did not expect me to pay more rent than other people were paying, and I would not do it, anyhow. I looked over the two locations on which the lease man had secured options and decided one of them would do nicely. Then I hunted up the owner and told him I was ready to do business, but it would have to be on a hundred-dollar-a-month basis.

"He said a hundred and a quarter was his best price, adding that the town was sure to grow wonderfully during the next few years; he pulled a chamber-of-commerce booklet out of his pocket to prove his assertion. I countered by pulling a government census report out of my pocket, which showed that the town had increased by a little less than a thousand population in the last ten years. But there was nothing doing. He stuck to his price.

"'All right then,' I said. 'I guess my firm isn't going to have the pleasure of opening up in your city. I'll be leaving on the evening train.'

"Then I shook hands with him and went back to the hotel. He hunted me up there a couple of hours later and signed the lease at a hundred dollars a month."

The story of how the big corporation had taken so much trouble to decide on opening up in a small town was interesting, but I was not quite satisfied on one point. I put my question to the district supervisor point-blank.

"Of course," I said, "you were bluffing when you told him you were going to leave town. You intended to close the deal, anyhow."

"You bet I wasn't bluffing," the district supervisor shot back. "We wouldn't have opened there at all if we had to do it under a twenty-five-dollar-a-month handicap."

"After all the money you spent beforehand?" I asked.

The district supervisor embodied in his reply a truth which might well be taken to heart by business men everywhere.

"That's the very time," he said firmly, "you ought to spend your money—beforehand."

MERTON OF THE MOVIES

(Continued from Page 19)

from New York gets here. Now let's see—I guess first we'll get your entrance. You come in the front door at the head of them. You've ridden in from the ranch. We get the horseback stuff later. You all come in yelling and so on, and the boys scatter, some to the bar and some to the wheel, and some sit down to the tables to have their drinks and some dance with the girls. You distribute money to them from a paper sack. Here's the sack." From a waiting property boy he took a paper sack. "Put this in your pocket and take it out whenever you need money.

"It's the same sack, see, that the kid put the stolen money in, and you saved it after returning the money. It's just a kind of an idea of mine," he vaguely added as Merton looked puzzled at this.

"All right, sir."

He took the sack, observing it to contain a rude imitation of bills, and stuffed it into a pocket.

"Then after the boys scatter around you go stand at the end of the bar. You don't join in their sports and pastimes, see? You're serious, and have things on your mind. Just sort of look around the place as if you were holding yourself above such things, even if you do like to give the boys a good time. Now we'll try the entrance."

Cameras were put into place, and Merton Gill led through the front door his band of rollicking good fellows. He paused inside to give them bills from the paper sack. They scattered to their dissipations. Their leader austerely posed at one end of the bar and regarded the scene with disapproving eyes. Wine, women and the dance were not for him. He produced again the disillusioned look that had won Henshaw.

"Fine!" said Baird. "Gun it, boys!"

The scene was shot, and Baird spoke again.

"Hold it, everybody! Go on with your music, and you boys keep up the dance until mother's entrance; then you quit and back off."

Merton was puzzled by this speech, but continued his superior look, breaking this with a very genuine shock of surprise when his old mother tottered in at the front door. She was still the disconsolate creature of the day before, bedraggled, sad-eyed, feeble, very aged, and still she carried her bucket and the bundle of rags with which she had mopped. Baird came forward again.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you. Of course you had your mother follow you out here to the great open spaces; but the poor old thing has cracked under the strain of her hard life, see what I mean? All her dear ones have been leaving the old nest and going out over the hills one by one—you were the last to go—and now she isn't quite right, see?

"You have a good home on the ranch for her, but she won't stay put. She follows you around, and the only thing that keeps her quiet is mopping, so you humor her; you let her mop. It's the only way. But of course it makes you sad. You look at her now, then go up and hug her the way you did yesterday; you try to get her to give up mopping, but she won't, so you let her go on. Try it."

Merton went forward to embrace his old mother. Here was tragedy indeed, a bit of biting pathos from a humble life. He gave the best that was in him as he infolded the feeble old woman and strained her to his breast, murmuring to her that she must give it up—give it up. The old lady wept, but was stubborn. She tore herself from his arms and knelt on the floor.

"I just got to mop! I just got to mop!" she was repeating in a cracked voice. "If I ain't let to mop I git rough till I'm simply a scandal."

It was an affecting scene, marred only by one explosive bit of coarse laughter from an observing cowboy at the close of the old mother's speech. Merton Gill glanced up in sharp annoyance at this offender. Baird was quick in rebuke.

"The next guy that laughs at this pathos can get off the set," he announced, glaring at the assemblage.

There was no further outbreak. The scene was filmed. There followed a dramatic bit that again involved the demented mother.

"This ought to be good if you can do it the right way," began Baird. "Mother's mopping along there and sloshes some water on this Mexican's boot—where are you, Pedro? Come here and get this. The old lady sloshes water on you while you're playing monte here, so you yell 'Caramba,' or something, and kick at her. You don't land on her, of course, but her son rushes up and grabs your arm—here, do it this way." Baird demonstrated. "Grab his wrist with one hand and his elbow with the other and make as if you broke his arm across your knee—you know, like you were doing joojitsey. And he slinks off with his broken arm, and you just dust your hands off and embrace your mother again.

"Then you go back to the bar, not looking at Pedro at all. See? He's insulted your mother, and you've resented it in a nice, dignified, gentlemanly way. Try it."

Pedro sat at the table and picked up his cards. He was a foul-looking Mexican who seemed capable even of the enormity he was about to commit. The scene was rehearsed to Baird's satisfaction, then shot. The weeping old lady, blinded by her tears, awkward with her mop, the brutal Mexican, his prompt punishment.

The old lady was especially pathetic as she glared at her insulter from where she lay sprawled on the floor, and muttered, "Caramba, huh? I dare you to come outside and say that to me!"

"Good work!" applauded Baird when the scene was finished. "Now we're getting into the swing of it. In about three days here we'll have something that exhibitors can clean up on, see if we don't!"

Three days passed in what for Merton Gill was a whirl of dramatic intensity. If at times he was vaguely disquieted by a suspicion that the piece was not wholly serious he had only to remember the intense seriousness of his own part and the always serious manner of Baird in directing his actors. And, indeed, there were but few moments when he was even faintly pricked by this suspicion.

It seemed a bit incongruous that Hoffmeyer, the delicatessen merchant, should arrive on a bicycle, dressed in cowboy attire save for a badly dented derby hat, and carrying a bag of golf clubs; and it was a little puzzling that Hoffmeyer should have been ruined by his son's mad act, when it had been shown that the money was returned to him. But Baird explained carefully that the old man had been ruined some other way, and was demented like the poor old mother who had gone over the hills after her children had left the home nest.

And assuredly in Merton's own action he found nothing that was not deeply earnest as well as strikingly dramatic. There was the tense moment when a faithful cowboy broke upon the festivities with word that a New York detective was coming to search for the man who had robbed the Hoffmeyer establishment. His friends gathered loyally about Merton and swore he should never be taken from them alive. He was induced to don a false mustache until the detective had gone. It was a long, heavy, black mustache with curling tips, and in this disguise he stood aloof from his companions when the detective entered.

The detective was the cross-eyed man, himself now disguised as Sherlock Holmes, with a fore-and-aft cloth cap and drooping blond mustache. He smoked a pipe as he examined those present. Merton was unable to overlook this scene, as he had been directed to stand with his back to the detective. Later it was shown that he observed in a mirror the Mexican whom he had punished creeping forward to inform the detective of his man's whereabouts. The coward's treachery cost him dearly. The hero, still with his back turned, drew his revolver and took careful aim by means of the mirror.

This was a spot where he had for a moment been troubled. Instead of pointing the weapon over his shoulder, aiming by the mirror, he was directed to point it at the Mexican's reflection in the glass, and to fire at this reflection.

"It's all right," Baird assured him. "It's a camera trick, see? It may look now as if you were shooting into the mirror, but it comes perfectly right on the film. You'll see. Go on, aim carefully, right smack at that looking-glass—fire!"

Still somewhat doubting, Merton fired. The mirror was shattered, but a dozen feet back of him the treacherous Mexican threw

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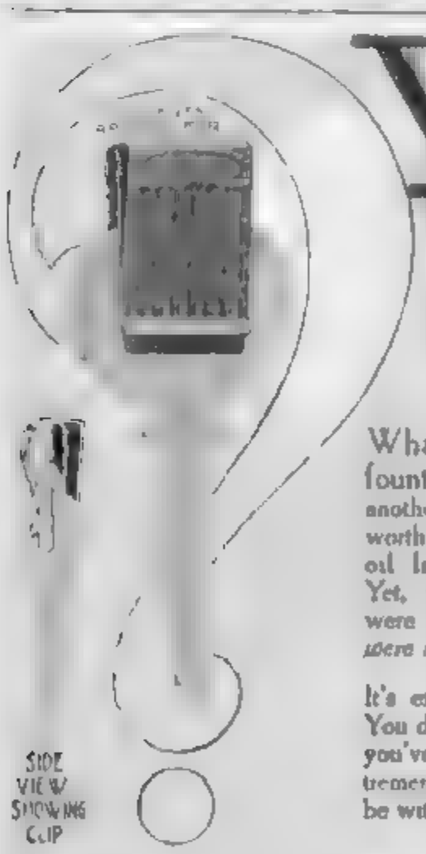

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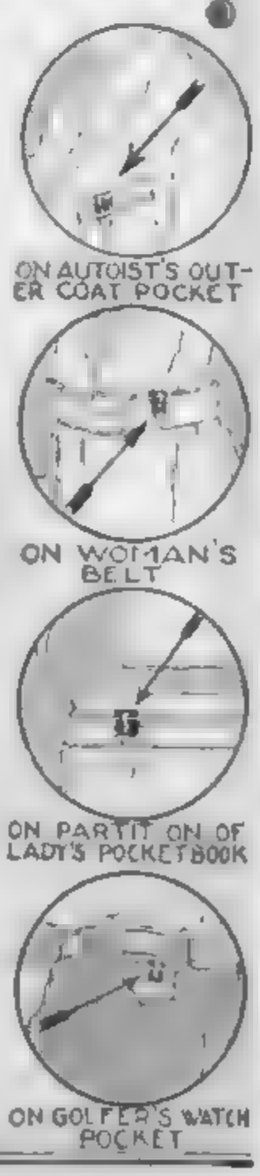


up his arms and fell lifeless, a bullet through his cowardly heart. It was a puzzling bit of trick work, he thought, but Baird, of course, would know what was right. The puzzle was dismissed. Buck Benson, silent man of the open, had got the scoundrel who would have betrayed him.

A thrilling struggle ensued between Merton and the hellhound of justice. Perceiving who had slain his would-be informant, the detective came to confront Merton. Snatching off his own cap and mustache, he stood revealed as the man who had not dared to arrest him at the scene of his crime. With another swift movement he snatched away the mustache that had disguised his quarry. Buck Benson, at bay, sprang like a tiger upon his antagonist. They struggled while the excited cowboys surged about them. The detective proved to be no match for Benson. He was borne to earth, then raised aloft and hurled over the adjacent tables.

This bit of acting had involved a trick which was not obscure to Merton like his shot into the mirror that brought down a man back of him. Moreover, it was a trick of which he approved. When he bore the detective to earth the cameras halted their grinding while a dummy in the striking likeness of the detective was substituted. It was a light affair and he easily raised it for the final toss of triumph.

"Throw it high as you can over those tables and toward the bar," called Baird. The figure was thrown as directed.

"Fine work! Now look up as if he was still in the air; now down; now brush your left sleeve lightly with your right hand; now brush your right sleeve lightly with your left hand.

"All right—cut! Great, Merton! If that don't get you a hand I don't know what will! Now all outside for the horseback stuff!"

Outside, the faithful cowboys leaped into their saddles and urged their beloved leader to do the same. But he lingered beside his own horse, pleading with them to go ahead. He must remain in the place of danger yet a while, for he had forgotten to bring out his old mother. They besought him to let them bring her out, but he would not listen to this. His alone was the task.

Reluctantly the cowboys galloped off. As he turned to reenter the dance hall he was confronted by the detective, who held two frowning weapons upon him. Benson was at last a prisoner. The detective brutally ordered his quarry inside. Benson, seeing he was beaten, made a manly plea that he might be let to bid his horse good-by. The detective seemed moved. He relented. Benson went to his good old pal.

"Here's your chance for a fine bit," called Baird. "Give it to us now the way you did in that still. Broaden it all you want to. Go to it!"

Well did Merton Gill know that here was his chance for a fine bit. The horse was strangely like Dexter, upon whom he had so often rehearsed this bit. He was a bony, drooping, sad horse with a thin neck.

"They're takin' ye frum me, old pal—takin' ye frum me! You an' me has seen some tough times, an' I sort o' figgered we'd keep on together till the last—an' now they got me, old pal, takin' me far away where ye won't see me no more."

"Go to it, cowboy—take all the footage you want!" called Baird in a curiously choked voice.

The actor took some more footage.

"But we got to keep a stiff upper lip, old pal, you and me both. No cryin', no bustin' down. We had our last gallop together, an' we're at the forkin' of th' trail. So we got to be brave—we got to stand the gaff."

Benson released his old pal, stood erect, dashed a bit of moisture from his eyes and turned to the waiting detective, who, it seemed, had also been strangely moved during this affecting farewell. Yet he had not forgotten his duty. Benson was forced to march back into the Come All Ye Dance Hall. As he went he was wishing that Baird would have him escape and flee on his old pal.

And Baird was a man who seemed to think of everything. Or perhaps he had often seen the real Buck Benson's play, for it now appeared that everything was going to be as Merton Gill wished. Baird had even contrived an escape that was highly spectacular.

Locked by the detective in an upper room, the prisoner went to the window and glanced out to find that his loyal horse was directly beneath him. He would leap from the window, alight in the saddle after a twenty-foot drop and be off over the border. The window scene was shot, including a flash of the horse below. The mechanics of the leap itself required more time. Indeed, it took the better part of a morning to satisfy Baird that this thrilling exploit had been properly achieved. From a lower window, quite like the high one, Merton leaped, but only to the ground a few feet below.

"That's where we get your take-off," Baird explained. "Now we get you lighting in the saddle."

This proved to be a more delicate bit of work. From a platform built out just above the faithful horse Merton precariously scrambled down into the saddle. He glanced anxiously at Baird, fearing he had not alighted properly after the supposed twenty-foot drop, but the manager appeared to be delighted with his prowess after one rehearsal, and the scene was shot.

"It's all jake," Baird assured him. "Don't feel worried. Of course we'll trick the bit where you hit the saddle; the camera'll look out for that."

One detail only had troubled Merton. After doing the leap from the high window and before doing its finish where he reached the saddle, Baird directed certain changes in his costume. He was again to don the false mustache, to put his hat on, and also a heavy jacket lined with sheep's wool worn by one of the cowboys in the dance hall. Merton was pleased to believe he had caught the manager napping here.

"But, Mr. Baird, if I leap from the window without the hat or mustache or jacket and land on my horse in them, wouldn't it look as if I had put them on as I was falling?"

Baird was instantly overcome with confusion.

"Now that's so! I swear I never thought of that, Merton. I'm glad you spoke about it in time. You sure have shown me up as a director. You see, I wanted you to disguise yourself again—I'll tell you: get the things on, and after we shoot you lighting in the saddle we'll retake the window scene with the things on. That'll fix it."

Not until long afterwards, on a certain dread night when the earth was to reel beneath him, did he recall that Baird had never retaken that window scene. At present the young actor was too engrossed by the details of his daring leap to remember small things. The leap was achieved at last. He was in the saddle after a twenty-foot drop. He gathered up the reins, the horse beneath him coughed plaintively and Merton rode him out of the picture. Baird had taken a load off his mind as to this bit of riding.

"Will you want me to gallop?" he had asked, recalling his unhappy experience with Dexter.

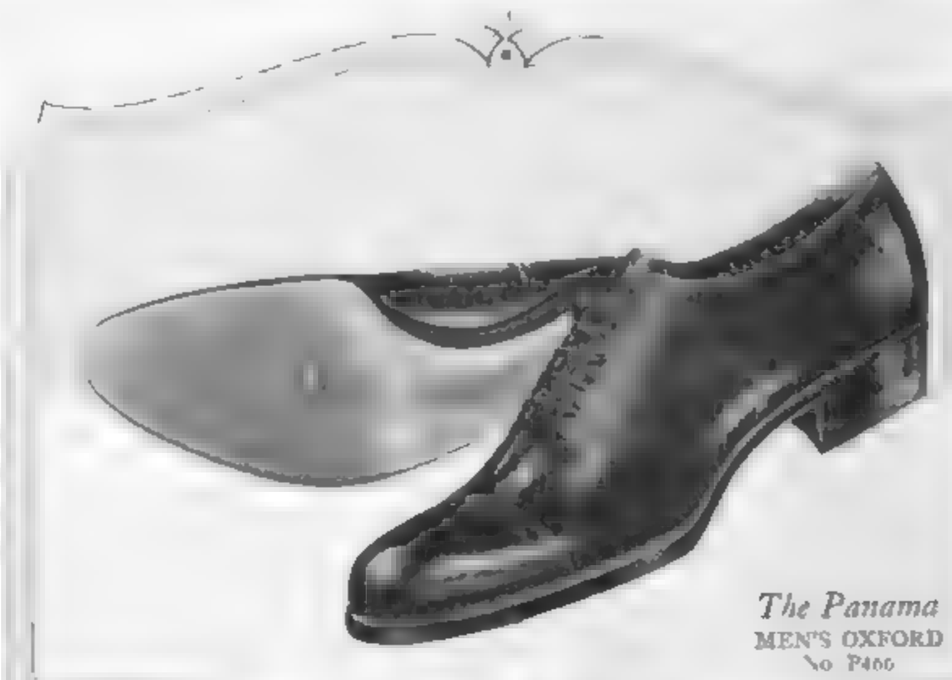
"No; just walk him beyond the camera line. The camera'll trick it up all right."

So, safely, confidently, he had ridden his steed beyond lens range at a curious shuffling amble, and his work at the Come All Ye Dance Hall was done. Then came some adventurous days in the open. In motor cars the company of artists was transported to a sunny nook in the foothills beyond the city, and here in the wild, rough, open spaces the drama of mother love, sacrifice and thrills was still further unfolded. First to be done here was the continuation of the hero's escape from the dance hall. Upon his faithful horse he ambled along a quiet road until he reached the shelter of an oak tree. Here he halted at the roadside.

"You know the detective is following you," explained Baird, "and you're going to get him. Take your nag over a little, so the tree won't mask him too much. That's it. Now you look back, lean forward in the saddle, listen! You hear him coming! Your face sets—look as grim as you can. That's the stuff—the real Buck Benson stuff when they're after him. That's fine! Now you get an idea. Unlash your rope, let the noose out, give it a couple of whirls to see is everything all right. That's it—only you still look grim, and not so worried about whether the rope is going to act right. We'll attend to that. When the detective comes in sight give about three good whirls and let her fly. Try it once. Good! Now coil her up again and go through the whole thing. Never mind about whether you're going to get him or not. Remember Buck Benson never

(Continued on Page 108

The Radcliffe
WOMEN'S OXFORD
No. P402



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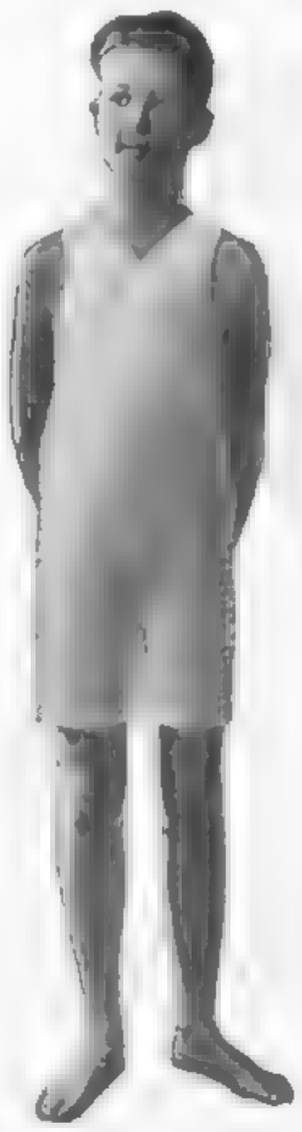

King Boy

HERE'S to you, Son: when you go swimming this Summer and want to be first in the water and first dressed.

When you're going fishin' early and every second counts in dressing.

When the ball team has had a real battle and mother says, "You must get a bath before lunch"—and you can smell it all a-cookin'!

When—oh, a hundred times when—this Spring and Summer—when you'd give anything for a time-saving union suit that says: "All you gotta do is

Left Leg Right Leg
Left Arm Right Arm
and you're in
and that's all there is to it!"

Tell Dad about 'em too. They're made for him and, because he may be a little more careful of his things, there's some pretty slick fancy stuff for him in crêpe and soiesette and silk and knitted garments.

But most of all, tell mother about The Hatchway. She'll get 'em for you because if you show her this ad she will see right away what it means to you every day. And if you say, "Look, Mother—here's one you don't have to sew anything on any more"—you'll get 'em because she'll know what it means to her every week, in time saved and freedom from repair worries.

See these garments at your favorite dealer's today. He can get them for you if we have as yet been unable to supply him or if he is temporarily sold out. It has been a big job to keep dealers stocked up this Spring but if you have any difficulty in getting just what you want we shall be glad to see that you are supplied. Delivery free anywhere in the United States. In ordering, please state sizes and numbers of garments required enclosing remittance to our mill at Albany. Send for free catalog illustrating complete line of Hatchway No-Button Union Suits and Hatch One Button Union Suits photographed on live models.

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(Continued from Page 106)

misses. We'll have a later shot that shows the rope falling over his head."

Thereupon the grim-faced Benson, strong, silent man of the open, while the cameras ground, waited the coming of one who hounded him for a crime of which he was innocent. His iron face was relentless. He leaned forward, listening. He uncoiled the rope, expertly ran out the noose and grimly waited. Far up the road appeared the detective on a galloping horse. Benson twirled the rope as he sat in his saddle. It left his hand, to sail gracefully in the general direction of his pursuer.

"Cut!" called Baird. "That was bully! Now you got him! Ride out into the road. You're dragging him off his horse, see? Keep on up the road; you're still dragging the hound. Look back over your shoulder and light your face up just a little—that's it, use Benson's other expression. You got it fine! You're treating the skunk rough, but look what he was doing to you, trying to pinch you for something you never did. That's fine—go ahead! Don't look back any more!"

Merton was chiefly troubled at this moment by the thought that someone would have to double for him in the actual casting of the rope that would settle upon the detective's shoulders. Well, he must practice roping. Perhaps by the next picture he could do this stuff himself. It was exciting work, though sometimes tedious. It had required almost an entire morning to enact this one simple scene, with the numerous close-ups that Baird demanded.

The afternoon was taken up largely in becoming accustomed to a pair of old Spanish spurs that Baird now provided him with. Baird said they were very rare old spurs obtained at a fancy price from an impoverished Spanish family who had treasured them as heirlooms. He said he was sure that Buck Benson in all his vast collection did not possess a pair of spurs like these. He would doubtless, after seeing them worn by Merton Gill in this picture, have a pair made like them.

The distinguishing feature of these spurs was their size. They were enormous, and their rowels extended a good twelve inches from Merton's heels after he had donned them.

"They may bother you a little at first," said Baird, "but you'll get used to them, and they're worth a little trouble, because they'll stand out."

The first effort to walk in them proved bothersome indeed, for it was made over ground covered with a low-growing vine and the spurs caught in this. Baird was very earnest in supervising this progress, and even demanded the presence of two cameras to record it.

"Of course I'm not using this stuff," he said, "but I want to make a careful study of it. These are genuine hidalgo spurs. Mighty few men in this line of parts could get away with them. I bet Benson himself would have a lot of trouble. Now try it once more."

Merton tried once more, stumbling as the spurs caught in the undergrowth. The cameras closely recorded his efforts and Baird applauded them.

"You're getting it—keep on! That's better! Now try to run a few steps—go right toward that left-hand camera."

He ran the few steps, but fell headlong. He patiently picked himself up.

"Never mind," urged Baird. "Try it again. We must get this right."

He tried again to run; was again thrown. But he was determined to please the manager and he earnestly continued his efforts. Benson himself would see the picture probably, and marvel that a new man should have mastered, apparently with ease, a pair of genuine hidalgos.

"Maybe we better try smoother ground," Baird at last suggested after repeated falls had shown that the undergrowth was difficult.

So the cameras were moved on to the front of a ranch house now in use for the drama, and the spur lessons continued. But on smooth ground it appeared that the spurs were still troublesome. After the first mishap here Merton discovered the cause. The long shanks were curved inward so that in walking their ends clashed. He pointed this out to Baird, who was amazed at the discovery.

"Well, well, that's so! They're bound to interfere. I never knew that about hidalgo spurs before."

"We might straighten them," suggested the actor.

"No, no," Baird insisted; "I wouldn't dare try that! They cost too much money, and it might break 'em. I tell you what you do; stand up and try this: Just toe in a little when you walk—that'll bring the points apart. There, that's it! That's fine!"

The cameras were again recording so that Baird could later make his study of the difficulties to be mastered by the wearer of genuine hidalgos. By toeing in Merton now succeeded in walking without disaster, though he could not feel that he was taking the free stride of men out there in the open spaces.

"Now try running," directed Baird, and he tried running; but again the spurs caught and he was thrown full in the eyes of the grinding camera. He had forgotten to toe in. But he would not give up. His face was set in Buck Benson grimness. Each time he picked himself up and earnestly resumed the effort. The rowels were now catching in the long hair of his chaps.

He worked on, directed and cheered by the patient Baird, while the two camera men, with curiously strained faces, recorded his failures. Baird had given strict orders that other members of the company should remain at a distance during the spur lessons, but now he seemed to believe that a few other people might encourage the learner. Merton was directed to run to his old mother, who, bucket at her side and mop in hand, knelt on the ground at a little distance. He was also directed to run toward the Montague girl, now in frontier attire of fringed buckskin. He made earnest efforts to keep his feet during these essays, but the spurs still proved treacherous.

"Just pick yourself up and go on," ordered Baird, and had the cameras secure close shots of Merton picking himself up and going carefully on, toeing in now, to embrace his weeping old mother and the breathless girl, who had awaited him with open arms.

He was tired that night, but the actual contusions he had suffered in his falls were forgotten in the fear that he might fail to master the hidalgos. Baird himself seemed confident that his pupil would yet excite the jealousy of Buck Benson in this hazardous detail of the screen art. He seemed, indeed, to be curiously satisfied with his afternoon's work. He said that he would study the film carefully and try to discover just how the spurs could be mastered.

"You'll show 'em yet how to take a joke," he declared when the puzzling implements were at last doffed. The young actor felt repaid for his earnest efforts. No one could put on a pair of genuine hidalgos for the first time and expect to handle them correctly.

There were many days in the hills. Until this time the simple drama had been fairly coherent in Merton Gill's mind. So consecutively had the scenes been shot that the story was not hard to follow. But now came rather a jumble of scenes, not only at times bewildering in themselves but apparently unrelated.

First it appeared that the Montague girl as Miss Rebecca Hoffmeyer, tired of being a mere New York society butterfly, had come out into the big open spaces to do something real, something worth while. The ruin of her father, still unexplained, had seemed to call out unsuspected reserves in the girl. She was stern and businesslike in such scenes as Merton was permitted to observe. And she had not only brought her ruined father out to the open spaces but the dissipated brother, who was still seen to play at dice whenever opportunity offered. He played with the jolly cowboys and invariably won.

Off in the hills there were many scenes which Merton did not overlook.

"I want you to have just your own part in mind," Baird told him; and although he was puzzled later, he knew that Baird was somehow making it right in the drama when he became again the successful actor of that first scene, which he had almost forgotten.

He was no longer the Buck Benson of the open spaces, but the foremost idol of the shadowed stage, and in Harold Parmalee's best manner he informed the aspiring Montague girl that he could not accept her as leading lady in his next picture because she lacked experience. The wager of a kiss was laughingly made as she promised that within ten days she would convince him of her talent.

Later she herself, in an effective scene, became the grim-faced Buck Benson and

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held the actor up at the point of her two guns. Then when she had convinced him that she was Benson she appeared after an interval as her own father—the fiery beard, the derby hat with its dents, the chaps, the bicycle and golf bag. In this disguise she seemed to demand the actor's intentions toward her daughter, and again overwhelmed him with confusion, as Parmalee had been overwhelmed, when she revealed her true self under the baffling make-up. The wager of a kiss was prettily paid. This much of the drama he knew. And there was an affecting final scene on a hillside.

The actor, arrayed in chaps, spurs and boots below the waist, was, above this, in faultless evening dress. "You see, it's a masquerade party at the ranch," Baird explained, "and you've thought up this costume to sort of puzzle the little lady."

The girl herself was in the short fringed buckskin skirt, with knife and revolvers in her belt. Off in the hills day after day she had worn this costume in those scenes he had not witnessed. Now she was merely coy. He followed her out on the hillside with only a little trouble from the spurs—indeed, he fell but once as he approached her—and the little drama of the lovers, at last united, was touchingly shown.

In the background, as they stood entwined, the poor demented old mother was seen. With mop and bucket she was cleansing the side of a cliff, but there was a happier look on the worn old face.

"Glance around and see her," called Baird. "Then explain to the girl that you will always protect your mother, no matter what happens. That's it! Now the clinch—kiss her—slow! That's it! Cut!"

Merton's part in the drama was ended. He knew that the company worked in the hills another week, and there were more close-ups to take back in the dance hall, but he was not needed in these. Baird congratulated him warmly.

"Fine work, my boy! You've done your first picture, and with Miss Montague as your leading lady I feel you're going to land ace high with your public. Now all you got to do for a couple of weeks is to take it easy while we finish up some rough ends of this piece. Then we'll be ready to start on the new one. It's pretty well doped out, and there's a big part in it for you—big things to be done in a big way, see what I mean?"

"Well, I'm glad I suited you," Merton replied. "I tried to give the best that was in me to a sincere interpretation of that fine part. And it was a great surprise to me. I never thought I'd be working for you, Mr. Baird, and of course I wouldn't have been if you had kept on doing those comedies. I never would have wanted to work in one of them."

"Of course not," agreed Baird cordially. "I realized that you were a serious artist, and you came in the nick of time, just when I was wanting to be serious myself, to get away from that slap-stick stuff into something better and finer. You came when I needed you. And look here, Merton, I signed you on at forty a week ——"

"Yes, sir; I was glad to get it."

"Well, I'm going to give you more. From the beginning of the new picture you're on the pay roll at seventy-five a week. No, no, not a word!" as Merton would have thanked him. "You're earning the money. And for the picture after that—well, if you keep on giving the best that's in you it will be a whole lot more. Now take a good rest till we're ready for you."

At last he had won. Suffering and sacrifice had told. And Baird had spoken of the Montague girl as his leading lady—quite as if he were a star. And seventy-five dollars a week! A sum Gashwiler had made him work five weeks for! Now he had something big to write to his old friend Tessie Kearns. She might spread the news in Simsbury, he thought. He contrived a close-up of Gashwiler hearing it, of Mrs. Gashwiler hearing it, of Metta Judson hearing it. They would all be incredulous until a certain picture was shown at the Bijou Palace, a gripping drama of mother love, of a clean-limbed young American type wrongfully accused of a crime and taking the burden of it upon his own shoulders for the sake of the girl he had come to love; of the tense play of elemental forces in the great West, the regeneration of a shallow society girl when brought to adversity by the ruin of her old father; of the lovers reunited in that West they both loved.

And somehow—this was still a puzzle—the very effective weaving in and out of the drama of the world's most popular screen idol, played so expertly by Clifford Armytage, who looked enough like him to be his twin brother.

Fresh from joyous moments in the projection room, the Montague girl gazed at Baird across the latter's desk. Baird spoke:

"Sis, he's a wonder."

"Jeff, you're a wonder. How'd you keep him from getting wise?"

Baird shrugged.

"Easy! We caught him fresh."

"How'd you ever get him to do those falls on the trick spurs, and get all the close-ups? Didn't he know you were shooting?"

"Oh!" Baird shrugged again. "A little talk made that all jake. But what bothers me—how's he going to act when he's seen the picture?"

The girl became grave.

"I'm scared stiff every time I think of it. Maybe he'll murder you, Jeff."

"Maybe he'll murder both of us. You got him into it."

She did not smile, but considered gravely, absently.

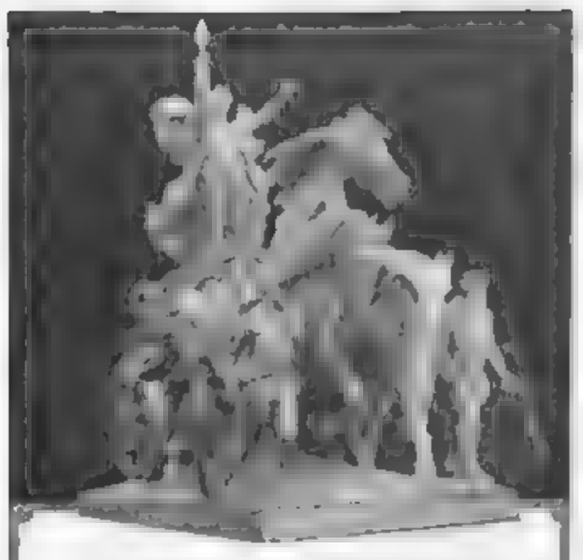
"There's something else might happen," she said at last. "That boy's got at least a couple of sides to him. I'd rather he'd be crazy mad than be what I'm thinking of now, and that's that all this stuff might just fairly break his heart. Think of it—to see his fine, honest acting turned into good old Buckeye slap stick! Can't you get that? How'd you like to think you were playing Romeo, and act your heart out at it, and then find they'd slipped in a cross-eyed Juliet in a comedy make-up on you? Well, you can laugh, but maybe it won't be funny to him. Honest, Jeff, that kid gets me under the ribs, kind of. I hope he takes it standing up, and goes good and crazy mad."

"I'll know what to say to him if he does that. If he takes it the other way, lying down, I'll be too ashamed ever to look him in the eye again. Say, it'll be like going up to a friendly baby and soaking it with a potato masher or something."

"Don't worry about it, kid. Anyway, it won't be your fault so much as mine. And you think there's only two ways for him to take it, mad or heartbroken? Well, let me tell you something about that lad—he might fool you both ways. I don't know just how, but I tell you, he's an actor, a born one. What he did is going to get over, and I never yet saw a born actor that would take applause lying down, even if it did come for what he didn't know he was doing.

"Maybe he'll be mad—that's natural enough. But maybe he'll fool us both. So cheerio, old pippin, and let's fly into the new piece! I'll play safe by shooting the most of that before the other one is released. And he'll still be playing straight in a serious heart drama. Fancy that, Armand!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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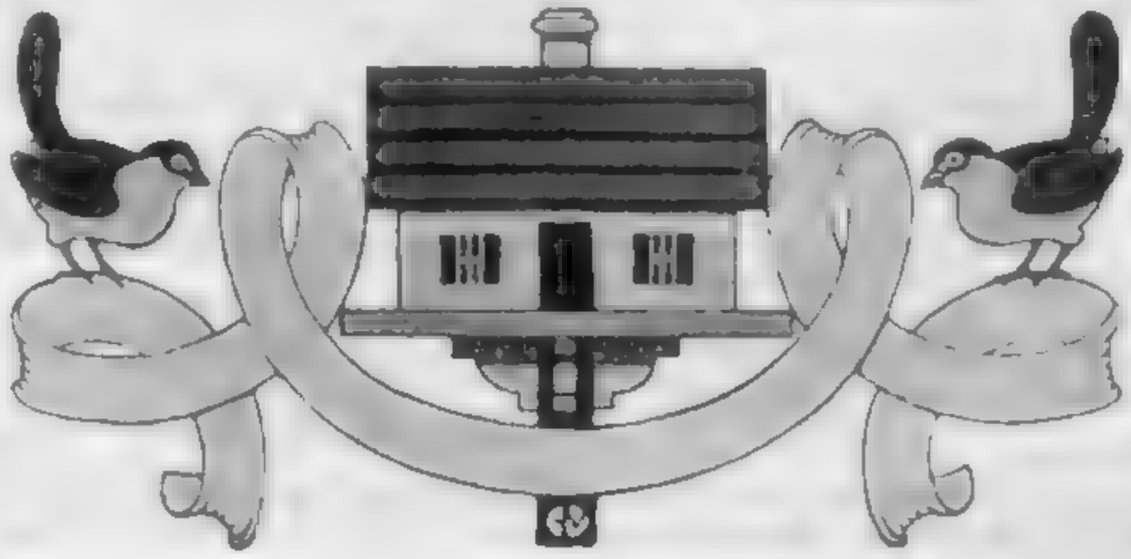

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SETTLED IN FULL

(Continued from Page 9)

"That hot air isn't tearing up any great trees in the forest—not yet!" says John McClure.

"I was just telling you, that's all," he says.

And John McClure said nothing—thinking what it might mean to him. How they'd make it look if they brought it out.

"And you know what it would do to you for the vice presidency—or this presidency either. If they could once put it over—your playing with that crowd—especially now the way they've got them all hollering to-day on this Wall Street conspiracy."

"What would you do?" said John McClure—for the drink, that habit of prosperity, had got to him, like it does the best. And his judgment was not so independent as it once was—like most of us that live soft and want to keep on doing so.

"Why don't you give them what they want?"

"What—start a strike in Easthampton for recognition now? With all those men employed, getting their wages to the end of the year! And how could I pull it—without breaking my word?"

"You know you could pull it if you wanted to," said the redhead, for they'd talked it over before. "All you'd have to do is to tell the operators you were satisfied to quit now—on your agreement, and let them loose to cut down the wages—like they've been crazy to for months now. They'd be tickled to death to have you do it."

"Yes. And let them cut their wages and throw hundreds of men out of work—in these times! Not only there, but here—if they win—and cut the coal prices under what they can mine it for here."

"What else can you do?" says the redhead. "You can't let Coakley keep circulating that story of your selling out to the operators, without answering him. Unless you want to quit the game forever—and hand the district over to the reds for good. For that will kill you. You've got to answer it—and answer it right. And there's only one way to do that now."

"What's that?"

"To prove it ain't true."

"By coming out and demanding recognition, you mean?"

"That's what I mean. Yes."

And John McClure sat thinking—for he knew it was the wrong thing to do—for anybody but himself.

"I was drinking probably," he said, "when I made that bet, but I thought I was doing right. And I do now. I never was so drunk as these reds are—in their best hours."

"You see what you're doing," said Kirkpatrick, going on, "if you take them up. You're taking their own knife out of their hands and sticking it back into them—deep!"

"What's this?" he says, looking up.

"You know. The old game. You organize the district. Now then they cut their pay, and won't recognize the union—and you call them out—and take charge again. And pay the strike benefits when they come. So you're the hero from the start to finish. Not only over there but here too—shutting up the nonunion territory—and getting us more work no doubt in the mines that same crowd owns over here. You'll have the reds on the run with their own weapon."

"And who'll pay for all this?" says McClure.

"The union," says Kirkpatrick. "Ain't they got their millions at Indianapolis all ready for this kind of work? And we've got some ourselves."

"Not so much as we once had—not for foolishness."

"Oh, loosen up once in a while on your money. Especially when it's doing no harm to you or me."

"That's it," says John McClure. "I never have pulled anything just like this—running up into the hundreds of thousands of money—and get the benefit of it myself."

And he never had neither.

"You're getting particular in your old age," says the redhead. "I suppose Lewis and his crowd will refuse to take the votes that will come to them out of organizing Alabama and West Virginia in the next convention. And when it comes to what's in the national treasury, they ought to know what they can spend by this time. And you know yourself we're not so bad off in our own."

"That's all right," says John McClure. "But I don't like it just the same."

But like it or not, he went and did it.

"Was that a bluff you were giving me a week or two ago—that you'd end that year's bet of ours?" he says to the operators' man that he made it with.

"I'd end it this minute," says the big feller, coming right back, "if I could. If you'd let me."

"It's ended," says John McClure.

"What are you—crazy?" says the other man. "Starting strikes in these hard times, when you don't have to. I thought you'd win a part of the bet, anyhow—till the end of the year."

"I'm not so crazy as them around me. That's all I'll say," says John McClure, speaking short.

So they went out again on their private war—and hell broke loose once more over in Easthampton—as John McClure knew it would. The demand for recognizing the union was made and refused; and the wages went down bang, and the new union struck, and all the mines shut down; and the union paid their strike benefits; and the Slovaks and Hunkies and Serbians stayed around the place, playing games of cards and smoking pipes with brass tops and chains to them, and taking pot shots now and then at the mines, and swearing by John McClure who furnished them their strike money. And McClure ran round the place, working and talking and laughing eighteen hours a day; and drank himself asleep for the other six—for he didn't like thinking about it—and he had it on his soul always to some extent, for bringing it on through that bet with the other man—and now being drawn to defend himself and turn it to his own advantage this way—if it was going to be to his advantage after all. For he could see then where it might be going next.

It took the radicals off their guard at first—his move—knocked the breath out of them. But they got that back again—that being the easiest thing they do—and started hollering. They went on looking for more evidence on that meeting with the operator in New York. And one strike wasn't enough. They had a new scheme now to holler for. They saw a new place to break in.

The way it was, these same operators that owned the mines in Easthampton had an interest in others—the biggest in John McClure's district—by ownership in the companies down underneath; and they had contracts left in Easthampton that they had to fill to some extent naturally when the shutdown came, and their idea was naturally to turn them over to their union mines in the union district. For contracts were not so plentiful those days—last spring and summer—so that any were being cast away. And you could double up the work on almost any mine without overcrowding it much.

The radicals naturally knew that, like all the rest of the district—and started after it.

"We've got them on the run," says Coakley. "And now we've got them, let's nail them. Let's get them down and step on their thumbs right."

"Right. Right. Sure. Sure!" said Broska, sticking his long crooked mustaches out and making his eyes roll.

"What's this?" says McClure.

"We must strike," says Coakley. "We must stand by our brothers in Easthampton. Now—while we can!"

"While we can. Sure. Sure!" says Broska, rolling his little marble-shaped eyes.

"While we can. How?" says John McClure, overlooking him as usual, and talking to Coakley.

"Haven't they got to get those contracts out—or lose them?" he says. "And all those enormous profits on them. Haven't we got them right where we want them now—just right?"

"Sure. Sure, we have," said Broska.

"And what about the men that would go out of work?" says John McClure, drawing him on.

"They're all ready," says Coakley. "Broska will tell you that." For Broska was the big boy with all the foreigners in that subdistrict.

(Continued on Page 112)

"I AM SHOT — GOOD BYE"

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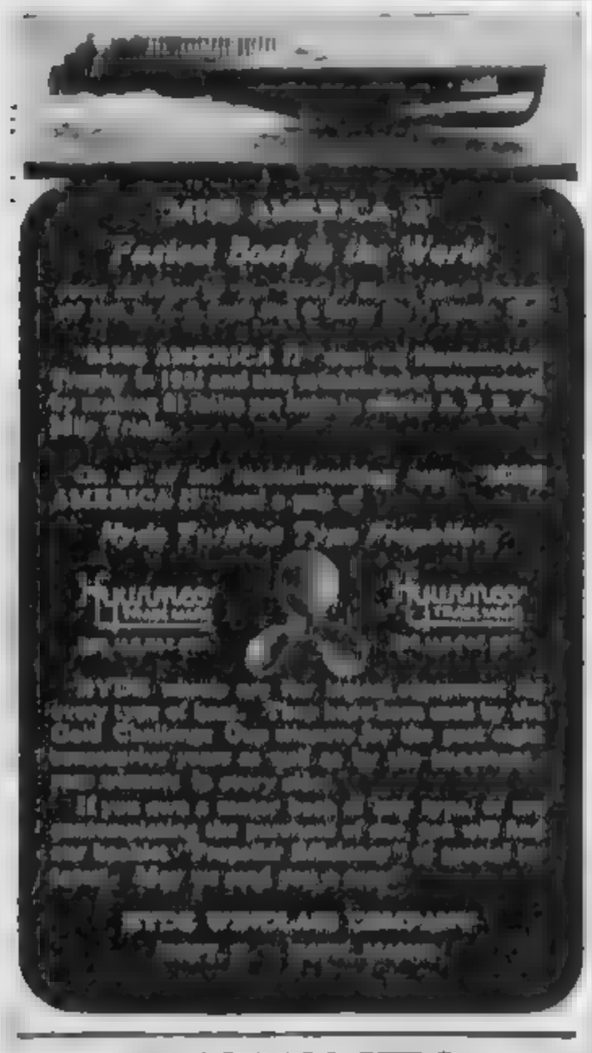

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(Continued from Page 110)

"Sure. Sure. I seen them all. I tell them just how it is. They're ready. I tell 'em."

"I guess you did—probably," said John McClure, giving him one slow look and turning back to Coakley again. "And what about our agreements with the operators? Are we going to break them?"

"Yes!" yells Coakley with a hard look on his long gray jowl. "Yes. For we're breaking our own constitution if we don't!"

"How's this?" says McClure, watching to see what turn he was going to spring next, for he knew that he had something.

"Don't it say right there in the constitution that where there's a strike against a company and no settlement in ten days the executive board must pull the men out of all the company's other mines?" he says. And he read it to him out of the little book.

"In the same company—yes!" says John McClure, seeing what it was—that he was pulling another one of those radicals' labor-lawyer stunts on them. "But this ain't the same company."

"It's the same crowd back of them."

"That's entirely different."

"Not in principle, it ain't," says Coakley. "Not in principle. Principle's what I'm after! What are you going to do—keep down to the letter of the law and make it out just the way your friends the operators want?"

"What are you going to do?" John McClure asked him. "Going to holler yourself into control of the district—do you think—by misleading and making suffering for hundreds of families—by pulling that old constitution stuff? You know you're wrong. And you know you can't win any strike like that. Are you crazy?"

"No. Nor drunk neither," says Coakley. For they were coming to real straight talk in the board now. "Now are you going to do what's right—or are you going to rule against us on a technicality? And keep your agreement with your friends? Are you going to pull the strike or not?"

"Not if I can help it," says McClure.

"Well, maybe you can't help it—if we pull what we've got on you in this coming convention—what the operators put over with you that time you were up there with them in New York."

And then the redhead pried them apart before they had landed more than one or two blows.

"Go on home," he says to Coakley. "I'll get him to think it over."

"You'd better," says Coakley.

"He's got you, John," says the redhead. "He's got that story now circulating all over the district—the worst way he can put it. And you know how that gets them now—that Wall Street conspiracy stuff. They'll stand for anything but that. You've got to give way. You've got to construe the constitution that way, and call the strike."

"How could I?" says John McClure. "The constitution don't mean that. It can't—outside of a radical speech."

"You could find some reason without a doubt."

"Yeah—what for?"

"To keep them quiet—through the convention."

"Quiet—yeah," says John McClure. "And them circulating the story now all around the district already. You can't play with a radical. You know that. They've got no more sense of personal honor than a weasel. I've known thousands of them," he says. "You can always rely on them for just one thing: They'll always forget to pay their debts—to the last man—and that goes for everything, from the grocer to their wife and their mother. They're too busy doing good to others—to be decent in ordinary things themselves!

"You know that," he says, going on when the redhead said nothing. "And you know this thing ain't the end. If they carry out that idea, the next thing will be to get all the district in a row and striking—that's what's coming next. They'll do that—whatever we do! And then they'll grab the whole thing and run it for themselves—if they can. They'll use us as long as they can, to walk with, and then they'll throw us in the corner like old shoes and start on themselves without us."

"What's the answer then?" says Kirkpatrick.

"We'll tell them we'll think it over," says McClure—"as long as we can. And then we won't do it. And that's the only way to deal with those bums—use their own tactics."

"That ain't no answer."

"What answer is there?" says John McClure.

"That's up to you," says the redhead. "You made this plan—this bet. We didn't—your friends on the board. But we'll be smeared with it just the same if it comes out in the convention. You've got us into it, and you've got to get us out of it. If you don't want to throw us out, and the whole district radical. Go and think it over."

So John McClure went and thought—and thought of nothing. The only answer that he could see was one that many another popular hero has thought of in the end—that same old habit of prosperity—that same old answer of crooking the elbow once more.

And about this time one of the big boys from the big main union that go roving around the country looking into things, dropped in on him—for he was well known and liked now all over.

"What's this about a second strike coming off here?" he says.

And McClure told him what the radicals wanted him to do.

"What are they?" says the big man. "Crazy?"

"Are they any crazier," says John McClure, "than they are all over the country—in everything?"

"And especially the way they're after them now—the employers everywhere. Liquidating labor—they call it!"

"Liquidate is right," says John McClure. "Only we're doing it ourselves—not them. If the cost of running this present strike in Easthampton is any sign, labor'll soon be bankrupt!"

"If that was the only one," said the man, "you might smile. But think of West Virginia and Alabama—to say nothing of the cost of that Kansas fight and the courts. And hanging over us all the cost of that general strike they're going on next spring."

"It's got to come, it seems," says McClure after a while. "The sentiment's all that way. The radicals have proved it to them eight ways why it's got to come. You can't check them."

"Nobody can now. They'll go on just as they are, beating their brains out against the hard times—while the radicals sit and holler 'Wall Street—sick 'em!'"

"It would make you laugh," says John McClure.

"It would—yes, if it wasn't going to set back unionism fifty years," he says. "As it will do if somebody don't step in and stop them."

"Stop them?" says John McClure. "Nobody even steps out and tries to stop them."

"How would they now?" says the other man. "Who'd make the sacrifice? Who's in a position to? To step out and tell them and get squashed. Not me."

And John McClure sat thinking.

"Nor you!"

"What's the answer?" says McClure.

"Sidestepping, that's all," says the big feller. "And seeing if you can't turn them some way, by quick footwork—like the railroad strike, and all the rest!"

"And supposing you can't sidestep?"

"You've got to, that's all," said the man, going.

But that was no answer for John McClure's thing. The only answer he could find was to work and smile and bluff all day, and then slug himself at night—to forget that thing that was brewing against him now—all over the district—that trading with the enemy—with Wall Street!

"They'll be bringing you home for good one of these nights," says his wife, "if you don't knock off. You mind what I tell you."

"Oh, forget it," he told her—though he knew she was right at the time.

And it wasn't a week after that when they brought him home with the nervous chills on him.

"I wish we'd never come out of the mine," says his wife, talking sharp to him, the way women do when they're scared. "The prosperity's been too much for you."

"I ain't the only one, Mag," he says. "There are others."

And the doctor kept him there getting over his fever till he could settle down, and he could look him over. And Kirkpatrick looked out for the district, coming in every day to talk it over.

"What's going on?" John asks him, seeing the look in his face that he couldn't keep from him.

"They're spreading it around that you're home drunk, lying down on the

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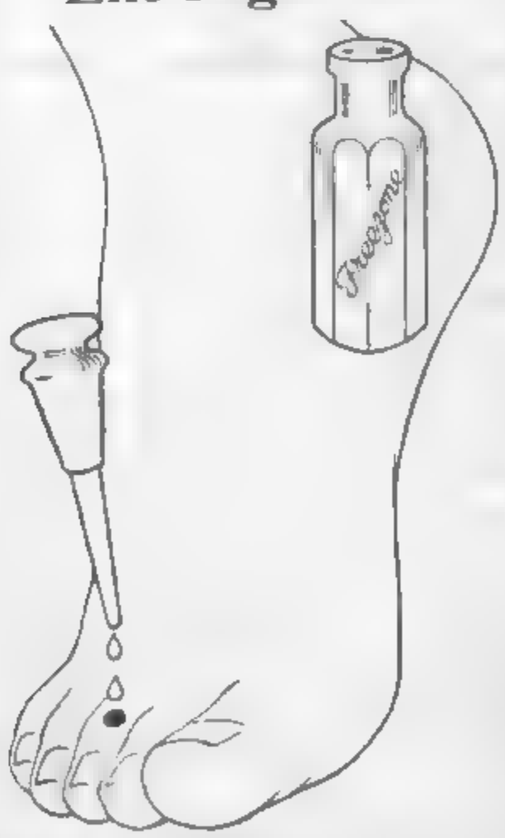

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business of the district. And they're going raw now with this story of your Wall Street conspiracy they're out to kill you with in the convention."

"Let them kill," says John McClure. "We've got our friends."

"You know what it's likely to do to us in the convention—with the radicals plugging Wall Street conspiracies now for everything? What it'll mean for all of us?"

"I know full well," says McClure, and rolled over when his wife came in and made Kirkpatrick go, and lay there still, staring at the wall.

"What's this?" says the doctor, coming in that night. "Your temperature's up two degrees again."

"He's thinking—that's all—of this district business," says his wife. "He lies there thinking. He's got to quit!"

"He has," says the doctor.

"Come—look me over!" says John McClure to him, sitting up in bed. "I've waited long enough."

So he does.

"How is it?" says John.

"I'll tell you better to-morrow," says the doctor, gathering up his tests and his samples.

"Well," says McClure to him the next morning, "how is it?"

"You've been drinking too much," says the doctor.

"I'm not the only one," says McClure, smiling crooked. "There's others." But the doctor didn't smile back.

"It's your kidneys," he says.

"How bad?"

"So bad you've got to quit."

"So—I'm through!" says John McClure, lying thinking it over.

"Well, I won't say that," says the doctor. "And I don't believe it. Not if you quit now. There's a good chance for you."

"Quit now? How can I quit now?"

"'Twill be better for you to quit now," says his wife, talking sharp the way women do, to keep back the tears, "than go out in the long box!"

"You're right, Mrs. McClure," says the doctor. "And you make him do it."

"I will!" she says, her voice harder than ever.

And when the doctor was gone, she went after him and made him partly promise.

But yet that afternoon she let Kirkpatrick in to see him. He said she had to, just for a minute, for he was full of the convention coming on.

"It's house," says Kirkpatrick. "They've got us unless you show up in the convention. They're going to spring that thing, and nobody can answer them but you—with your gift of gab. If you don't you're gone."

"I'm through anyhow," says McClure, and told him where he stood.

"Well, what about me—and the rest of your friends?" says Kirkpatrick, after a wait. "The old crowd—that's always stood by you? We'll be all smeared with this thing."

"I know that. I know that full well," said John McClure, and lay silent.

And just then his wife came in, hearing their voices, and saw his face.

"You get out of here, Steve Kirkpatrick, you red-headed bum," she says. "What are you trying to do—kill him?"

And John McClure said good-by to his side partner.

"I'll come!" he calls to him just as he was going. "You can count on me."

"No, you won't!" says Kirkpatrick, looking back, seeing how rotten he looked. "We'll fix it somehow."

"Come?" says his wife, stammering. "Come where? Not to that convention!"

He didn't answer her, but lay with his face away.

"John," she says, sitting down and reaching over when he didn't speak. "John! What is it?"

"That bet," he says finally—"that chance I took on organizing Easthampton."

"Hush," she says, leaning over and patting him on the cheek, the way women do when you're down and out. "Hush. That bet was all to the good, when you made it!"

"Yes," he says. "Maybe. But now I've got to pay it."

"Pay it?" she says, getting more and more excited. "Pay it how? You're not going to that convention."

But he didn't answer her; he was talking to himself like. "Drunk," he says—or she thought so—for he talked so low she could not be rightly sure. "Drunk and prosperous!" And then he laughed.

"You're not going," she says again.

"Since when have I laid down," he says, "and quit my friends?"

"You won't!" she cries out to him. "I won't—let them—sacrifice you!"

And all of a sudden then he laughed again—remembering no doubt what he and the big labor boy had been saying about that. "Sacrifice," he says, as if an idea just suddenly took him—"that's it! That's what they all want—always in a pinch. Maybe I might make a sacrifice hit, Mag," he told her, for he had been a great ball player in the old days, "and bring them all home."

"If you mean going to the convention," she says, "and killing yourself—you won't. A strong man can't stand it," she says.

"If I was stronger," he says to her, "I'd maybe not be so strong as I will be, getting up in the convention—like this," he says to her, with a thin grin on.

"No, sir! Never! Never!" she says, choking, seeing partly what he meant, for he looked like death as he said it.

"Let's drop it," he says to her, feeling tired, "and see what the doctor says."

"He ain't going, is he, doctor?" she cries out to him when he comes.

"If he goes," says the doctor, "I wash my hands of him."

"Nevertheless," says John McClure, "I'm going!"

"You're not!" says his wife, her voice high and straining. "If you do it'll be your last act—won't it, doctor?"

And the doctor shook his head.

"I'll be like bum vaudeville, maybe," says John McClure, his old smiling way coming back to him, for he was a great josher always, "where the last act is the best always, for you know you're getting through, anyhow. But I'm not getting through!" he said quick to his wife, seeing how hard she took it. "Not if you'll all stand by me."

And she stopped finally, seeing it was decided that he was going to the convention. Like he did!

Did you ever see one of those miners' conventions? You did not? Nor me! But they say they go in there for war, with their boots on. You have to—for use, if necessary, on your opponent's face in debate. Wild husky men, moved by noise and passion. But always up to date John McClure had had them with him.

From the first, it seems, he laid back, still, with all eyes on him, watching how sick he looked; letting Coakley and his gang go on and make their case against him—and his bet.

"I admit it," he says, smiling his thin smile, no more the fair-haired hero, the coming duke and king and vice president, but a sick, sick man, with a deathful face.

And there were the usual yells and catcalls of the reds, and cries of "Hooked! Sold out! Big business!"

But he sat there and let them boo, and let Coakley go on till he was done. And then finally he got up on his feet, and a hush went up over the place—even from the reds, for the hand of death showed there white upon his shoulder.

"Are you through?" he says to Coakley, smiling with his old easy way on him still.

"Well then," he says, still smiling when Coakley nodded yes, "let them that were never drunk hold up their right hand!"

And nobody did—those that had been keeping still naturally; and those that hadn't, not wishing to raise them—during the smiling.

"Good!" he says. "I'll be having a trial, anyhow, at the hands of my peers, as the feller says."

And one or two laughed—and went still! But most of them just sat still staring.

And then he went on and told them that no doubt he was drunk—drunk and hopeful—when he made that bet—that agreement—but he was proud of it. For he was surprised a man drunk could make so good a one. And he only wished he hadn't been drunker later, giving way to those reds—ten times drunker than he ever was at their soberest.

Then the bet would have been standing for the year, with men working in Easthampton at the old wages till the end of it. And no threat overhanging everybody like the reds were putting out now of a strike over the whole district.

"I was drunk, no doubt," he says, going on, "but if I was I was in big company—all over this country. Wall Street," he says, "our friends the enemy, that Coakley knows so much about—they were drunk, the first of all. The big bankers were drunk—and singing softly to themselves as

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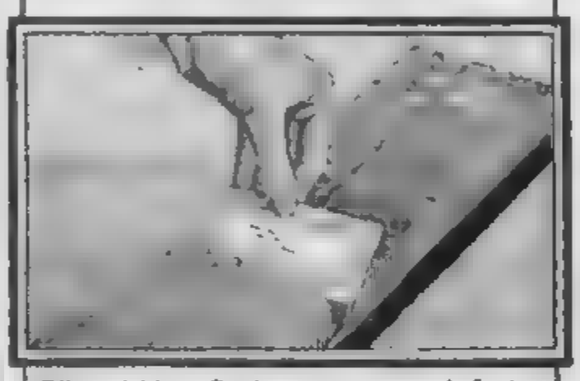

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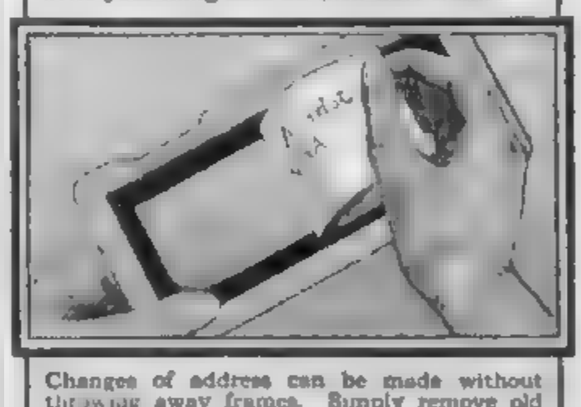

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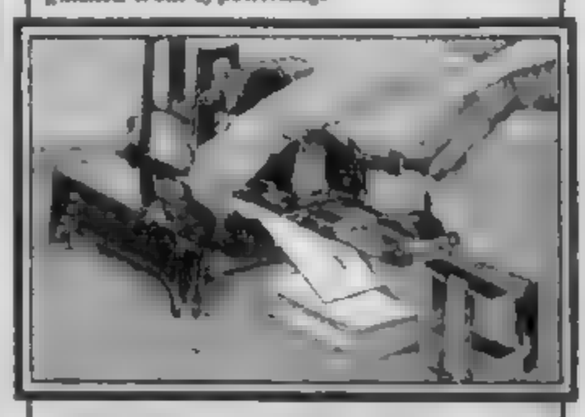

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they gathered in their gold. The manufacturers were drunk as they started up their new and shiny smokestacks. The politicians were running barking crazy in circles—and still are. All drunk on the wine of the wrath of God—as the Good Book says; the gory bleeding profits of this disastrous war.

"Does good come to any man from dead men and murdered women and destruction?" he asked them then. "Did ever a one grow prosperous long on a drink of blood and money? Men or nations either? And we had our share of it, ourselves. We can't deny it. It came last of all to the man who worked with his hands: and last among them to the coal miners and the railroad men. But it came—just the same—and you know it! There's none—no, not the rawest radical here—that can deny it!"

And he stopped a minute to take his breath—the crowd waiting, staring at his face. For he got no better, but always worse: it was like the white hand of death tightened on his shoulder, where they saw it.

"Don't fool yourselves," he said again, shaking off the ones behind him who would stop him, "you were drunk—at the end—just like the rest of them! And you know it. And you are still!

"Now I ask you," he says, "what's the last thing they dare to tell a drunk—a drunken man? I know—if you don't—from experience. Who was it that got your money away from you in the old barroom—was it the old friend that told you you were a fool and tried to hold you back? Or was it the sweet-voiced stranger with the checked vest and the heavy Moorish watch chain that said 'Yes, yes' to everything—that cleaned you out in the end?"

And then he let loose and let the radicals have it.

"Now," he says when that was done, "take a look at me. Do I look like a man that'll lie to you for his own good—now? What can you or any other man give to me—to-day? I'm through," he says. "And you know it—just by looking in my face. So I can do something for you that nobody else can—just as well. I can tell you the truth—without regard to myself and my own interests. And the truth is you're just drunk—and you're good for a long ride in the gutter—if you don't cut out the Coakleys and the Broskas and the stuff they're passing you."

And he went on and handed it to them—all their eyes on him, staring, wondering how much longer he was going to last. For his face had now the white luster of death that shone from it.

He was getting through nearly, when it came on him at last.

"Drunk," he was saying. "Me—you—the whole country! Now I'm through. But I ask you for God's sake, for the country's sake, but more than all, for your own sake only—have a little sense. Start sobering up! If you don't want to go down altogether, if you don't want to put back unionism fifty years, as you'll be doing—listening, going on dancing to this jig that Coakley and the rest are playing. Dragging you, dragging you down to ruin!"

Then suddenly it came, and he went over, and then they took him out into the other room, where he had the doctor waiting.

"He ain't coming out of it!" they told them, coming back. "He's had some sort of shock or something. And they're getting him home to his wife before he goes."

They were still for a minute then—and then this Coakley took the wrong time getting up.

"What of it?" he says. "He's through—yes! But the worker goes on in spite of all hell full of dead men!"

And they started in right off, hissing him, for after all, this John McClure was a popular boy; and coming just as it did, the thing gave them a jolt—back into their senses.

It held them back from the radicals and hotheads in that district and stopped a strike. For the minute—said the fat foreman. But what of it? They'll be striking everywhere, it seems, from now on. Gone clean out of their heads. Like the rest of us!

Like the rest of us, all over—drunk and disorderly on the hooch of war, and sentenced regular to our sixty days out of work. Maybe more now! Who knows what's coming to us next?

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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